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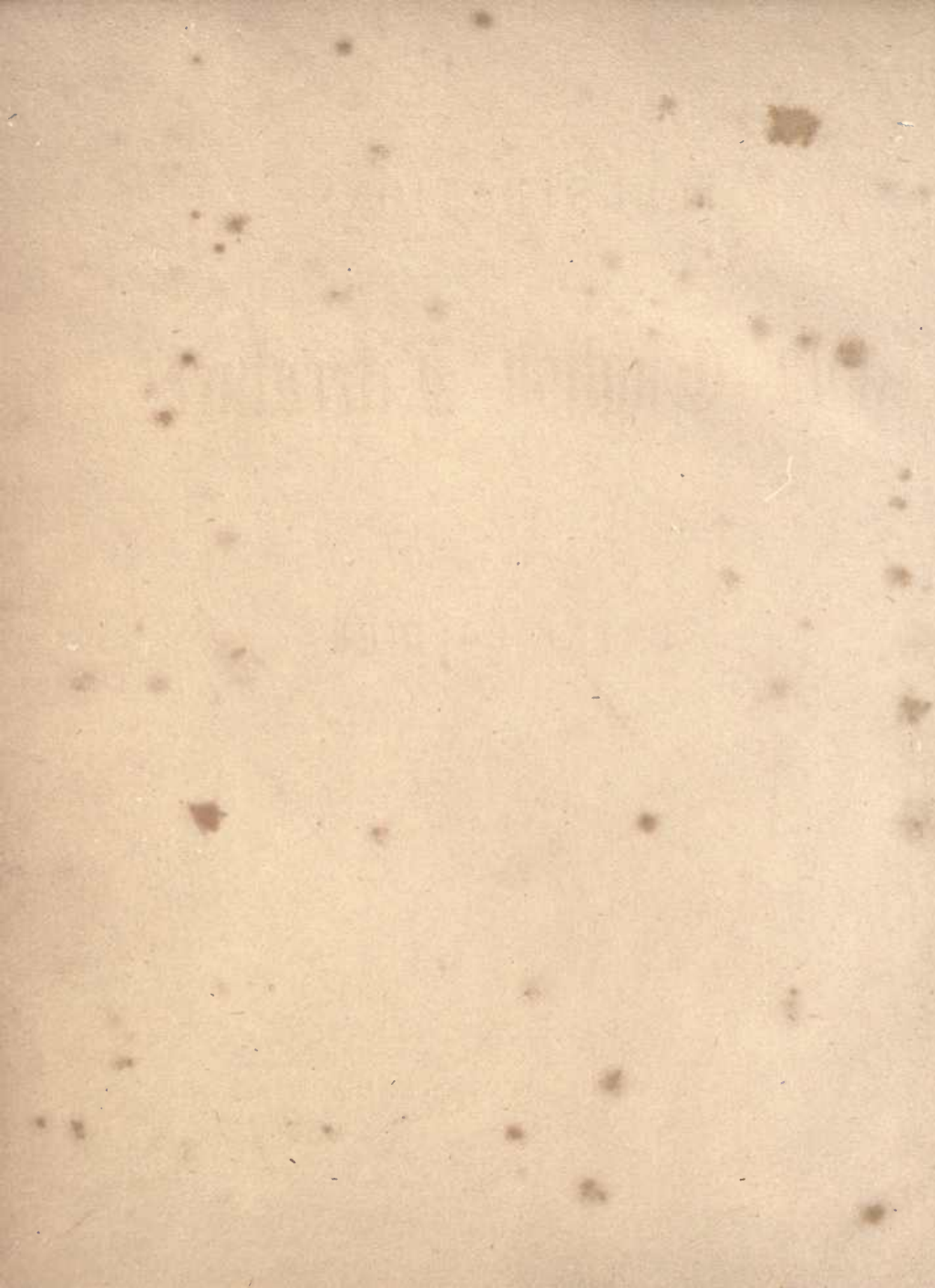






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ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

Old English Literature.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. I.



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## CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

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1. LAMENTATION AGAINST LONDON. 1548.
  2. PASQUIL'S PALINODIA. 1619.
  3. RESPUBLICA, AN INTERLUDE. 1553.
  4. LADY PECUNIA, by RICHARD BARNFIELD. 1605.
  5. MIRROR OF MODESTIE, by T. SALTER.
  6. PASSION OF A DISCONTENTED MIND. 1602.
  7. ENCOMION OF LADY PECUNIA. 1598.
  8. NEWS FROM THE LEVANT SEAS. 1594.



## INTRODUCTION.

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IN spite of the progress of the Reformation, and the positive injunctions of the public authorities, it appears that the Citizens of London were long averse to the publication and reading of the Bible in English within the limits of their jurisdiction. The consequence was that they incurred the hostility of all the friends of the pending change in religion, and various works were published against them. One of these, and certainly one of the most virulent, is reprinted in the following sheets: it is by a member of the Reformed Church, who was probably resident abroad for greater security; and it seems probable that it was printed either at Nuremberg, or at some other foreign town, where the typographer could not be reached: it bears the date of 1548, but is in all respects anonymous, and we are not aware that it has been suggested that any particular individual was the writer of it.

The obstinacy of the city upon the point, whether the Scriptures should or should not be read in English, had not, of course, been overcome when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne; and on the 1st January 1559, she was obliged to give commandment to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, that in every parish church within the boundary of London "the parson or curate should read the

epistle and the gospel of the day in the English tongue:" Stow, whose authority we are quoting (*Annales*, p. 1075, edit. 1605), adds that the order was "observed in most parish churches of the city;" but he does not inform us that such was the case in all, as he probably would have done had there been no exceptions.

The writer in our hands is very bold and unmeasured in his denunciations, especially against the magnates of the city; and threatens, in another work, to expose their names, if they did not abandon the gross vices of which he accuses them. We do not know whether he was driven to this extremity.

In the course of his work he inserts many particulars, religious, historical and local, some new, and others well known. He mentions Standish, Frith, etc., by name; and the sale of pardons in Lombard Street, which is likened to the sale of pies in Soper Lane (now called Queen Street), is a curious topographical illustration. The author's style of writing is not unfrequently, as with his polemical contemporaries, a mixture of the familiar with the forcible; and the positions are elaborately supported by scriptural quotations and allusions.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon misprints: they will be looked for in a production put forth under such disadvantages; but although foreign, as well as English, compositors were most likely employed, the types appear to have been either cast in this country, or formed after home models. We have only found occasion to insert a few missing letters, and they are placed between brackets.

J. P. C.

The lamenta-  
cyon of a Christen against  
the Citye of London,

for some certain greate

vices used therin.

PSAL. LXX.

Let them be abashed and ashamed, that seke after  
my fowle; let them be put to flight and shame, that  
wyll me evyll.




Imprinted in the yere of our Lord

M. D. XLVIII.



THE LAMENTATION OF A CHRISTEN  
AGAYNST THE CYTIE OF  
LONDON, &c.

—o—

 H Lorde God, Father of mercy, and God of all consolation! what herte cannot lamente to se the Testament of thy onely Sonne, our full and onely redemer, Jesus Christ, thus refused and troden under fote; yea, all thogh God hathe given oure most Soveraygne Lorde, Kynge Henry the Eight, suche an herte to set yt forthe with his most Gratiouse Prevyledge? Yet the great parte of these inordinate riche styfnecked cytezens will not have in their howses that lyvely worde of our souls, nor suffre their servantes to have it; neyther yet gladly reade it, or hear it redde; but abhoreth and disdayneth all those which wolde lyve according to the Gospell. And, in steade there of, they sett up and mayntayne Idolatrye and other innumerable vices and wickednesses of man's invencyon, dayly committed in the Cytie of London, no reformacion or redresse ones studied for, wherby to expulse vice, and encrease vertu; nor no pollitique invencion for the common welth. No, no, their heades are so geven to seke their owne particular welthes oneli, that thei passe not of no honest provysion for the poore, which thinge, above all other infidelityes, shall be our damnacion. As apereth Math. xxv, where Christ saithe: "I was hungrye and ye gave me not to eate, I was

thirftie and ye gave me not to drinke, I was sicke and in prifon, and ye vifited me not", etc. For not doyng these things fhall Chrift faye, "Go, ye curfed childrene, into everlafting fyre, prepared for the Devell and his Angels." Reade the text, and there ye fhall fe what fhall be layed agaynft you at the greate daie of the Lorde. And there ye fhall alfo fe, that ye fhall not be enquired of many vayne, folifhe, and fuperfticiouse things of your owne invencions, and of your popifhe prieftes of Baal, whether ye have done them or not. No, no, they fhallbe greatly to your dampnacion.

Oh Lorde Gode! how is it poffible for this cytie to expulfe vice and feke after virtue, feynge they will not receave thi gofpell, which is the worde of everlaftyng life, and that onely thing that leadeth us into all truth? No, Lorde, they cannot be contented, not onely to denye the receipt thereof, but alfo the greateft parte of the feniors or aldermen, with the multitude of the inordinate ryche: even as the Jewes cryed out againft Chrift, takinge parte with the highe prieftes, faing, Mat. xxvii, "Crucifie him," even fo doth the riche of the citie of London take parte, and be fully bent with the falfe prophetes, the Bifhops, and other ftong, ftoute, and fturdie prieftes of Baall, to perfecute unto dethe all and everie godly perfon, which either preacheth the worde or fetteth it forth in writinge (if thou deliver them not from their wicked fnares), even as ded theyr fore fathers, the mooft wycked, cruell, and ftonyherted Byshoppes, fcribes, and Pharyfees, by thy fervantes the prophetes, and alfo thapoftles, Matth. xxiii.

Oh Lorde God! how blind be thefe cityzens, whych take fo great care to provyde for the deade, whych thyng is not commanded them, nor a vayleth the deade, no more then

the pissing of a wrenne helpeth to cause the pee to flow at an extreme ebbe, but ys the worke of man's owne invention and ymaginacion, accordinge to the saynge of the prophete reherfed in Math. xiii. In vaine worshippe and serve they me with the invencions and imagynacions of men. Thus follow they theyr own imagynacyons, provydyng for the deade uncommaunded, and leave provydyng for the poore lyving, which the Scripture most ernestly teacheth and commaundeth, as aperith in the Prophete Esay lviii, Rom. xiii, 15, Luke xiv, Deut. xv, 2 Cor. ix, Prov. xxi. And that which shalbe layde to your charges, as is aforefaide, for not doinge. And the rewarde of everlasting life to them which to their power have provyded to do for the wydowe and fatherlesse, which is to be understoode of all povertie, as prisioners, and those that be abroad.

Oh Lorde God! how is yt possible for thys people to praise the aright, or to seke thy glorye, whych when they be in trouble or plaged rightfulli of ye, either be drought, moisture, or pestilence, or anie such like, whiche do not as the Children of Israel ded: when they sawe their owne iniquitie, repented ande forfoke theyr idolatrye, wyth all theyr false goddes, and onely called to the Lorde God of Hostes, and so obtained? As apereth in Judicum iii, iiiii, vi, x, xi, etc., and in many other places of the Bible. And feinge Chryst our redemer teacheth us in the vi of Math., where he sayth, When ye praie, saye, O father which arte in heaven, et cet. And further he saith also, Mat. xi, Come unto me, all ye that labour ande are loden (meaning with sinne) and I will refreshe you. O! what a mercifull promes is thys made to us wretches by him that is all holy, all mighty, all mercifull, and wyll fulfyll all his promyses, even

as he is God alone? How madde, yea, how wicked, be we then, to go, to feke, call, or to crye to any other then to him alone? Seinge he forbiddeth us in so many places of his holy Testament, sainge, I will have none other Goddes in my fyght; I am a Jealoufe God, Exo. xx.

But, alas! these sticknecked citicens will not comme to thys onely mediatoure both God and man, but when they feale themselves worthily plagued, which commeth of them onely, then will they run a gaddyng, yea, a whorehuntyng, after their false prophetes, through the streates ones or twyfe in the weke, crienge and callyng to creatures and not to the Creator, wyth *ora pro nobis*, and that in a tonge whych the greatest parte understondeth not, unto Peter, Paule, James, and Johan, Marye, and Martha, et cet.; and I thynke wythin fewe years they wyll (wythout thy greate mercy) call upon Thomas Wolfey, late Cardynale, and upon the un holy (I should faye) holy mayde of Kent. Why not [as] well as upon Tho. Becket? What he was I neade not write, yt is meately well knowen. The sainge of the Prophete Esaye xxix, recited by Math. in the xv chapter, is verified in this people: Wyth their lippes they honoure me, but their hertes are farre from me. Yea, they beate their breth against the ayer, as S. Paul faith, 1 Co. xiii, and that in vaine. Oh Lorde God! confounde them wyth all their false prophetes and super sticioufnes, for they minish thy glorie as moch as in them lyeth. What is their gadding with *ora pro nobis* unto creatures, of them which should onely praie unto ye? Is it ought elles but abhomination? No, surely. And the cytie never speadeth so evell, as when they so ronne a whore hountinge. And no mervell, for they feke a wronge waye. Oh, wicked peopel! do not ye se that both th'appost. and

ang. refused to be worshipped of men, but wold have all the glorye given to God, as apereth in the iii of the Actes? also in the xiiii of the Actes, when the priestes, with the people of Listra, wold have done sacrifice to Barnabas and Paule. But when th'apostles and Barnabas and Paule harde that, they rent their clothes, and ranne in amonge the people, crienge and sainge, Syrs, why do ye this? We are mortall men like unto you, and preache unto you that ye should turne from these vanitees unto the living God. These be th'apostles wordes: reade the chapter, and ye shall see. Also St. Johan fel downe at the fete of the angel which opened unto hym the secretes of God, and wold have worshipped the angel; but the angel forbade him, sainge, Se thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, Apoc. xix. Here ye se that both the apostles and aungels refused to be worshiped, but wolde have all the glorye given unto God, when thei ware here upon earth. Whether they do not likewyse now seke all the glory to God, and not to themselves, judge thow, gentle reader. And think ye not that if the blessed virgin Marie, were nowe upon earth, and sawe her sonne, and onely redemer, thus robbed of his glori (which glory ye blinde citezens geve unto hyr) wolde not she teare her clothes, like as ded the apostles? Let the godly learned judge it.

Now shall ye heare what happened unto the people of Juda, as appereth in the xliiii of Jeremye, for sekinge their owne invencions, and for offringe oblacions with their fore fathers, kynges ande heades, unto the quene of heaven, whych was the mone, temptinge the Lorde so farre, that the Lord myght no longre suffre the wickednes of theyr invencions. Thus sayeth the prophete: Ye have sene the myserie that I have brought upon Jerusalem, and upon all the cyties

of Juda, so that thys daye they are desolate, and no man dwellinge there in, and that because of the greate blasphemyes which they committed in it, they went backe to do sacrifice and worshippe unto strange Goddes, etc. And furthermore, the saide prophete sayeth in the same lxiiii Cha., Purposely have ye set up your good meanyng, ande hastely have ye fulfilled your owne intent. What followed in the ende? verely, destruccion. Reade the ende of the same chapter, and thou shalt se.

O, most dere brethren! for Christes sake, geve credence unto the Prophete; ande not to the Prophete onely, but also unto the Holy Ghoſte, whych spake in the Prophete, and then loke upon your selves how jointly ye agre wyth the sayde people of Juda. They called the mone the quene of Heaven, and ye call the Virgin Marie the quene of Heaven: even as the one is quene of Heaven, so is the other. Yet be ye worſſe then the people of Juda. For their fautes weare written for your example. And where as they called upon one quene of Heaven, yet call upon many. Howe manye quenes of Heaven have ye in the letany? Oh, deare brethren! be no longer deceyved wyth the false prophetes, youre Byshops, and theyr membres. Oh, ye cytezens! be ye so blynde that ye se not, that this is blasphemy to God, and a minishinge of the honor dew to Christes bloude, to call upon the creatures of God created? To patche and peace them with hym, as to patche the pottle with the potter? And as though he ware a mercilesse God, and wold not heare but for theyr sakes? Yea, and yet knowe not you whether thei hear you or not, as the likelihode is thei do not,; for ye have no promes of them, but of Christ ye have. As apereth Johan xliiii, Mat. xvii, where he saith:

Afke and ye shall have, feke and ye shall fynde, knock and it shall be opened unto you, etc. Thus leave ye waye certayn for the uncertayn, ye patche him with hys creatures because ye beleve not in hym, nor have that faith in hym, which is of valoure before God. Yea, ye thinke he seeth not the secretes of your hertes. Oh, unwise people! shall not he that made the hert, knowe the secretes thereof. Psal. xciii. Well, I exhorte yowe, in the name of the lyvyng God, to repent betime, fall from your accustomed ydolatry, and leave cryenge to your quenes of Heaven, ande call onely upon the name of the Lorde whych made all, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and ferche the Scripture, and ye shall se how often he hath plaged the chyl dren of Israell for their ydolatrye and whoredome, and all for our ensample. Repent, I say ones againe, lest the Lorde, geve you wholly up to your owne lustes, as he ded the heythen, Rom. i, and vifyte you wyth the plages of Egipte, which ye have already ryghtfully deserved. He is a mercyfull God, and suffereth longe, but when he stryketh felleth to the grounde.

Nowe to lament your blinde provyfyon for the deade. Alas! it is more then blyndnes it self, for manifestly ye cast Christes merites asyde in seking health for the soules of youre frendes departed, by providing an ydle lyfe for an unlearned prest or two of Baall, trustinge in theyr praiers, as though these prestes had overplus of righteousefnesse more then served them selves. Ye wyll saye, no, we trust to be saved by Christes passion. I utterly denye your truste; it is vaine and false, and without hope, or elles ye wold not feke so many superstycious waies. For Chryst is the onelye waye to the Father, and is alone suffycient for all, Heb. ix.

Yea, although Chryste be suffycient, yet ye wyll have a prest to finge for you also, as it weare for a waretack.

Oh, ye dispisers of the bottomlesse mercy of God, yea whorehounters and robbers of Goddes glorye ! Is Chryst a peced God, or a patched Redeamer ? doth not the scripture saie, there is none other name under heaven, wherein we maye be saved ? Act. iiii, xiii. Howe mad be ye then, to feke or call uppon anyother ! The great substance which ye bestowe upon chauntries, obbities, ande such other lyke dregges of that abhominable whore of Rome, whyche most commenly ye geve for iii causes (as ye saye) is all losse.

First, that ye will have the services of God maintained in the church to Goddes honour, and yet by the same service is God dishonored, for the supper of the Lord is perverted, and not used after Christes institucion, Mat. xxvi, Marc. xiiii, Luke xxii, 1 Corint. xi ; and so is that holy instytucion turned into a vayne superstycious cerymoniall masse (as they call it) which masse is become an abominable idoll, and of all idoles the moste greatest ; and never shall ydolatrie be quentched, where that ydol is used after Antichristes institucion. Daniel ix, Mat. xxiiii ; whiche, no doubt, shalbe reformed, when the tyme is come that God hath appointed, even as it is used already in diverse cityes of Germainie. Yea, although all the Antichristes in the whole worlde wolde saye the contrarye, and all their disciples wyth them : yea, although they studie to set all the Princes of the earth to gether by the eares, to let that and soche like godly redresse, as it is their olde cast, yet he sytteth in Heaven that laugheth them to scorne, and he shall make theyr wysdome folyshnes, 1 Cor. i.

The seconde cause is for redeaminge your soules and your

frendes, whych is also abhomynable. For who foever will feke redempcyon, justifycacyon, saluacyon, or to be made righteouse by the lawe, he is gone quyte from Christ, and hys merytes profyte hym not. Reade the thyrde chaptre to the Romaines, and the iiii to the Hebreus, the iiii to the Galath., and also Esaye liii, 1 Cor. i; and ther ye shall see. Perchaunce, ye will saie, ye feke no soche thinge thereby. Oh, ye unwise and open dyssemblers, wherefore then do ye it? Ye saye, like as the idolatoure nowe adaies doth, yf he set a candle before an image and idolle, he sayth, he doth not worshippe the image, but God whome it representeth. For (saye they) who is so folysh as to worshyppe an image? As who shuld saye, none. I answere: wherfore doth God, in so manie places of the Scripture, forbidde us to worshippe idolles or images, as Exo. xx, Deut. v. Sapi. xiii, xiiii, and throughout all the Prophetes, but that he knewe that ye wolde worshyppe them wyth youre forefathers? Even so ye, by cause ye have not full trust in Christes merites, ye grope after vayne waretackes. If thou wylt set a candle before the image of God, thou must be diligent dayly to helpe thyne neighbour, acording to thyne estate; whych thing I have touched before.

The iiii cause of youre good intent is, that the profites of your goodes maie come to the prestes, as though they ware the peculyar people of God, and onely beleved; as in dede, to those whiche preache the Gospell be the people bound to geve a sufficient lyvyng. For the workman is whorthye of hys rewarde, Mat. x, 1 Tim. v. But not that their prayer can helpe the dead, no more then a man's breth blowyng in the fayle can cause a great shippe for to faile. So is this also become abhominacion; for those be not Chrystes mynyf-

ters, but the minysters of a rable of uncommaunded traditions and popishe ceremonies. Ande thus ye be the mainteyners of a fort of lusty lubbars, which be well able to laboure for their lyvyng, and strong ynoughe to gett it with the swet of their faces, as the Scripture teacheth them, Genesis iii, 1 Thesalo. iiiii. And thus be ye maintayners of their ydlenes, and leave the blynde, the lame, and the prisoner unholpen, whiche the Scripture commaundeth you to helpe, except it be on the Sondayes, with a fewe halfpens, or by pennymeale, whych helpeth lytle or no thyng.

But unto those blynde guides ye wil geve vi, vii, viii, yea, xii pounds yearly to one of them, to synge in a chauntie to robbe the lyvyng God of hys honoure.

Ye wyll faye unto me, what arte thou, that calleth these things uncommaunded tradycyons and popyshe ceremonies, seyng the Kyng's Grace forbyddeth them not, and useth parte of them hym selfe? I answere, that ye use manye thynges contrary to the Kyng's injunccyons. And yf it be that God, through the Kyng, hath caste out the Devell out of this realme, and yet both he and we suppe of the broth in which the Deveil was soden, and that God hath yet not opened the eyes of the Kyng to set all thynges in right frame, and utterly to breake downe the serpent, as Ezechias the kinge dyd, 4 Reg. ix; and as Kyng Aza dyd, 2 Chro. xiiii, take it thus, that even your iniquytie wyth callynge upon vayne Goddes, and sekyng salvacion by a wronge waye, is the veri cause that God clofeth up the eies of the Kyng, as of one that heareth and understandeth not, and seeth and perceyveth not.

But for the reverence of Christe's merites, where as ye have walked some in verye simple ignorance, and some in

obstynate or wylfull ignorance, and groped in tymes paste after a wronge waye, darke, croked, harde, and endles, now feke the ryght, treu, and onely waye, which is light, streyght, and easy to fynde, that is to say, Christ the onely Messias, and redresse these thinges, easy to be done. Turne your chauntries and your obbities from the profite of these bearewolves whelpes, whiche can neyther helpe the foules of your frendes departed, nor yet yours, after God hath taken you from this life; and Scripture ye have none to encorage you, but only your owne inventions: and against you are places innumerable, and specially Rom. xiiii; where the Apostle fayth, what soever is not of fayth is synne: your chauntries and ceremonies are without Gode's worde, and so must thei be without fayth; *ergo*, they be sinne. Bestowe them therefore from hence forwarde uppon the treu image of Christe, whych is uppon the poore, the sycke, the blinde, the lame, the pefoners, etc.

Oh ye Cytezens! yf ye wolde turne but even the profytes of your chaunteries and your obbittes to the fyndyng of the poore, with a pollitique and godly provysion, where as now, London beyng one of the flowers of the worlde as touchinge worldlye ryches, hath so manye, yea, innumerable of poore people forced to go from dore to dore, and to fyt openly in the stretes a-beggyng; and many not able to do for other, but lye in their howses in most grevous paynes, ande dye for lacke of ayde of the riche, to the greate shame of the, Oh, London! I saye, yf ye wolde redresse these thynges as ye be bounde, ande sorowe for the poore, so shoulde ye be wythout the clamor of them, which also crieth unto God agaynst you, and whych he well heareth; and then where as now ye have an houndreth extreme poore people,

shall not be one ; and in so doing your owne goodes shal not be a witnesse against you at the greate day of the Lorde, as yt wilbe against your forefathers for not providing for the poore. Befydes that, what a joye shall it be to se your bretherne well provided for ?

Ye abuse your riches, specially you that come to thoffice of the Cytie, for ye spende unmeasurably. Uppon whome? even uppon them that have no neade, as uppon the nobles and gentlemen of the courte, uppon the aldermen and other riche commoners, which have as greate nead of your feastes, as hath the see at the hyghest of the springe tyde of the pissinge of the wrenne, the pore forgotten, except it be with a feu scrappes and bones sent to Newgate for a face. Alasse, alasse! how litle is it the Lord knoweth : I thinke in my judgement, under Heaven is not so lytle provysyon made for the pore as is in London, of so riche a cytie.

Well, the poore well feleth the bournynge of Doctor Barnes and hys fellowes, which laboured in the Lorde. For, accordynge to their office, they barked uppon you to loke uppon the poore, so that then some relese they had ; but now, alasse ! they be colde, yea, even those which saye they be the favorrers of the Gospel. It is a token that youre foundation was buylded upon the sande, for that God hath suffred youre Prophetes to bee brente. Though they be gone, confidre it was not theyr commandement, but Goddes, whose Testament ye have even now in youre very mother tonge, thanks be to the Lorde therefore. In the same ye may perceyve that their absence should not quenche nor mollifye your love towards your brethern. And doubt not but God shall rayse other, that shall speke with the same sprete that they ded, and with no lesse love and vehe-

mency, if iniquity be not cause to the contrarie. There is a custome in the cytye, ones a yere, to have a quest called the warnmall queste, to redresse vices; but alas! to what purpose cometh it, as it is used? If a pore man kepe a whore besides hys wife, and a pore man's wyfe play the harlot, they are punished, as well worthie. But let an alderman, a gentleman, or a riche man kepe whore or whores, what punishment is then? Alas! this matter is to bad. I saye some of your aldermen kepe whores to the greate shame of all the rest. That weare no shame to name them. Wherefore repent and amende, or furelie I will, yf God lende me lyfe, in an other worke, name you, and other of your affynyte, which be openly knowen to be common advouterers: which is no lyte shame to the heades and other rulers of the Cytie to suffre such abhominacion. But no marvell, though ye suffre bodely advouterers, feinge ye your selves are spyrituall avouterers, calling upon vaine godes. Ye will say I sclaundre you, and brynge up false lies upon you. Some of you knowe whether I flaunder you or not: I wold it ware a sclaunder. But I sclander you so, that except ye repent and amend your living, as well ye that be sufferers of such vices as the committers, except ye amende, I saie, and seke redresse of thys and suche lyke, the vengeaunce of God wyll lyght uppon the cytye for youre synnes. For howe can ye do justice upon a nother and ye offende in the same yourselfe? Yea, and how parcial be ye that punish the pore, and leave unpunished those heades that shoulde geve goode example to the rest? Awake, awake! for the Lorde slepeth not, althoughe ye thinke that he wincketh at thys geare. I exhort you in Gode's name, loke better in chosinge of your heade officers. Let not ryches only cause men to rule; and

ſpecially loke better to the choſing of your officers of the lawe. How can dronkardes, whoremongers, ande covetouſe parſons geve right judgement? do bryers bringe forth figges, and thornes grapes? Ande I ſaye unto you, the parcialyte of judges ſuppreſſyng the pore, and aydynge the riche for lucre, and in condemning the innocentes, and lettinge the wycked go fre, bryngeth the vengeance of God upon all places, as appereth in Eſay. iii. Here I coulde ſaie ſumwhat more then I nowe wyll, I meane in condemninge the innocentes.

Thynke ye that God hath not as moche to laye to the charges of London for killinge hys ſervantes, as he had agaynſt Jeruſalem for killinge hys prophetes? Yes, yes. For Godde's ſake, ye that be elders repent and geve your ſelves to readinge the lawe of the Lord, that ye maye be an example to the commons in godlye converſacion. And in the Scriptur ye ſhall lerne what to do, ande what to leave undone, and howe to knowe falſe prophetes, and how to caſt them out of your conſcyens, where they have ſyten a long time, even in the ſtede of God. I meane not the Byſhoppe of Rome alone, but he and all hys marke wyth hym, and ſpecialy his owne generacion, which are all in forked cappes.

What a plague is this, that in no man's tyme alive was ever any Chriſten Biſhoppe raininge over the Citty of London, but every one worſſe then other?

I thynke theyr can now come no worſſe, except the ſame Lucyfer that fell from Heaven come himſelfe, whyche is the very father of all Popyſhe Byſhops.

Confydre, thys is for your inyquitie. Yet let the lytle flocke rejoyce and geve God onely thankes, that he hath

raised other meaner membres, in the sight of the worlde then Bishoppes, to preach the Gospell, and to set it forth in wrytynge.

Now to all you, though ye be fewe in nombre, whych favoure God's holy worde unfainedly, and not in worde onely, but in workes also, shewyng the frutes of your faith, say I thus: exortynge you for Christes bloude sake to be dylygent in prayer onely to the everlyvinge God, that he of hys owne mere mercy geve grace to the rulers of thys cytye, that from henceforth they maye seke Gods glory onely, the common welth and provysion for the poore: and then, doubt ye not but God shall geve our noble kynge such an harte that he shall knowe, and soche eyes that he shall playnly see, and soche eares that he shall understonde in deade. For why? it is the Lorde that hath the hert of all prynces in hys hande, Pro. xxi. So that I saye, where as he hath now banished out of hys realme but the veri beare walse, the whore of Babylon only, [he] shall now also banysh with her all her folysh tradycyons and beggerly ceremonies, against which S. Pau. wrote ad Gal. iiii., and in many other places mo.

Now shall your papistical sorte dispise this my lamentacyon, and laugh me to scorne. Although I knowe there is no chrysten herte in thys realme, no nor in the whole worlde, whiche knoweth the vyces used in the citie, and how lytle Gods glorye is fought, how lytle the commone welth is sett by, howe barelye the poore are provided for, but he wyl lament wyth me. And as for the contrary parte, I wysh with all my hert repentaunce, and will continuallie my life during praie unto the everliving God to drawe them to the Gospell of hys sonne Jesus Chryste, and that they maie

come to the father by the onely waye and dore Chryfte, and that they may also forsake theyr bydores and clymyng in at the windowes, wherebi they shall never atayne to any favyng helth. O Lorde God! I beseeche the[e], call them from that nombre whome the Almighty fytting in Heaven laugheth to scorne, Psal. xxi. The onely cause that I wryte this, is to exhorte all men, as well readers as hearers, to repent betymes, ande to fall diligently to prayer, askyng mercy, that we may avoyde the plagues whyche we rightfully have deserved; and no doubt we shall not escape them all, onles we repent the soner. Remembre how he warned the city of Jerusaleme xi years long: and because they repented not, but flewe the Prophetes by whom God warned them, he kept promes with them, and scourged them according to their deservinges. And he that spake the same to Jerusaleme speaketh it to yow, and to all cityes, that committe like iniquite as ye do. And whether ye have served the disciples of the Lorde, like as ded the cytezens of Jerusaleme their prophetes, judge your selves, ande ye shall see that ye have shed more blood then ever ded that mooste synfull Jerusaleme, even of them that taught you Gods truth. Well, I can no more, but beseeche the Lord God, that he wyll geve suche grace to some, that in the time of hys wrath he maye finde x ryghteous persons in this cytie, whereby the wrath and vengeance of God may be turned from it, which is lyke to come shortly uppon us, or uppon our childeren, for our finnes and oure forefathers. For we have deserved a M. times more plagues then ever ded Tire and Sidon, or Sodoma and Gomora, were it not for the great mercy of God, I thinke, we had founde it so or this tyme. For we have an example of these cities, and they be written for

oure learninge to avoid such vices. Yea, no doubt, the vices committed in thee, oh London! are as evell as ever ware in any of the foure cyties afore named. And surely I thinke, yf they had herd the preching that hath bene in London this xiiii or xvi yeares past, that they had repented and forsaken their iniquitye. For I saye unto youe that the gospell was never more sincerelye preached in the tyme of the Apostles, then it hath bene of late in London: nor never more godly expoficions uppon the scripture, and that a greate nombre, whereby to drawe us to Christ Jesus. For why? the same sprete, even the very holye Ghoste whych spake in the Apostles hath spoken in men now to us.

But alas! as the Prophete sayth, Esay xxix, we have eares and heare not, eyes and see not.

See ye not, nor yet perceive ye, how the blynde prophetes have led you, even now in our tyme? Have ye not slayne the servauntes of the Lorde, onely for speakyng agaynst the autoritye of the false Byshoppes of Rome, that monstrous beast, whom now ye your selves do, or shuld abhorre? I meane all his lawes beyng a contrary to Christ, and not his body, and yet ye se that a fewe yeares past ye brent them for heretiques abhominable which preached, or wrote against his usurped power; and now it is treason to uphoulde or maintayne any parte of his usurped power, and he shal dye as a traytoure that so doth, and well worthy. So saye I unto you, there shalbe yet thinges preched unto you, and ye shall be instructed by wryters of thinges which ye be not yet able to heare; and whosoever preacheth or writeth it (if the Lorde defend him not out of your handes) he shal dye for it: and yet out it will at the length, though all the develles in hell saye naye to it, and so shalbe re-

formed. Ande even this followyng is one of the chefest things.

Oh ye cytezens ! wyll ye never geve your selves to the readyng of the scripture, whereby ye maye knowe the lawe of the Lorde, to avoyde the everlastyng damnacion, which is ordayned for the devell and his angels ? Wyll ye ever be ignorant of Godes commaundement ? Exodi. xx, saynge, I will have none other Gods in my fyght, and that ye neyther bowe your selfe, nor serve any thing as God, that is in earth benethe, or in heaven above, or in the water under the earth. And do ye not yet se how thys whore of Babylon hath altered the supper of the Lorde, which was instituted to have the blessed passion in continuall remembraunce, and for a perpetuall memorye of thanks gevinge : which we shuld receive with all reverence and meaknes of hert, gevinge thanks unto God onely for the benefyte which we have receyved and obtayned through Christe's dethe, which this supper fygnifyeth, and that we beleve as verely as we eate the breade and drinke the wine, which norisheth the body and is seane with our corporall eye, and spiritualli representeth the very body of Christ : even so verely as we have tasted, eaten and seen this holy supper or Sacrament of thanks gevinge ; even so verelye to beleve that Christ dyed for our sinnes, and that his bloud onely hath pacyfied the father's wrath, and so hath sett us at peace with God. For he hath payed that which laye not in me nor in no man, but onely in hym that was bothe God and man, and by none other meanes myght man be redemed, and so to acknowledge that he is deade and hath shed his bloude for our synnes, and is ryfen for our rightwysnesse.

Thus I, feynge my synnes buried in Christe's woundes,

must ever more be thankful to the everliving God onely. And thus to eate his blessed body, and to drinke his bloude spiritually in fayth, is God's institucion, Math. xxvi, Marc. xiiii, Luc. xxii, 1 Corinth. xi: where he sayth, as ofte as ye shall eate of this breade and drinke of this cuppe ye shall shew the Lorde's death till he come.

And Saynte Austyn sayth, what prepareth thou thy teth and thy belly? beleve and thou hast eaten. Which agreeth with the words of our Saviour Christ, saing: The fleshe profiteth nothyng, it is the spryte that quyeneth; Johan in the vi chapter. But the institucion of Antichriste is clean contrary to thys; for by his institucion thou muste fall downe uppon thy knees, holdinge up thy handes as to God. In dede, it is that Bysshoppe of Romes God, which they must see with theyr corporall eye, because they have no hope in the lyvyng God through the spyrituall eye.

And thus hath he chaunged the holy memory of Christe's death, in to the worshippinge of his God, made of fyne flower, and all to bringe him selfe and his members alofte, and in the reputacion of the world above all degrees of men; yea, above Kinge and Emperour, and therby to sitt in the consciences of men, above God and his worde, even in the very temple of God, where God alone shoulde sitt. And by his institucion of this his God is he crept up in to this usurped power.

Oh Antichrist, the begynner of this Idoll, which is heade of all Idolles after thyne institucion! Doth not God say, as afore is sayde, Exo. xx, Thou shalt not worshyppe any fymyltude that is in heaven, erth, or in the waters under the earth? And thou, contrari to the everlyving Goddes commandement, hath seduced the people to honore

thy God. I tel the gentle reader ones again, it is the greateſt Idoll under heaven as it is uſed in his maſſe, and a God of the makynge of Antichriſt, as is ſaid, whiche maſſe is after his inſtitucyon an heape of foliſhe ceremonies without ſignifications, to avaunce and ſet out his God to the blearynge of the eyes of the ſymple. Ande thu ſhalt ſee, if thou wilt reade the xviii chapter of the Apocal., callinge to God onely to open thyn eyes, all the triſhtraſhe that Antichriſt hath ſolde us, whiche be the onlye implementes of the maſſe of Antichriſt: I mean not the Antichriſt of Rome onely, but alſo of all other Popyſſhe Byſhoppes, with all theyr brethern in Antichriſt. And in the ſayde xviii chapter thou ſhalt ſee the fall not onely of the whore alone, but alſo of her merchaundyſe the ſame tryſhtraſh with her. For even as the whore is fallen in England already, thankes onely be geven to God therfore, and yet her triſhtraſh remayning for our iniquities ſake, even ſo I ſaie, in the ſaide xviii chapter thou ſhalt ſee that her marchaundyſe muſte followe, when the tyme is come that God hath appoynted. No doubt our unthankfulneſſe ſake, ande the gevinge of glorye unto men, whych ſhulde be geven onely unto God, is the cauſe of the longe remainynge of the premiffes. The wordes of the xviii chaptre be theſe: Alas, alas, the greate citie Babilon, that myghty cytie! for at one hour is her judgement come, ande the merchants of the earth ſhall wepe and wayle in them ſelves, for no man wil bye their ware any more, the ware of gold and ſilver, and precious ſtones, nether of pearles, and raynes, and purple, and ſkarlet, and all thynne woddes, and braſſe, and yron, and ſinamom, and odours, and oyntmentes, and frankencenſe, and wyne, and oyll, ande fyne flower, and

sowles of men. This fine flower have they made the chefe of all theyr tryshtrashe, and a cloke or a cloude to shadow all the reste. Rede the chapter, and thou shalt perceiue more.

I praie ye, jentle reder, judge, weare not the pardoners merchantes to them? Yee, it is well knowen that theyr pardons, and other of theyr tromperye, hath bene bought and sold in Lombardstrete, and in other places, as thow wylt bye ande fell an horffe in Smithfelde. Yea, ande at Easter, when thou shouldst come to the supper of the Lord to receyve the Sacrament of thankes gevyng, then muste thou receive the God of Antichryst without signification or Godly instruction; yea, and thou must bye it, ande paye for it, as men som time bought pyes in Soper Lane. Yea, ande thou must paye for his God or thou have it: yea, I have harde of pore men, for lack of two pens, been put from receyvyng of theyr God, and for lack of paying the parson or vicare his dewtie many have been put from it.

Ande more I tell the[e], reader, the bodye of our Saviour Jefus Christ can not be eaten wyth teth, it must be eten with faythe as is a foresayde.

Ande further marke thys well: that thyinge that hath beginninge or endinge can not be God, nor ought to be worshypped as God. So can thys Sacrament no more be God, then was the pascall lambe. For God ys wythout begynnyng and endyng, and so is not the God of Antichrist, for he is made manye tymes be a synnefull ipocryte.

Well, then it hathe a begynnyng, ande maye peryshe ande moulde a waie, and the lytle mouse wyll eate it, if he maye come by it. And the wyne wyll waxe fower and stinke, as doth theyr holy water in the founte by longe

kepinge, whiche hath bene the destruction and deth of innumerable childerne: when as two or thre droppes of water taken out of it by the prestes handes and cast uppon the childe weare sufficyent, and the childe never neade to be taken out of hys clowtes. Now to my purpose agayne.

Oh thou blynde man! can the body of Chryst peryshe by any maner of meanes? As to waxe fower, or that any maner of beastes maye eate the bodye of Chryst? No, surely, God forbydde. For he (as concernynge hys Godheade) was from the begynnynge, and shall be with out endynge, as manyfestlye it appeareth in Johan, the fyrste chapter. The worde was in the begynnynge wyth GOD, etce. But thys marke well, that even as the passeover lambe was a fygne, a token ande in remembraunce to put the Chyldern of ISRAEL in memory of their corporalye or bodely delyveraunce, and also that Messias shulde come to be slayne for theyr finnes, paying theyr raunsome, and delyveryng them from everlastyng dethe: which moved the faithfull of them to be thankfull to God, for that they beleved as verely as they dede eate of the lambe whych they had slayne, even so verely had God delyvered their forefathers from the plages whyche fell upon the wicked unbelievers. And also that a Redemer shuld come whyche God the Father had promised, by the mouth of his Prophetes. And thus dede they bothe eate Chrystes body and drynke Chrystes bloude in faith spirituallly, many yeares afore Chryste was borne: even so the Sacrament of thanks gevinge is to us a signe, a token, a spirituall memorye of our spirituall deliveraunce. For the faythfull beleved even as verelye as they see and eate it, so do they acknowledge the benefytt whych they receave in, ande through the im-

mortall God, and whych the same holy Sacrament representeth, ande no doubt the very bodye of Iesus Chryst is spyritually in ande wyth us in the receiuinge of the Sacrament, if it be refayved with the fayth afore sayde. Even lyke as he is amonge two or thre whych be gathered together in hys name as it is his godly promes, Ma. xviii. Thus ye maie se that the same faith which saveth us, saved the olde fathers; for they beleved throughe the outwarde fygne that a redeamer shulde come, and we, through the memory of thys holy Sacrament of thankes gevyng, beleve that he is come, and hath fulfilled all that was of him prophecied. And thus both thei and we eate the holy body of Christ spiritualie in one fayth.

And farther understond, reader, that unto all belevers the ceremonye of eatynge the paschale lambe ceassed immediatlye when Chryst had chaunged it in to a Maundy of thanckes geving. For why? the next daie was fulfilled by the death of Chryst that thyng whyche the paschale lambe to them ded represent.

Thou saiest it is a Sacrament, which I both graunt and writ. If it be a Sacrament, as it is in dede, then it is a fygne of some holier thinge then it selfe is. Ande beyng a fygne of a holier thinge then it selfe is, so can it not be God, for what fygne or token wilt thou have holier then God? None. Ergo, then, it is not God hym selfe, but some fygne, token, or remembraunce of some benefyt which we have through hym, and thys holy fygne putteth us in remembrance for the same to be thanckefull to the Lorde.

Thou wylt saye it is God hym selfe, even flesh, bloude, and bones; yea, and fenewes therto, as Master Standys, one of your wise false prophetes, preached of late amonge

you ; but yet denie I that for all hys ungodly learnynge. For how can it be a Sacrament of God and God hym felfe also, seynge there can be nothyng holyer then God? And againe, if it be GOD that is present, thou foole, what nedeth the of anye Sacramente or fygne of that thyng whych is present it felfe?

As touchynge this matter Johan Fryth, the servaunt of the LORDE, whome ye and youre false prophetes have burned, whose bloude, with others, cryeth vengeance against your Bysshoppes. He (I saye) hath writen invincibly in this matter, whose worke I exhorte all those whiche favoure the free passage of the Gospell unfaynedly to reade and to studie. For it is ag[r]eing to the touchstone of Gods worde, and to the olde auncient doctours, as appereth by the same booke of his. And I exhorte you in Gods name, yf there be anie Christian printer in London, to prynte moo of those workes, for there can never be to many of them.

Feare not man although death followe, seing Christ faieth, he that loseth his lyfe for my wordes sake shall save it. Mathewe in the xx chapter. And confidre that neither Wincheſter nor London, nor the rest of the Bisshoppes, the vesselles of Gods Justice without repentaunce, have no power to destroie but the bodie onelye: wherefore feare them not. But feare hym onelye that can kyll both bodye and foule, as apereth in the same xx chap. For if thou wilt live godly in Christ, thou must needes suffre persecution. And truly he is not worthy to be a membre of the body, that will suffre no dyspleasure with the heade. Therfor, blessed are they that suffre persecucion or anye trouble for ryghteousnes sake ; that is, for Christes sake.

And in this matter I saye, with the sayde Johan Fryth,

that it is no pointe of our dampnacion nor falvacyon. If I beleve it not it dampneth me not. But to have the absence of the benefyttes of his deathe and passion in my hert may be cause of my dampnacion; and in belevynge of the fayde benefytes, of ande through hys dethe, shalbe my salvacion, beinge repentaunt for my synnes.

But one thyng I will tell the, and marke it well, for it is trewe. Though beleve he is there lyke Antichrist, and like his petye membre Standish faythe, and so worshippe it as God, I tell the that it is damnable. For thou arte commaunded in the firste table of the commaundementes, that thou shalt not worshippe any thyng that is made after anye fymylitude or lykenes that is in heaven or earth, as I have afore sayde.

God is a sprete, and wilbe honored in sprete and veryte : I saie your blynde and bloody Byshoppes, or rather butchers, dishonour not onely the Sacrament, but the God of al Goddes also, in mynystryng the same. And so do all prestes that other signe or saye the popysh masse which they call a sacryfyce, and therby wold have Christes bodye daylye crucyfied, where, as he offred up his holy body upon the crosse for our synnes ones for ever, ande never shalbe offred again whyle the worlde endureth, but hath instituted the holyc supper or Sacrament of thankesgevyng, as afore is sayde, to put us in contynuall memory of that oblacion and sacrifice, that we shulde beleve our sinnes to be forgiven onely for Christes sake through his death, and so to be thankfull : whych holyc thyng, as ye se, is tourned into a popyshe masse, and is to the people a domme, yea, no thing els but a deade ceremonye.

Wherfore I will exhort all prestes that wylbe of Christes

congregation, to fle and geve over that abhominable mafsinge, which is a blaspheemy to Chriftes bloude, in that they make of it a facryfice. What facryfice can that be where no bloude is shedde? Wherefore, in Chriftes name, all you (I faye) that wolde be of Chriftes church, forfake thys whore with all her abhominable rables, ande rather begge with Chrift, then welthelye to lyve with the preftes of her God Beell; and feare not, but God shall provyde both clothyng and foode fufficient for the bodye.

Confider the lylie dothe not fpyne, yet was Salomon never fo gorgiouſlie apparelled. Mat. vi. Who clothed the lilie, ded not our heavenly father clothe it? And be not ye worth manye ſparrowes? Well, then, we ſe that yure heavenly father both clothed and fedde all creatures; and ſhall not he alſo clothe and feade yowe which ſeke his glorie and truſt in him? Yes, yes, doubt not. And ſurely ye can not remaine as ye do, but ye muſte be partakers of ther idolatrye.

Perchaunce thou wilt faye, I could be contented to live porely to followe Chriſte, but I feare the Byſhoppes bleſſyng, which is a fayre fyre. Set afore the[e] the deth of Chriſt for prechyng his fathers will, and before hym the Prophetes, ande after hym his Apoſtles, and at this daye hys choſen ſervauntes, ande confydre, as afore is fayde, that the devyllſhe Byſhopes, the veſſelles of Godes Juſtyce, can but deſtroye the bodye onelye, and that God will rayſe it up agayne at the great daye of the Lorde, even as he is ryſen. And confidre, that alwayes it was the Bysſhoppes and the hyghe preſtes that put Chriſt and hys Apoſtles and his choſen ſervauntes to deathe; and by theyr devellyſhe feducyng ever blynded the Prynces and other head rulers

to geve ther consent ther unto. Math. in the xxi ande in the xxvi chapter.

O ye Babylonyſhe Biſhopes and generacion of Vipers ! where have ye your auctoryte ? or how dar ye be ſo bold to kyll a man for his faith, whych Chriſt never ded nor hys Apoſtelles ? For it is a gyfte which no man can eyther geve another, or yet hym ſelfe. No, no ; it is the gyft of God onely. Ande that muſt be given a man before he can eyther do or thynke goode ; for all that is done without fayth is ſynne. Roma. in the xxiii, and Hebr. xi.

No, nor ye put no man to death for Chriſtes ſake, but for that no man ſhuld either preache, teache, or wrytte Chryſt aryght, which he can not do, but he ſhall by force be conſtrained of the Holye Ghoſt to wryte agaynſt your pompe, pryde, vyle lyvinge, and againſt your abhomynable ſedufing of the people, leadynge them in an endleſſe maſe of dyrtie tradicions and ſolyſhe ceremonies.

And why cannot a man ſet forthe Chriſt but he muſt write agaynſt you ? Even by cauſe ye be the verye Antichriſtes. No, I ſaye, it is not poſſible for anye man ſent of God, either to preache or wryte, but he muſt open hys mouthe againſt that moost wycked, abomynable, and deteſtable Antichriſt of ROME, as agaynſte the enemy of Chryſt, which be you, falſe Bysſhops, falſe Prophetes, that beare the falſe ſigne of the new lawe and the olde lawe, with ſtoute, ſtronger, and ſturdie Archdeacons, Deanes, and Chanons of Cathedrall Churches, and other your pyty-membres preſtes of Baall. Ande he that openeth not his mouthe againſt you can not truly ſet out Chriſt, and that is the cauſe why ye ſeke theyr deathes.

Ye bewytch Kinges and other rulers, and burne theyr

laboure[r]s, I meane the labourers of the fervauntes of God, whyche crye against your iniquytie, saying, they teache fedycyon, and cause rebellyon agaynst the higher powers.

Oh ye chylderne of Satan! all that reade their workes maye beare recorde with them against your lyes. Who teacheth so moche the obedyence towards the hygher powers, as God onely in them doth whych preache or wryte the Gospell? Yea, hath not GOD through their preachinges brought your kyngedome under the temporalle powers, whyche many yeares hath usurped over them? Ande because ye wolde not be under the obedyence whych the scripture taught hath coste manye a thoufande mens lyves, ande som prestes amonge. And thys poynte I wyshe unto all Kynges that wyll not willfully be blinde, to beware of you, crafty and wilye Bishoppes. Although they will not confidre the injuries that they have done to Christes churche or congregacyon in persecutyng them unto deth, for trulye preachyng and wrytyng Godes glorie, and minyshyng the glorie of Antychryst: although, I saye, that the Kynges of the earth and other high powers will not confider Christes cause, yet let them confidre their owne, what and howe tiranously the Bysshoppes kingdome hath used their progenitours Kynges of Englonde? Agaynst whome they ware ever the heades and the beginners, the foundacyon ande the very origynall, of all mischeve. Reade the storye of Wylliam Rufus, and Kyng Henry the Secounde, howe he was used by Thomas Becket; Kyng Johan, how he was used of and by Stephen Lanckton Bysshoppe of Cantorbury, whyche wyll pytye any Chrysten herte to heare, aswell for the wicked usinge of the goode Kyng anoynted of GOD, as of the bondage and thrauldome that

he brought the whole realme in. But fuche is the charitye of Bisshoppes, as well in all other realmes where they maye beare rule, as in Englund.

And though it appere that some of the troubles which chaunced to the Kynges of Englonde in tymes past came by Abbotes of these fyllthye Monasteryes, ryghtfully depofed nowe of late, yet came the grounde from the forked merchauntes. For be thow fure, never came any dyspleafure to anye Prynce in Englonde, or elles where, for fekyng any Godly redrefse ande Goddes glorie, but the originall and maintayners of the fame ware these forked cappes. Above all the membres of Antichryft, I faie, beware of them, all you that wyll not willfully be blind. They be the verye right and chefe wolves that Chryft fpeaketh of, Mat. vii, callyng them wolves in fhepes clothynge. What is that, fhepes clothinge? No doubt the worde of God, under the pretence of the whych worde they come to confounde the worde, as moche as lyeth in them. Theyr actes appere to them that will not wyll fullye be blynded. Full well knowe they, yf they fhuld not come under a pretence of holynes, and fpeciallie with a pretence of the worde of God, of the church of GOD, of the doctrine of Chrift, of the olde true lerning of feaven or eyght hondreth yeares olde, etce, that no man wold beleve them. Yet for all theyr outward meakenes ande holines, they be withyn ravening wolves, accordinge to Christs fainge in the place above rehersed; as their actes and charitye hath appered of late yeres uppon the fervauntes of GOD. And Chrift here sheweth us howe we should knowe them. Read the places, and ye shall fee them descrybed, as appereth, 1 Timo. i and ii, and 2 Timot. iii, and 1 Joan ii and iiiii. And yf ye will

geve no credite to it, your own bloude uppon your heades, accordinge to the sayenge of the Prophete Ezechiell in the iii chapter.

How is thys to be lamented, seyng the Kynges grace hath set out injunccions, that all vycars, perfons, and curates, shal purely, and syncerely preache the Gospell, and leave their owne dreames, and yet, not with stondyng these injunccions, whosoever preacheth the Gospell aright, but even the very text whych the Holye Ghost wrote, and cryeth againste the calling uppon any saving helth through the wayes and workes of mans invencions, against the which all the Prophetes crie, as is afore saide; he, I saie, that so truly laboureth in the vineyarde of the Lorde, the Bysshoppes will either hange him or bourne him or prevelie murther hym. And, uppon the contrarye parte, let them never so openly preache their owne dreames, yet maye no man trouble them, nor saye black is their eie. And no marvell; for Christe had promysed them no trouble or crosse in this worlde, which preache not, but perfecute hys worde.

Thus be ye theves and robbers of all Chrystyanytye, stealyng from us the spyrytuall fode of our soules. Yea, a thoufande tymes worse be ye, then the thefe that robbethe uppon the hyghe waye for neade. And yet so bewitchte you the higher powers and the riche of the worlde, that they cannot escape your robberye; and no marvell, for the worlde wyll love his owne, as Christ sayeth Johan xv.

O ye develles, ye blinde guides, and seducers of the people! howe of late bewitched you the Parliament House? Even by your invencions and develishe studie have ye caused actes and decrees to be made, so clean contrarye to the lawes of the lyvinge God, that I saye unto you, the

verie beare wolfe, that abhominable whore of Rome, never made so cruell actes. He never made it dethe for a preste to marye a wyfe: but ye shame not onelye to separate them that be maryed, so contrarye to GODDES worde, whyche saythe, let no man separate that which GOD hath couplede, Mathewe xix, but have also made it deathe.

Oh generacyon, worse then the vyper! Dothe not Saynte Paul saye, let everye man that hath not the gyfte of chastyte take hys wife, 1 Cor. vii. Here is no parson expected; and that the Apostels had wyves the Scripture is playne. As Saynt Peter, wyth other, Mat. viiii. Ye will saye ye have the gifte of chastyte. Well, the chastytye of the moste part of you that procured those wicked actes is meately well knowen, and therefore make ye it no abhominacion to kepe whores. Ye abhorre the remedy ordayned of God, ande maintayne the remedy of Sathan, as appereth by Winchesters gardyn. Well, ye Bysshopes and ye Chanons of the Churche of Beell, ye shutters up of Godes worde, accordynge to hys owne Prophetie, Mat. xxiii, Luc. xi. to you I can saye no more; but though the worlde or worldye people laugh uppon you, yet will the vengeance of God lyght uppon your forked cappes, and cathedrall churches of Beel, one daye, and that shortelye, excepte ye amende betymes. Ys not your aurycular confessyon also abhominable? Yes; and that one of the moste fylthyest thynges used uppon earth, as hath playnlye appered by the feates of your chaplaynes in dyverse places of Englonde of late, and some withyn thys two yeares. I coulde name the prestes and the places also; but I will passe it over with scylence, trustyng in the Lord the hygher powers shall ones fe the myschefe that commeth therof and redrefs it.

What an abhomynacyon is it that I shuld go poure oute my vyces in the eare of an unlearned buzarde, and specyally for a woman, wherby Syr Johan knoweth when to be sped. Yea, if she will not graunt to hym, he will not shame to threaten her to open her vice, and so for feare she muste agree to his abhomynable defyre.

What a blindnes is it to thinke my sinnes forgiven me, when a Preeft of Antychryft (as the moste parte be) hath wagged two or thre fyngers over my head? David sayth: I confessed my synne unto the Lorde, and he harde me ande forgave me, Psal. xxii. The Ifraelites when they had offended the Lord God, and after earnestly repented, callynge to the Lorde onelye for mercy, brynginge forth the frutes of repentaunce, ware in contynent delivered from their adversaries, as appereth Judicum viii, ix, and in many other places of the Byble.

This was before anye auriculare confession was knowen, for that no doubt was the invencion of Antichryft of Ro. And one chiefe cause was to betray princes, and other greate men. For what noble man was it in Christendome that spake agaynste forked cappes many yeares long, but the Bysshoppe of Rome had hys confession with all speade, and fodenly they would bewitch the Prynce of the Realme, and fordge some matter agaynste hym, and so of force he shuld be made a traitour, and so suffre dethe. I thinke thys matter be manyfest ynough to many men, as well in Englonde as elles where. Well, thys vyle thyng was not from the begynnyng, neyther shall it contynewe to the ende. Even as youre inordynate possessyons ware not of your heavenly Fathers plantyng, nor sowing, and therfore muste be plucked up by the rotes with youre compa-

nyons and bretherne in Antychryfte, Abbottes, as is afore sayde.

Some wyll faye it maye be well used, which I utterlye denye. It shall, nor can never be well used, so longe as prestes maie kepe whores without daunger of dethe, whiche burthen maye ryghtfullye be laide uppon them, seyng they abhorre matrimonie intituted of God : against whiche synne was no remedy but deth in the olde lawe, where as theste was but rendrynge double. For this ande soche lyke thyngs be ye lerned, ye rulers, lest the Lord be angrie, Psal. secundo.

Agayne, I faye it shall never be well used of al prestes, as longe as they shall grope our partyculare synnes whyche is not necessarie. For why? yf I be repentaunt, and ernestelye minded never to fall to myne accustomed synne againe, I doubte not but I am forgeven, without the preste, for Christes sake onely. Ande yf I have not that repent-aunce, even from the bottome of my herte, ande beleve not that I am forgeven for Chrystes sake, as is afore sayde, all the prestes in Engeland faye I, nor yet the beare wolfe of ROME, can forgeve me. Thus ye maye se where in confystethe confeffyon for the offence to God warde.

And as touchinge thy neighbour, thou must reconfyle thy selfe to hym whome thou hast offended, and make restytucion to thy power; and yf thou be not able to make recompence with goodes, thou oughteste to offre hym thy bodye. And even as thou art bounde so to do, so is he bounde to shewe the[e] mercy. But [do] thou thy dewtye, and thus everye neyghbour to reconcyle eche to other, is the ryght confeffyon chaunsinge betwene brethern or neighbors, as apereth in Johan the vii chapter, ande in Mathew the vii chapter.

Thou, Bysshoppe, ande thou, false Prophete, wilt say that it is ordayned of GOD, ande wilt bringe in chesely for the[e], that Chryste sent the tenne Lepers to the prestes: whyche ferveth as moche for confession, whych we make to a Preste, as to laye an onyon to my lytle fynger for the tothe ache. To you blynde guydes that be ignorantly blynde speke I, and not to these that be willfully blinde. Let them be still blinde, yet I exhorte all Christians to praye for them that they maye see. But wilt thou knowe the trewe causes why Chryst sent those Lepers, a bove all other whyche he healed, and none other, to the Prestes? reade the xiii and the xiiii chapter of Levi. ande there shalt thou see that it was ap-  
poynted of GOD, that no parson, ones havynge the lepprie, should come amonge the congregacyon of the whole, tyll he was clenfed. And for a certainte that he shulde be fyrst whole, the prest had the oversyght, and kept hym certayne dayes for a tryall, to be sure that he was whole, before he wolde so admitte hym. And when the Prestes founde hym whole in dede, then dede they admitte him, after he had offred the oblacion commaunded in Moises law, to go abroad among the whole: and for because Chryst wold not breke the law, but was the fulfiller of the lawe, sent he them to the Prestes, not to shewe theyr sinnes (for they shewed none during the hole time of Moyfes lawe) but for the cause afore sayde. An other cause that he sent them was, that the Prestes sclaundred Christe, saying that he blasphemed; Math. ix, Luc. v, Johan v. Therfor Christ bad them offre the oblacyon commaunded in Moyfes lawe, for a wytnesse agaynst theyr infydelytie; for they of force must confesse that Chryst healed them. For why? They admitted them for cleane, and receyved the oblacion, and yet sclaundered

they Chryft, fo settinge them selves wythout all excuse of theyr moofte worthye ande wilfull dampnacyon.

Chryfte ded not onely fende the tenne Lepres, but also other Lepres that he healed. But let them fynde that ever Chryfte sent any other that he healed to the Prestes, as the fycke of the palseye, the diseased of the blouddy flyxe, the possessed with devels, and soche other lyke ; which not with standynge ware sinners as well as the Lepers, and had neade of remysson of their synne as well as they, then let me die for it.

O ye Antychristes ! ye your selves maye see how lytle thys text of the Lepers serveth for aurycular confession. Woo be to youe, ye wresters and wrythers of Gods holy worde ! I coulde bryng in as good auctoryte agaynste the rest of your wicked decrees, but I wyll defer it to the makynge of an other worke, which shalbe shortly if the Lord lende me lyfe. Yf not, I doubte not but he shal rayse other that shall accomplish that which I have begon ; for doubte nott but Godes chosen will with the Scripture fyght agaynste your wycked decrees ; yea, although their blood be shedde therefore. Yea, as moche joie have they to set forth the glorie of God, and to bryng theyr brethern to the knowledge of your blynde errours, ande to teache them the waye to avoyde them, callinge them to Chryft ; even as moche joye, I faie, and with as free a hert, as ye have to rob Chryft of hys honoure, geving part to hym, and parte to the creatures by him created ; yea, and moche more then ye have in mayntaynyng of your kingdome in pompe and pride, and in shedding of the bloude of innocentes. For we knowe that the Lord hath promised us none other rewarde in thys life. And ye have made wonderous goode provyfyon for the

fame. FOR who soever shall preache Chryft, or write Chrif, a right, he is incontynent in the net eyther of fellonie, treason, or hearefyne, or in all thre. But at the grete daye of the Lorde, at the ryfynge of all fleſhe, ye generacion of vipars ſhall ſe that thoſe ſhalbe founde faythfull bothe to the Kyng of the body onely, and alſo to the Kyng of bothe bodye and ſoull. And then ye ſhall be found in deade, fellows, traytours, and heretyques, both agaynſt GOD and man, ande ſoche wyll ye be ſo longe as ye poſſeſſe your inordynate RICHES that wycked Mammon.

GOD geve the KINGE an hert to take that wicked Mam-mone from you, as he may rightfullye do wyth the conſent of the Communes, by acte of Parlament, ſo that it maye be dyſpoſed to GODES glorye, and the commune welthe, as to take him ſelfe a porcyon for a knowledg of obeyſaunce, and for the maintainyng of hys eſtate. The reſt pollityquely to be put unto a commune welthe. Fyrſt dyſtrybuted among all the townes in Englonde, in ſommes according to the quantyte and nombre of the occupyars, where moſte nead is. And all the townes to be bound to the King, that his grace may have the money at hys neade to ſerve him. And alſo a politique way taken for provyſyon for the pore in everye towne, with ſome parte to the mariages of yonge parſons that lacke frendes. Wayes ther are ynough, who ſo luſteth to ſtudye for them.

Yet, one thing wolde I wiſhe; that all men wolde take you even as ye are, that is even lyke as the vipar, above all other beaſtes, wormes, or ſerpentes, is moſt fulleſt of poiſon for certayne qualities in him, even ſo ye, above all the membres of Antichriſt, be the moſte fulleſt of poiſon, ſwiſteſt to ſhedde bloude, the greateſt perſecuters of Chriſtes con-

gregacion ; yea, and ye have ever done most myschefe in shutting up of Godes word from the people, above al other knightes of the Romysh Church. Well, your wicked Mammon, your inordinate riches was not of our heavenlie Fathers plantynge ; therfore it muste up by the rotes, with the riches of your other brethern of the Romysh Churches, or Church malygnant, which of late ware ryghtfully plucked up.

If thou wilt reade the storyes of the thre kynges a fore sayd, thou wilt saie it is hyghe time to pull from them the wycked Mammon. In the same stories ye shall see what knavery hath ever bene practyced of the Bysshoppes, above all other impes of Antychryst, as well agaynst the kinges as agaynst the preachers, teachers, and writers of Christes gospell, moſte lyke unto the vypar, as afore is sayde. Underſtonde also what the propertye of a vipar is : she destroieth her make, or male, in the concepcon ; and the thing conceived (I meane the yonge in the lyttiryng or forth bringyng) destroieth the damme. So Bysshoppes, who kings mak lordes of beggers, be commonly the fyrste that procure them dyspleasure, as appereth by the storyes of these kings aforeſayed. Yea, they have put mo kyngs to troble then ever came to light. For why it must neades be trew that Christ ſaieth of them : the chyldern of thys worlde be wiser in theyr generacyon, then the chylderne of lyght be in theyrs.

What think ye of the northe ? Surely, in my judgement (I wyll ſpeake no farther) but it was theyr owne invencion, and the Bysshoppes ware the very orygynall grounde ande foundacyon of the same infurectyon, uproare, and tumulte. Well, although Chryſte dothe ſaie, ye be ſo wyſe in youre generacion, yet maketh not it againſt theſe wordes, that

your wyfdome will prove folifhnes. 1 Cor. i. Whyche GOD graunte maye be fhortlye, that the pore felye lambes maye preache and teache the gofpell, and that the reft, which yet be without, may efpie your dysceyte, and fle from your dyrtie tradycyons, and followe theyr owne shepherd, which fo lovinglie gave his life for them.

I knowe the Papyftes and their flocke fhall fclaunderoufly report that I am agaynft the Sacrament, which am dyrectlye with it after Chriftes intitucion, and full agaynft the intitucion of the Rome Bysfhoppes, as ye fhall perceiue, yf ye marke and pondre my fentence aright. Or els they will fay I am an anabaptift, which opinions of them that are againft the fcriptur (as they have diuerfe) I utterly abhorre, which opynions need not here to be touched.

Your old craft is alfo to fclaunder us, faynge we be caufers of infurreccyon : in which poynt, even as I therin now fhew my mind, fo have all thofe done which laboured in the vineyard, of whom ye have borned a great nombre. I acknowledge and geve to underftond, to all that fhall either read this my worke, or heare it red, that all kinges and rulers have theyr aucthorytie and powers of God, and they that refifte them, or thofe which of them be fent, refyft God, Rom. xiii, and fo feaketh his own damnacion. Yea, although a kyng be a tyraunt, we may not refyfte hym. Yea, ande althoughe a king fhuld be fo wicked to make actes or lawes even directlye againft Gods lawes, as dede kinge Darius, Daniel vi. Ande alfo the high preftes and pharifees forbidding Peter and Johan to preach Chrift, Act. iiii. Yet may we not with fift and fwerd, etc., refift them, nor be avenged of them, no more then dede Daniel and the other children refift Darius : or Johan and

Peter the prestes and pharisees; or Chryste pylate, Mathe xvi. But, gentle Reader, marke that even as we may not resist them with fist, sweard, or weapon, etc., but to our dampnacion, even like wise may we not observe theyr wicked lawes, nor consent or agree unto them with hert or mouthe, under paine of the selfe same dampnacion: but rather suffre deth, then eyther to resyste them bodely wyth strength of hande, or consent and agree unto their wicked lawes and actes in hert or mouthe; after the example of Daniell, CHRIST, the Apostles, Prophetes, Martyres, et cetr. And after the example of the mother with her seven sonnes, Mach. vi, whych example is wrytten for our learning, with many suche like.

And marke thys; that even as all subjectes be bounde to the higher powers, and to be ruled by them in all things, as lawes, decrees, and suche other grounded uppon scrypture, and not to resiste in paine of dampnacion; so must the hygher powers be ruled by the scrypture, ande make no lawes contrarie to the scrypture, in payne of like dampnacion unto them. For that is the onelie touchstone, whych trieth all thynges, and whych muste governe all thynges.

Thus I end my Lamentacion, beseachyng God, through his sonne Jesus Christ, to drawe you from all your old idolatrye, fornicacyon, and advoutrye: from persecuting Christ in his saintes, from your inordynate covetuousnes, ande from youre evell suppressyng of the pore. And geve you grace, that nowe, at the last, ye maye repente, and beleve the gospell in embrasyng the same, sekyng GODES glorye onelye and the commone welthe, as in tymes paste ye have done youre owne: and dylygentlie to provide for the pore, whiche, above all other thynges, shalbe demaunded of you at the greate daie of the Lord, as afore is sayde.

And thus doing, doubt not but the plagues whych ye have ryghtfullie deserved, God of his bottomelesse mercie will turne them from you, as he ded by the Ninivites, whych repented when they were warned by Jonas the Prophete. Yf not, loke for no lesse plagues then Jerufalem and other cityes had for their inyquitie.

Awake, therfore, and repent, ande turne to the Lorde yet in tyme, and he will turne to you. That graunt the Lorde of all lordes and father of mercye ! Amen.

The grace of God (through our Lorde Jefus Chryst) be wyth you all.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS very lively, clever, and amusing production, of which we never heard of more than three copies, and those of different dates (1619, which we have used, 1620, and 1634), must have been written under the cheerful inspiration of the "cup of Sherry" which it celebrates. It is too long to have been struck off at a heat, and we can easily suppose, that the author dipped his nose in his glass, as often as he dipped his pen in his standish.

Who or what the writer may have been we have no means of ascertaining; but the poem is, perhaps, as good as Ben Jonson would have composed in the vigour of his youth, or Fletcher poured out in the exuberance of his fancy. Near the commencement we learn, that whoever wrote it had previously made an attack upon the citizens of London and their proverbially frail wives, for which he certainly made no amends here. The main fault is some violence in the exercise of the imagination, for we are called upon to believe that the poet, not merely conducted his Muse (such as she is described by the ancients) in open day through the streets of London and Westminster, but carried her to a tavern, there treated her with "something to drink," and finally so elevated her spirits, that of her own accord, and without request or challenge, she gratified a jovial company by a joyous song in praise of Sack and Sherry.

There is no note of authorship from beginning to end, but we

are quite sure that the effusion proceeded from a practised pen : Sir John Davys or Sir John Harington were, either of them, at one time, capable of it ; but the last died seven years before the date of the earliest known edition of the tract, and the first was engaged, after his return from Ireland, upon the republication of his *Nosce Teipsum*.

The local and temporary matters adverted to in the succeeding pages, the repair of Cheapside and the decay of Charing Crosses, the building of the New and the rivalry of the Old Exchanges, etc., are of considerable interest, and bring us acquainted with various other points that more or less require elucidation. Not the least curious stanzas are those which relate to the many different kinds of wine then usually consumed, and the manner in which they were preserved or adulterated. The only tavern specifically named is the Mermaid, and that in a part of the poem especially deserving attention. Some misprints will be easily detected and corrected, and some terms used by the writer may not be clearly understood : what is meant by "Yesso" (p. 24) unless it be *yeast*, we cannot conjecture. The tune of "the Tinker," to which the Muse's song is "turned," was popular in the reigns of James and Charles, if not earlier. We might suppose that lines to that tune would be found in "The Tinker of Turvey" (1630), or, as the same piece was more anciently called, "The Cobbler of Canterbury" (1590 and 1608), not long since reprinted by the Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries as presents to his friends. However, such a tune is not there either used or mentioned.

J. P. C.

# PASQUILS PALINODIA,

AND

His progresse to the Taverne ;

Where, after the survey of the SELLAR,

You are presented

with

A pleasant pynte of Poeticall Sherry.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt  
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

HORAC. *Ad Mæcenatem.*



LONDON :

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, and are to be sold by  
*Francis Parke* at his shop in *Lincolnes-Inne*  
gate, in *Chauncerie Lane*.

1619.

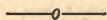
APPROBATIO.

Innocuos censura potest permittere lufus,  
Lafciva eft nobis pagina, vita proba eft.

Sic cenfeo

M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS.

## THE PRINTER TO THE READER.



**G**ENTLEMEN, *I understand that the AUTHOR is so farre out of patience, to heare that this Pasquill is prest for the publicke view, which was intended onely for the private satisfaction of his peculiar friends, that hee will not greet the READER so much as with a letter of commendations ; yet considering that in these dayes we are altogether carryed away with fashions, and that it is quite beside the custome to put forth a Poem without a dedicatorie preamble, let mee, I pray you, make bold, for want of a better scholler, to salute the courteous Reader with a few words of complement. Who the Author is I know not ; and therefore on his behalfe I will be silent ; yet I heare that hee is of the minde of that merry Huntsman, which would neither give nor sell his hare, but when he saw the Travailer gallop away with her, and that hee was out of hope to have her againe, he cryed out, Take her, Gentleman, I will bestow her on you. Concerning the Poem, although I shall be thought to be futor ultra crepidam, yet in my opinion, it is a tollerable Pint of Poeticall Sherry ; and if the Muses seller afford no worse wine, it will make Sacke better respected, and goe downe the merrier.*

*What the peevish, puritanicall, and meager Zoilist, out of his malicious humour, shall calumniate, it skils not, for as the proverbe is, Aut bibat, aut abeat. This dish was not drest to set his dog-teeth on worke, and therefore if he like not these lettice let him pull backe his lips ; for as the Poet saith,*

Non lux, non cibus est suavis illi,  
Nec potus juvat, aut sapor lyæi,  
Nec si pocula Jupiter propinet, &c.

Virg. de  
Livore.

*He was borne with teeth, and grynd when he first came into the world ; he feedes upon snakes, drinks small-beere and vinegar, keepes no good company, lives without charitie, and dyes without honestie : hic finis Zoili. Notwithstanding, for the ingenious and candidous Readers, and all those fat honest men which are of a franke and sociable disposition, I dare be bold to promise, that this dish of drinke will not be distastfull unto any of their stomackes ; for as they have bodies of a better constitution, so are their minds more fairely qualified, and their judgements freer from corruption : and therefore to their taste is this Pinte of Poetrie dedicated, which if it secme pleasant to their palate, let mee be well payd for presenting them with it in paper, and I rest satisfied.*

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#### LIBELLUS AD LECTOREM EX MARTIALE.

*Rumpitur invidia quidam, charissime Lector,  
quòd me turba legit, rumpitur invidia,  
Rumpitur invidia, quòd sum jucundus amicis,  
quòd conviva frequens, rumpitur invidia ;  
Rumpitur invidia, quòd amamur, quòdque probamur,  
rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.*

*Non minimum curo : nam cœnæ fercula nostræ,  
malim convivis quàm placuisse locis.*

PASQUILS PALINODIA;

OR,

HIS PYNTE OF POETRIE.

—o—

LOE! I the man whose muse whilome did play  
A *horne-pipe* both to country and the citty,  
Am now againe enjoyn'd to sing or say,  
And tune my *crowde* unto another ditty:  
To comfort moone-fac'd *cuckolds* that were fad,  
My Muse before was all in *hornes* yclad,  
But now she marcheth forth, and on her backe  
She weares a corflet of old *sherry sacke*.

Therefore it is not as in dayes of yore,  
When bloud-shed and fierce battailes were her song,  
And when her trumpets did *tantara* rore,  
Till all her murth'ring fouldiers lay along;  
A milder tune she now playes on her strings,  
And *Carrols* to good company she sings,  
To all good fellowes that are wise in *season*:  
Listen awhile, and you shall know the *reason*.

The dedica-  
tion.

Long had she chaunted for the *horned crew*,  
And reap'd no praise nor penny from their hands,  
Nor cup of drinke, which is a *Fidlers* due,  
(As every good companion understands)

And therefore unregarded being dry,  
 My *Muse* grew melancholy out a-cry,  
 And angry forth she runs into the streetes,  
 Cursing each churlish *cuckold* which she meetes.

When I beheld her in that moody vaine,  
 Which wont to be so blythe and full of sport,  
 After her I ran, to call her home againe,  
 Least she might chaunce to meete some man of fort,  
     Some wealthy tradesman that had been *cornuted*,  
     Of whose large hornes it must not be disputed,  
     And in this crabbed humour fall to rayle,  
     And so he had to *Counter*, without bayle.

When I my fullen *Muse* had overtooke,  
 I gan reprove her for her wilde behaviour,  
 And charg'd her to returne, as she did looke  
 Ever to be receiv'd into my favour :  
     But she, as mad as is in *March* a hare,  
     Did like unto a *Bedlam* stampe and stare,  
     And for an houre her patience was so weake,  
     And rage so prest her, that shee could not speake.

At last, when passion was a little sway'de,  
 And that the raynes of fury gan to slack,  
 A thousand curses on the *head*, she said,  
 Of every *cuckold*, that cries *What de'e lacke !*  
     May all their hornes grow visible to sight,  
     May they prove jealous, and their women light,  
     And care not who looke on, that all may geere,  
     And laugh aloud when their *rams-heads* appeare.

And may discredit, scorne, and fowle disdaine  
 Light on the hornes of every *English* goate!  
 Ungratefull *churles*, that reward my paine  
 Not with so much as with a single groat:  
     Have I wip'd off the scurrilous disgrace  
     Which every varlet cast upon their face,  
     And righted all their wrongs, yet none so kinde  
     As with faire words to shew a thankefull minde?

If I had chroniceld the hungry *rats*  
 Which eate up corne, and make provision deare,  
 Or registred what price a cade of *sprats*,  
 And *pickl'd herrings*, bare in such a yeare;  
     What grim-fac'd *collier* stood upon the *pillory*,  
     And who did march most bravely at *th'artillery*,  
     Or how men walk'd on *Thames* the last great frost,  
     Then, I am sure, my paynes had not been lost.

But I have labour'd to redeem their fame,  
 And lift their heads to honour with my pen,  
 Disolv'd all clouds that did obscure the same,  
 And ranck'd them with the worthiest sorts of men:  
     I crown'd their *horns* with *bayes*, and grac'd them more  
     Then ever any Muse hath done before,  
     And yet no *cuckold* from the forked rankes,  
     Puts out his *weathers*-face to give me thanks.

If for their *wives* I had my lampe-oyle spent,  
 And in their service drawne my inke-horne dry;  
 Those loving creatures would, withall content,  
 Have fought me out my love to gratifie;

Kisses and confects had falne with my wishes,  
 And many other delicats in dishes ;  
 And even the pen, that writ in their defence,  
 Should have beene *gilded* for my recompence.

Haplesse was I to leave those gentle *foules*,  
 Poore *wormes*, that suffer more then all men fee,  
 And take the part of perverse *jobornols*,  
 Void of good *nature*, *love*, and *courtesie*.  
 Now I perceive my error, and repent  
 That I against them was so vehement ;  
 And that the world may know that I am turned,  
 Here I doe wish those bitter lines were burned.

For now I finde those *doves* are innocent,  
 And that the *cuckold* chiefly is in fault,  
 Whose stubborne carriage, and sterne regiment,  
 Makes upright women many times to halt :  
 For when a man is of a fowre condition,  
 Churlish and froward in his disposition,  
 It thrusts such things into a woman's minde,  
 As she nere dream'd on, if he had beene kinde.

And blame her not, for she is not of *steele*,  
 Nor made of *iron*, *brasse*, or such hard *mettle* ;  
 Neither so fencelesse that she cannot feele  
 When she is us'd as *tinkers* doe a *kettle*.  
 She is a tender thing, refin'd and pure,  
 And harsh rough handling cannot well endure,  
 But like a Venice-*glasse*, she breakes afunder,  
 When boistrous man will strive to keep her under.

Let the mad *cuckold* ponder his wives case  
 In equall ballance justly with his owne,  
 And he shall finde that she doth onely trace  
 His crooked footsteps ; for if she but frowne,  
     Or somewhat sharply speake a word or two,  
     When good occasion moves her so to doe,  
     Then straight he calls her half a dozen whores,  
     And to the *Taverne* gets him out of doores.

And what is then his prattle with his mates,  
 His fellow drunkards, sitting or'e the pot ?  
 There he begins the story, and relates  
 What an infernall fury he hath got,  
     An everlasting *scold*, thats never quiet,  
     But checks him for his company and ryot.  
     Why bang her well, quoth one, for by this quart,  
     If she were my wife, I would breake her heart.

Well, quoth another, fill a cup of *Sacke*,  
 And let all *scolds* be damb'd as deepe as hell ;  
 Abridge her maintenance, and from her backe  
 Pull her proud clothes, for they doe make her swell.  
     And thus in divelish counsell there they fit,  
     Till with old *Sherry* they have drown'd their wit ;  
     Then druncke, at mid-night, home the knave doth creep,  
     And beats his wife, and spues, and fals asleep.

There lyes the beaſt untill hee riſe againe  
 Next day at twelve, when being not halfe well,  
 A haire of *Bacchus* dog muſt cure the paine  
 In which by laſt nights ſurfeiting hee fell :

Then he at *Taverne*, as hee did before,  
 Drincks himselfe drunck that day and many more ;  
 And in this thriftles course his glasse doth runne,  
 Till he runnes out at heeles, and be undone.

And what excuse doth then the *bankrupt* frame  
 For his profuse and prodigall expence ?  
 Mary, forfooth, his *wife* did cause the fame,  
 Against whose scolding tongue there's no defence :  
     For when a man at home cannot be merry,  
     Hee's forc'd to runne abroad to drinck old *Sherry*.  
 Thus shee, poore turtle, wrong and slander beares,  
 Who sits meane while at home in grieve and teares.

Shall this most false and slanderous accusation  
 Be current for the man, and his abuse ?  
 And shall a woman suffer condemnation,  
 And not be heard to speake in her excuse ?  
     It is too great a wrong, and most unjust,  
     The weaker to the wall should thus be thrust,  
     And when she hath a more indifferent cause  
     To be deny'd the favour of the lawes.

Shall a vast unthrift with a false pretence  
 Wrong his poore wife, and be exempt from blame ?  
 And shall a woman, which hath just offence,  
 And forc'd by dogged usage to her shame,  
     If she another friend doe entertaine,  
     To give her some content, and ease her paine,  
     Shall she be censur'd with disgracefull speeches,  
     And he stand cleere because he wears the breeches ?

Awake, great *Mars* ! for sure thou art asleepe,  
Or such injustice thou would'st not let passe.  
There was a time when thou didst love to keepe  
And in a corner kisse a pretty lasse :

Mars was the  
first cuckold  
maker.

And therefore, if within thy fiery brest  
Any quick sparke of warlike courage rest,  
For old acquaintance sake doe women right,  
And let them not be overthrowne with might.

But *Mars* is deafe, and justice will not heare,  
And lawes are partiall against womens side ;  
And for because the cruell lawes are cleere,  
When women in another case are try'de,  
That by their booke they shall receive no favour,  
Which unto wicked men is oft a *saviour*,  
They now suppose it is a great offence,  
If they be heard to speake in their defence.

But they shall speake, you forked *unicornes*,  
And you shall heare them to your small content ;  
And in despite of your ambitious hornes,  
Ile stand as Champion for the innocent :  
And so display your basenesse and disgrace,  
That children shall deride you to your face,  
And towne and countrie both shall notice have,  
That every *cuckold* is a foole or knave.

Peace, idle Muse ! quoth I, and be content :  
Thou art too bitter, vehement and loud ;  
These rayling words will make us both be shent,  
For *cuckolds* are growne mighty rich, and proud,

And *wife-men* thinke it is the part of *fooles*  
 To be too busie meddling with edge-tooles :  
 And therefore be advis'd, I doe implore thee,  
 Least with their horns, for barking, they doe gore thee.

I care not for their greatnesse, she reply'de,  
 Nor doe I feare them though their horns looke high,  
 For presently let come what will betyde,  
 Into the citty shall my journey lye ;  
 Where I will ring all *cuckolds* such a peale,  
 As shall quite shame them in the common-weale.  
 Well then, said I, if nought will bring thee backe,  
 Yet ere thou goe, lets drinke a pinte of *Sack*.

For now I saw that in this raging fit  
 To use perswasion was but further folly,  
 And that her passion had exil'd her wit,  
 And drown'd my Muse so deepe in melancholy,  
 That for to cure her was no other charme,  
 But with a cup of *Sack* to make her warme,  
 And heate her braines ; which, as all *poets* finde,  
 Doth quicken wit, and qualifies the minde.

Betwene the Muses and the God of wine,  
 There is a league of kindenesse, peace and love ;  
 There consanguinity doth them combine,  
 Being begotten both by lusty *Jove* :  
 So that no Muse, well bred, and truly borne,  
 Her naturall brothers companie can scorne,  
 And by their crownes their amity is seene,  
 One wearing *lawrell*, th'other *ivy* Greene.

And this to be the reason, I suppose,  
That every joviall *poet* loves loves good liquor :  
It is the *Heliconian* butt, that sweetly flowes  
With sprightly *Sack*, which makes invention quicker ;  
And hee's no lawfull sonne unto the *Muses*  
That loves small beere, and better drinck refuses,  
Nor can a watrish wit the *lawrell* win :  
His Muse is lancke, and his conceit is thin.

And not alone have *poets* these conditions,  
Merry conceited lads, and like their mothers,  
But all their servants, *rymers* and *musitions*,  
And red-fac'd *trumpetters*, with many others,  
Which have with crochets stufft their *pericranions*,  
Are still reputed to be good companions :  
And for this reason, which is here presented,  
My Muse to see the taverne was contented.

Yet to the cittie faine she would have gone,  
Yeelding a reason for to draw me thither ;  
As that their wine was better, ten to one,  
Neere to *th' exchange*, where marchants meet together :  
But I, halfe jealous, where great numbers be,  
That some grand cuckold she might chance to see,  
And in this heate of furye fall to jarre,  
Drew her along at last through *Temple-Barre*.

Keepe in your heads, my neighbours of the *Strand*,  
And looke not out untill my Muse be past ;  
Your wives are good, for ought I understand,  
And you may be no *cuckolds*, and they chaff ;

Yet leaft my Mufe might chance for to difcry  
 Something might firre her bile as ſhe walkes by ;  
 For peace-fake, I entreate you every one,  
 You would pull in your heads till ſhe is gone.

Fairely we marched on, till our approach  
 Within the fpacious paſſage of the *Strand*  
 Objected to our fight a *fommer-broach*,  
 Ycleap'd a *May-pole*, which in all our land  
     No citty, towne, nor ſtreete, can parralell ;  
     Nor can the lofty ſpire of *Clarken-well*,  
     Although he have the vantage of a rock,  
     Pearch up more high his turning weather-cock.

Stay ! quoth my Mufe, and here behold a ſigne  
 Of harmleſſe mirth and honeſt neighbourhood,  
 Where all the pariſh did in one combyne,  
 To mount the rod of peace, and none withſtood :  
     Where no capritious *conſtables* diſturbe them,  
     Nor juſtice of the peace did ſeeke to curbe them,  
     Nor peeviſh Puritan in rayling fort,  
     Nor over-wiſe *church-warden* ſpoyl'd the ſport.

Happy the age, and harmeleſſe were the dayes,  
 (For then true love and amity was found)  
 When every village did a May-pole raiſe,  
 And *Whitſon-ales* and *May-games* did abound ;  
     And all the luſty yonkers in a rout,  
     With merry laſſes daunc'd the rod about :  
     Then frienſhip to their banquets bid the gueſts,  
     And poore men far'd the better for their feaſts.

Then raign'd plaine honest meaning, and good will,  
And neighbours tooke up points of difference :  
In *common lawes* the Commons had no skill,  
And publike feasts were Courts of Conscience.

Then one grave serjant at the *Common pleas*  
Might well dispatch the motions at his ease,  
And in his owne hands though he had the law,  
Yet hardly had a *cliyent* worth a straw.

Then lords of castles, mannors, townes, and towers,  
Rejoyc'd when they beheld the farmers flourish ;  
And would come downe unto the sommer-bowers  
To see the country-gallants dance the morris ;  
And sometimes with his tennants handsome daughter  
Would fall in liking, and espouse her after  
Unto his serving-man ; and for her portion  
Bestow on him some farme, without extortion.

But since the sommer-poles were overthrowne,  
And all good sports and merrymments decayd,  
How times and men are chang'd so well is knowne,  
It were but labour lost if more were said :  
And therefore Ile be silent ; for I hold  
They will not mend although their faults be told,  
Nor is it safe the spur-gal'd world to pricke ;  
For thees a lusty jade, and jades will kicke.

Alas, poore *May-poles* ! what should be the cause  
That you were almost banish't from the earth ?  
You never were rebellious to the lawes ;  
Your greatest crime was harmeleffe honest mirth :

What fell malignant spirit was there found,  
 To cast your tall *Piramides* to ground ?  
 To be some envious nature it appeares,  
 That men might fall together by the eares.

Some fierie *zealous brother*, full of spleene,  
 That all the world in his deepe wisedome scornes,  
 Could not endure the may-pole should be seene  
 To weare a cox-combe higher then his hornes :  
 He tooke it for an *idoll*, and the feast  
 For sacrifice unto that painted beast ;  
 Or for the wooden *Trojan Affe* of sinne,  
 By which the wicked merrie Greeks came in.

But, I doe hope, once more the day will come  
 That you shall mount and pearch your *cocks* as high  
 As ere you did, and that the pipe and drum  
 Shall bid defiance to your enemy ;  
 And that all *Fidlers* which in corners lurke,  
 And have beene almost starv'd for want of worke,  
 Shall draw their *crowds*, and at your exaltation  
 Play many a fit of merry recreation.

Leede.

And thou, my native towne, which was of old,  
 (When as thy bon-fiers burn'd, and May-poles stood,  
 And when thy wassall-cups were uncontrol'd)  
 The sommer-bower of peace and neighbourhood ;  
 Although since these went down, thou ly'ft forlorn  
 By factious schismes and humors over-borne,  
 Some able hand, I hope, thy rod will raise,  
 That thou maist see once more thy happy daies.

And now conceive us to be come as farre  
As the perspicuous fabrick of the *Burse*,  
Against which frame, the old *Exchange* makes warre,  
Misdoubting that her trading would be worse  
By the erection of that stately front,  
Which cryes *What lack ye?* when men looke upon't :  
But for thy takings, *Gresham*, take no care,  
Thou wilt have doings whilst thou hast good ware.

Whil't *coaches* and *caroaches* are i'th world,  
And women take delight to buy fond bables,  
And o're the stones whilst ladies will be hurld,  
For which their horses are still kept i'th stables ;  
And whilst thy shops with prettie wenches swarm,  
Which for thy custome are a kinde of charme  
To idle gallants, thou shalt still be sure  
To have good utterance for thy furniture.

And therefore be not envious, nor conspire  
Against thy yonger sisters small beginnings : .  
Thou art so rich thy trade cannot retyre,  
And she so poore thou need'st not feare her winnings.  
If ought doe raise her head (as who can tell ?)  
It is her lowlineffe will make things sell ;  
Her sole humility will vent her wares,  
For if men wil not climbe, shes'e come down stayers.

If she this open course had kept before,  
And out of sight her shops had not withdrawne,  
Doubtleffe her takings would have been much more  
For points, gloves, garters, cambrick-smocks, and lawn :

The man of trade which doth the world begin,  
Seldome growes rich if he keepe shop within :  
For by this meanes no custome can be gotten,  
And ere he sell his wares, they will be rotten.

And, therefore, let a tradesman that would thrive,  
First get a shop in some faire street of taking ;  
My next advice is, that he fairely wive,  
For such a toy is many a yong-mans making ;  
Then, let his shop be stufte on every side  
With new additions to increase vaine pride,  
And he shall see great gallants with huge *broaches*,  
Light at his dore from male and female *coaches*.

The *Burse of Brittain*e left behinde our backe,  
Wee now approach the crosse, ycleaped *Charing*;  
A weather-beaten peece, which goes to wracke,  
Because the world of charitie is sparing.

Hang downe thy head, O *Westminster*! for shame,  
And all you lawyers which passe by the fame,  
Blush (if you can) and are not brazen faced,  
To see so faire a monument disgraced.

The Crosse in  
Cheape-side.

Doe you not see how *London* hath repaired  
And trim'd her *sister*, with great charge and cost ?  
And though her head was from her shoulders pared,  
Yet she is now restor'd, and fairely *crost*.

Brave *Free-men*, I applaud you for this thing,  
And will one day your further praises sing ;  
Mean while my Muse in commendation tels,  
You keepe *your wives most neate, and all things else*.

It is a shame, you *Gown'd-men of the law*,  
For tis with you that I must put the case,  
Although I know you doe not care a straw  
What I doe tell you ; yet unto your face  
I say, it is a shame, and ill befits  
That you should sell your shreds of law and writs  
At so deere rate, to many a poore mans losse,  
And not bestow one fee to mend this *Crosse*.

For many pious acts and monuments  
The citie will for ever be commended ;  
Many faire *colledges*, with goodly rents,  
From zeale of kings and bishops are descended ;  
And many private men, our ages wonders,  
Have unto famous *hospitals* beene founders :  
But where survives that worke of charitie,  
That from a lawyer drawes his pedigree ?

Redeeme your fame, you law-full *barristers*,  
And let the world speake better of your zeale.  
The commons say, which are no flatterers,  
That halfe the riches of the *common-weale*  
Is in your hands, or will be if you live,  
Because you alwaies take, and nothing give ;  
And that your fees, which certaine were of old,  
Are now uncertaine, like a coppi-hold.

The Fynes.

And yet, they say, you are so honest growne,  
You will not take your fee to plead a cause :  
Though once you had a fee, you now have none,  
That single word accords not with the lawes :

It muſt come ſhowring in a golden flood,  
 Or ſome of you will doe a man ſmall good ;  
 And whatſo ere men give, you'l not forſake it,  
 Becauſe you know that by the law you take it.

Thus doe the vulgars talke, and you can tell  
 Whether this fame be true, or elſe a lyer ;  
 But howſoere it be, you may doe well  
 To let poore *Charity* come neere your fire,  
     And warme her ſelfe, that men no more may hold  
     The charity of lawyers to be cold :  
 It will mens love with admiration draw,  
 To ſee ſome *Gospell* joyn'd with *common-law*.

And for the firſt good worke of your devotion,  
 When next you trample to the ſpacious Hall,  
 Let *Charing-croſſe* entreat you heare her motion,  
 That for your ſuccour by the way doth call :  
     Build up her ruynes, and reſtore her glory,  
     Which time and graceleſs hands made tranſitory ;  
     And let her be as faire to looke upon  
     As is the ſtately Croſſe at *Abington*.

Profit and honour certainly will ſpring  
 Both to your ſoules and calling by this ſight :  
 Into your mind good motions it will bring,  
 As you paſſe by, to doe your clyents right ;  
     To your vocation will ariſe from hence  
     A good report, and greater reverence,  
 When with a croſſe ſhe's top'd, and faire carv'd under,  
 THIS IS THE LAWYERS WORKE (good Reader, wonder).

To leave conceits that vanish as a dreame,  
And which our age shall scarce report as true,  
Let us proceede to our intended theame,  
For now to *Westminster* wee neerer drew ;  
Which when I did consider, and withall  
Into what danger we were like to fall  
If we went thither, I began to thinke  
It were not best to goe so farre to drinke.

The reason why thus farre I did proceed,  
And traine my Muse along from *Temple-Barre*,  
Was to avoid the object which did breed  
The raging passion that did reason marre ;  
Therefore, I thought, the further I conuaid her  
From sight of *cuckolds*, which so furious made her,  
She would be sooner pleas'd, because we finde  
That out of sight is quickly out of minde.

But when I now conceav'd, that it might prove  
As dangerous to goe forward as retyre,  
(And that, like to a flounder, I did move  
Out of the frying-pan into the fire)  
Because through *Westminster* wild courtiers range,  
And if there be no *cuckolds* it is strange :  
Forward I durst not goe, but turned back,  
Greatly perplexed where to drinke our *Sack*.

Whilst thus I walk't, much troubled and dismayde,  
A voyce I heard which from a window spake,  
And cal'd, *Come hither* (so I thought it said)  
And thereupon my spirit gan awake,

And upward I did lift mine eyes to see  
 If that I knew the place, or who was he  
 That did me call, when by the *figne* I found  
 It was a shop whose wares lay under ground.

It is a place whereas old *Sherry Sacke*  
 Is kept in durance in a dungeon deepe,  
 Attended by young *beagles* at his backe,  
 Whose yawling throats will never let him sleepe ;  
 But when that he would take his rest they spowte him,  
 And grievously they *hoope* and *pipe* about him,  
 And for to let him bloud they never stint,  
 Into a gallon, pottle, quart, or pint.

There lyes he pris'ner to the God of drinke,  
 Entomb'd within a *coffin*, like a *barrell*,  
 Because hee was so forward, as I thinke,  
 With good stale *English-beere* to picke a quarrell :  
 For hee no sooner came upon our shore  
 And met *March-beere*, which he nere saw before,  
 But straight perforce they two must try a fall,  
 Where both were cast, and spewed against the wall.

Which thing when *Bacchus* heard, he for them sent,  
 And *Sacke* condemn'd to dungeon darke as night,  
 Because he was so bold and insolent  
 On English ground against *March Beere* to fight :  
 Beere by his doome was barreld up alive,  
 Because that with a stranger hee would strive,  
 But was committed to a lighter vault,  
 For in his owne defence he made th' assault.

Not farre from *Sherry Sacke* in prifon lye  
 Many brave *fpirits*, for the like offence,  
 Whom *Bacchus* ufeth with great tyranny,  
 And for their liberty will not difpence,  
     Untill the cruell *jaylour*, with his fpawne  
     Of little *currs*, in *peeses* hath them drawne,  
     And many hundred times hath let them blood,  
     Which he fophifticates, as he thinks good.

In dreadfull darkneffe *Alligant* lies drownd,  
 Which marryed men invoke for procreation :  
 Next unto him brifke *Clares* is faft bound,  
 Which addes to *venifon* more acceptation :  
     Another corner holds pale colour'd *White*,  
     Which to fee *Jordane* doth a man incite;  
     And feeble *Renifh* on the *rack* there ftrives,  
     And calls for helpe to merchants and their wives.

Strong hoop'd in bonds are here constrain'd to tarry,  
 Two kinfmen neere allyde to *Sherry Sack*,  
 Sweet *Malligo*, and delicate *Canary*,  
 Which warme the ftomacks that digeftion lacke :  
     They had a page whom, if I can make meeter,  
     Ile let you know, they call'd him *See mee Peter*,  
     But being found, he did no great offence,  
     Paying his fees, he foone was drawne from thence.

Farre in the dungeon lyes a dainty youth,  
 With his fweet brother, as their names make knowne,  
 Unlawfully begotten in the fouth,  
 And therefore are cal'd Baftards, *white* and *browne*.

For love to these have women been convicted,  
 And still unto them some are so addicted,  
 Although with other drinks their minds are pleased,  
 Yet without *Bastard* they are never eased.

Within the utmost limits of this cell,  
 Surrounded with great hogs-heads like to burst,  
 Old *Muscadine*, without his egges, doth dwell,  
 And *Malmsey*, though last nam'd, yet not the worst :  
 Yet these are better us'd then all the rest,  
 For feldome doe the *beagles* them mollest  
 But in a morne, for then our use is most  
 To call for these, and drinke them with a tost.

Compast with fetters, these and many more  
 Tumble in darknesse one upon another,  
 And never are in quiet, till the *score*  
 Kept by the *jaylors* wife, an aged mother,  
 Hath drawne them dry ; and then again they vent them,  
 And in another *case* a new torment them ;  
 And sometime cruell *Sarafins* doe roll them,  
 Which are so stubborn, that none dare controule them.

Porters.

Yet none of all these are more hardly used  
 Then is that true good-fellow *Sherry-Sack*.  
 If you should heare how much he is abused,  
 You needs must weepe, or else remorse you lacke ;  
 Trodden with feete, sold like a slave, rackt, jumbl'd,  
 Let bloud, drawn dry, and by fell porters tumbl'd,  
 And least al these base wrongs should not provoke him,  
 With *Yesso* they him purge, with *Lime* they choake him.

Thus colde and comfortleffe is he confin'd  
 Unto a hideous cave, resembling hell,  
 Whereas the *Suns* bright beames yet never shin'd,  
 Nor can he heare cocke crow, nor found of bell,  
 Nor know how time doth passe ; for all his light  
 Is from a candle, both by day and night,  
 And all the company which doe frequent him,  
 Are onely nimble *spirits* that torment him.

Late in the night, when most men are asleepe,  
 And few are stirring but theeves, catts, and crickets,  
 Into the vault the *Jaylor* downe doth creepe,  
 Where how he deals with *bung-holes* and with *spickets*  
 I cannot tell ; yet some men doe relate,  
 He makes these strangers prove *adulterate* ;  
 And thats the cause, when women thereof tast,  
 They fall to lewdnesse and become unchast.

For to beget a wife well featur'd childe,  
 Some have prescrib'd that men must use good dyet ;  
 With unfound meate the body is defilde,  
 And with bad wine the humours made unquiet :  
 Good wine doth breed good bloud, which makes me  
 thinke,  
 If wives are naught, tis long of naughty drinke ;  
 For Woman is by kinde a vertuous creature,  
 If vicious potions doe not change her nature.

From these close-*feller* jumbings doe arise  
 Great harmes, and much annoyance to mans body ;  
 For false impostur'd wines doe hurt the eyes,  
 And turne a wise man oft into a noddy :

Within the braine vile excrements they gather,  
Which unto most diseases are the father ;  
As deafenesse, rheums, coughs, gouts, and distillations,  
Convulsions, palsies, itch, and inflammations.

These are the cause of quarrells and debate,  
Wrath, wounds, disorder, lust, and fornication ;  
For note, how long men drinke immaculate  
And honest wine, without sophistication,  
So long mad passion is stayde reasons slave ;  
But when the drawer once doth play the knave,  
And make his wine dishonest, and turne whore,  
Then presently the Boyes begin to rore.

And now I call to minde a pretty tale,  
My tutor told me when I was a boy,  
Of some old souldiers (if I doe not faile) :  
He cald them *Greekes*, that sacked the towne of Troy.  
The sacking was by base compounded *Sacks*,  
Which laid the *Trojans* sencelesse on their backs ;  
And ever since, good fellowes for the same,  
True *Trojans* and mad *Greekes* have had to name.

Invadunt ur-  
bem vino.

Troinovant.

Where *Troy* did stand I almost have forgot,  
Unlesse it was where *London* now is seated,  
For sure no *Trojan* better lov'd the pot,  
Nor with old *sack* hath oftner beene defeated,  
Than hath our *Citty-Trojan* ; yet I gather  
It stood about the Ile of *Tenet* rather,  
For (as I well remember) he did say,  
The island *Tenedos* stood in the way.

But let the poets place it where they will,  
And tell of doughty warriors clad in steele,  
How stiffe *Achilles* did stout *Hector* kill,  
And drag'd his body beaftly by the heele.

These are but fictions, for the truth is plaine ;  
The Trojans were but drunk, there was none flaine :  
And what wise man will say they were not drunk,  
To fight ten yeares about a restie punke ?

But when the fouldiers were with Sack suppressed,  
And some of them lay weltring in their goare,  
And some, on beds and benches fowlie dressed,  
So gap'd for breath, that one might heare them snore,  
And all the drunken Trojans were asleepe,  
In their disgorged pickle laid to sleepe,  
Homewards the merry Greekes returned singing,  
Yet having little cause to boast their winning.

For hereupon blinde *Homer* tells a fable  
Of wonders that befell in their retire ;  
How *Circe*, with a potion execrable,  
Converted them to hogs be-dawb'd in mire,  
And how the *Syren* with her pleasant laies,  
Sung sweetly unto them whom she betraies :  
Whereas the morall is, that wine compounded  
At *Mermaide*, into fwine those Greeks confounded.

Tis not the virgin liquor of the grape  
That turnes a man into a filthy fwine,  
A *goate*, an *asse*, a *lyon*, or an *ape* ;  
Such beaftly fruits spring never from the vyne.

Brisk blushing *Claret*, and faire maiden *Sherry*,  
 Make men couragious, loving, wife, and merry :  
 It is adulterous wine that playes the puncke,  
 And robs men of their reason, being drunke.

By this time, I suppose, you may conjecture  
 What this darke dungeon is ; and that the house,  
 Of which my Muse hath read so long a lecture,  
 Is nothing but a *schoole* where men carrouse,  
 And learne to drinke ; a little common-wealth,  
     Where every man is free to drinke a health,  
 And none denide that can discharge the score :  
 In brieve, it is a Taverne, and no more.

The strangers there captiv'd you well discover,  
 As being with them doubtlesse well acquainted,  
 And therefore vainely to recite them over,  
 My Muse of surpluffage would be attained ;  
     Yet of their *Taylor* I must needes complaine,  
     Which doth with so great strictnesse them restrain,  
     That without money none their sight comes neer,  
     And then attir'd in *pewter* they appeare.

The bush did wag, the dog did shake his taylor,  
 When first my Muse and I approach'd the wicket ;  
 The *Drawers* bid us welcome and *al-haile*,  
 And ask't what was our pleasures with the *spicket* ?  
     I cald for their directions, how to finde  
     From whence the voyce was to mine eares inclin'd,  
     When straight anon a nimble *Mercurie*  
     Brought us up staires among good companie.

It was the day, of all dayes in the yeare,  
That unto *Bacchus* hath his dedication,  
When mad braynd Prentises, that no men feare,  
O'rethrow the dens of bawdie recreation ;  
    When tailors, coblers, plaist'ers, smiths and mafons,  
    And every rogue will beate down barbers basons :  
    Whereat *Don Constable* in wrath appeares,  
    And runs away with his stout halberdiers.

It was the day whereon both rich and poore  
Are chiefly feasted with the selfe same dish,  
When every paunch, till it can hold no more,  
Is *fritter-fild*, as well as heart can wish ;  
    And every man and maide doe take their turne,  
    And tosse their pancakes up for feare they burne ;  
    And all the kitchin doth with laughter sound,  
    To see the pancakes fall upon the ground.

It was the day when every kitchin reekes,  
And hungry bellies keepe a jubile,  
When *Flesh* doth bid adew for divers weekes,  
And leaves old *Ling* to be his deputie ;  
    Though carnall libertines are so inclin'd,  
    That still they love to tast what is confin'd,  
    For all their humors are so violent,  
    They'll rather fast at *Easter* than in *Lent*.

It was the day when pullen goe to block,  
And every spit is fil'd with belly tymber,  
When cocks are cudgel'd down with many a knock,  
And hens are thrasht to make them short and limber ;

When country wenches play with stoole and ball,  
 And run at *Barly-breake* untill they fall :  
 And country lads fall on them, in such fort  
 That after forty weekes they rew the sport.

And on this day, the feast to magnifie  
 Of merry *Bacchus*, which did heare reside,  
 Within this Taverne met a company  
 Of true, kinde, honest hearts, quite void of pride ;  
 That good companions and good husbands are,  
 And know both how to spend and how to spare ;  
 That can be merry and yet never quarrell,  
 Nor drowne their wits and reason in a barrell.

Ille liquor do-  
 cuit voces in-  
 flectere cantu.

And heare with many welcomes were received  
 My Muse and I, and fell to drinking *Sherry*,  
 Where after some few cups, as I conceived  
 So it fell out, my Muse grew passing merry,  
 And from her fullen humour which did raigne,  
 She was transported to a better vaine,  
 And gan to sing, like to a joviall drinker,  
 In praise of *Sack*, and turn'd it to the *Tinker*.

Qui canit arte  
 canat, qui bi-  
 bit arte bibat.

Parnassus.

Come hither, learned sisters,  
 and leave your forked mountaine,  
 I will tell you where is a well

Castalius.

doth far exceed your fountaine ;  
 Of which, if any poet  
 doe taste in some good measure,

Frustra poeti-  
 cas fores com-  
 posui pepulit.

It straight doth fill, both his head and quill,  
 with ditties full of pleasure,

And makes him sing, Give me *Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes!  
 to make the Muses merry.  
 The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth  
 Is a cup of good olde *Sherry*!

Tis not the God of *Physicke*,  
 nor his *Apothecary*,  
 Nor all his drugs that stand in jugs,  
 with potions ordinary,  
 That now shall be regarded,  
 or had in any wonder:  
 His urinall against the wall,  
 he now may pisse afunder.  
 For we have found *old Sack, old Sack*, boyes!  
 which makes a sick man merry.  
 The life, &c.

Apollo.

Exultatio ani-  
 mæ et corporis  
 vinum.

It is the true *Nepenthes*  
 which makes a fad man frolicke,  
 And doth redresse all heavineffe,  
 cold agues and the chollicke:  
 It takes away the crutches,  
 from men are lame and cripled,  
 And dryes the pose and rheums of the nose,  
 if it be foundly tipled.  
 Then let us drinke *old Sack, old Sacke*, boyes!  
 which makes us found and merry.  
 The life, &c.

Facit ad ju-  
 cunditatem  
 corporis, ad  
 vitæ æquita-  
 tem, et bonos  
 mores.

It is the river *Lethe*,  
 where men forget their crosses,

Liberat servi-  
 tio curarum  
 animum, et

afferit vegetio-  
rem, et auda-  
ciores, in om-  
nes conatus  
facit.

In prælia tru-  
dit inermem.

Omnis animi  
asperitas dul-  
ciori fucco mi-  
tigatur, lenit  
transitum spi-  
ritus, ac moli-  
ores efficit  
meatus.

Bibant et fu-  
roris sui non  
recordentur.  
Qui bene bibit  
bene dormit.

Multæ aliæ  
oneffunt, qui-  
bus in penuria  
homines utun-  
tur, tamen in-  
ter omnes hoc  
vinum tenet  
primas, quia  
datur nobis ad  
necessitatem,  
ad sanitatem,  
et ad hilarita-  
tem.

And by this drinke they never thinke  
of poverty and losses :  
It gives a man fresh courage,  
if well he sup this *Nectar*,  
And cowards soft it lifts aloft,  
and makes them stout as *Hector*,  
Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes !  
which makes us stout and merry.  
The life, &c.

It is the well of *Concord*,  
where men doe take up quarrells ;  
When love doth lacke, by drinking *Sacke*  
they draw it from the barrells.  
If drunkards are unruly,  
whom *Claret* hath enflamed,  
With a cup or two, this *Sacke* can doe,  
they sleepe, and so are tamed.  
Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes !  
which makes us kinde and merry.  
The life, &c.

The *Broth* with barley foddens,  
compares not with this licker,  
The draymans *Beere* is not so cleere,  
and foggy *Ale* is thicker :  
*Matheglin* is too fulsome,  
cold *Cyder* and raw *Perry*,  
And all drinks stand with cap in hand  
in presence of old *Sherry*.

Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes!  
 which makes us blythe and merry.  
 The life, &c.

No fiery red-fac'd *Claret*,  
 attended with his *Borrage*,  
 No *Renish* wine that's pissing fine,  
 nor *White*, that cooles the courage;  
 No base begotten *Bastard*,  
 nor bloud of any berry,  
 Can raise the braine to such a straine,  
 nor make the heart so merry.

Hoc vinum  
 acuit inge-  
 num.

Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes!  
 which makes us blythe and merry.  
 The life, &c.

The Citizen loves fidling,  
 that he may friske and caper;  
 The Scholler looks upon his bookes,  
 and pores upon a paper;  
 The gentle bloud likes hunting,  
 where dogs doe trace by smelling;  
 And some love hawks, some groves, and walks,  
 and some a handsome dwelling.  
 Yet all these without *Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes!  
 makes no man kindly merry.

Sacke sapit  
 omnia.

The knot of harty friendship  
 is by good *Sacke* combyned;  
 They love no jarrs, nor mortall warrs,  
 that are to *Sacke* inclined;

Vinum dicitur  
 quia vinculum  
 societatis.

Sine Cerere et  
Sacco friget  
virtus.

Nor can he be dishonest,  
whom sacke and sugar feedeth ;  
For all men see, hee's fat and free,  
and no ill humour breedeth.  
Then let us drinke *old Sack, old Sacke*, boyes !  
That makes us fat and merry.  
The life, &c.

Ut cor per  
tristitiam con-  
trahitur et tor-  
pescit, ita per  
vini lætitiā  
laxatur et  
titillat.

A quart of *Sacke* well burned,  
And drunke to bed-ward wholly,  
I dare be bold doth cure the cold,  
and purgeth melancholly ;  
It comforts aged persons,  
And seemes their youth to render,  
It warmes the braynes, it fills the vaines,  
and fresh blood doth ingender.  
Then let us drinke *Sack, old Sack*, boyes !  
which makes us warme and merry.  
The life, &c.

In vino veri-  
tas.

*Sacke* makes a faithfull subject  
that doth no treason study ;  
Nor doth he thinke, when he takes this drink,  
of plotting murthers bloody :  
He loves his king and country,  
from whom he never started ;  
The great black *Sack*, well filld with *Sack*,  
doth make the Guard true-hearted.  
Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes !  
which makes true subjects merry.  
The life, &c.

No care comes neere this fountaine,  
where joy and mirth furpaffes,  
And the God of drink ftands up to the brink,  
all arm'd in Venice glaffes,  
And calls upon good fellowes,  
that are both wife and merry,  
That about this fpring they would dance and fting,  
And drinke a cup of *Sherry*.  
Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke*, boyes!  
which makes us wife and merry ;  
And about this fpring, let us dance and fting,  
and drinke a cup of *Sherry*.

Eluit curas et  
ab imo animum  
movet.

Aliquando in  
exultationem et  
libertatem eft  
animus extra-  
hendus, trif-  
tique fobrietas  
removenda  
paulifper.

Thus fung my Mufe, and thus the ftormes were laid,  
And fhe grew debonaire and fairely calme.  
When any Mufe with rage is over-fwaid,  
Let poets learne it is a foveraigne balme  
To wet their pipes with good facetious *Sherry*,  
Which makes them jocond and moft fweetly merry.  
And thus I brought her home, wher now fhe refts.  
*The feaft is done, y'are welcome all, my guefts.*

Fæcundi cali-  
ces quem non  
fecere difer-  
tum ?

*Aliquando infanire jucundiffimum eft.*

FINIS.



## INTRODUCTION.

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5/6

WE apprehend that on the ensuing pages is given one of the most remarkable early dramatic relics in our language: it is entirely a political, historical, and religious Moral, or Morality, as such pieces were then called; the main purpose being to enforce and illustrate the manner in which the Reformation had ruined the state and condition of England at the time when Mary ascended the throne. The construction is ingenious, and the characters are all either merely representative or purely allegorical: in "The History of the English Drama and Stage" prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare (6 vols., 8vo., 1858, vol. i, p. 5), it is stated that in this piece the queen herself was introduced in the character of Nemesis; but it will be seen that this is not exactly the case, for Nemesis speaks of Queen Mary as a distinct personage, whose wrongs and sufferings, arising from the misconduct of Avarice, Insolence, Oppression, and Adulation, she came to revenge.

Who the author may have been, we have no means of knowing; but we feel confident that he was a priest, from the many allusions to the state of the Church, and to the degree in which the clergy had been oppressed and impoverished. It is certain that the play was a Christmas performance, and that it was got up

and acted by youths—perhaps from one of our public schools. We are not responsible for the latinity of various passages, because we print them precisely as they stand in the manuscript—possibly after various re-transcriptions.

The very year of the performance is given, but if it had not been mentioned, the use of the expression “by the arms of Calais” (p. 33), would have shown that it was anterior to the resignation of that place to the French; and the statement that the steeple of St. Paul’s was still standing would have fixed the date anterior to 1561. (Stow’s *Annales*, 1605, p. 1055.) However upon this point, there could hardly have been any question, from the mere character and object of the representation.

The early proverbs introduced by the author are numerous and curious; and the minute particulars he supplies, even as to the state and change of the coinage in the realm, are remarkable. The songs and music are now and then injudiciously inserted for the mere sake of variety: one of them is, no doubt, the same as a song in praise of Money in Lupton’s drama printed in 1578: see Extracts from the Stat. Reg., ii, 50.

The original contemporaneous manuscript is the property of Hudson Gurney, Esq., who, more than thirty years ago, gave the editor leave to have it transcribed. Here and there it is slightly defective; but there can be little doubt how some words, or parts of words, ought to be supplied, and we have, as usual, placed them between brackets.

J. P. C.

A merye enterlude entitled  
Respublica, made in the  
yeare of our Lorde 1553, and the  
first yeare of the moost prosperous  
reigne of our moste gracious sove-  
raigne Quene Marye the first.

---

The partes and names  
of the plaiers.

THE PROLOGUE, a poete.

AVARICE, *alias* POLICIE, the vice of the plaie.

INSOLENCE, *alias* AUTHORITIE, the chief gallaunt.

OPPRESSION, *alias* REFORMATION, an other gallaunt.

ADULATION, *alias* HONESTIE, the third gallaunt.

PEOPLE, representing the poore Commontie.

RESPUBLICA, a wydowe.

MISERICORDIA

VERITAS

JUSTICIA

PAX

} fowre Ladies.

NEMESIS, the Goddes of redresse and correction, a goddesse.



## THE PROLOGUE.

**F**IRST helth and successe, with many a goode newe yeare,  
Wissed unto all this moste noble presence heare.  
I have more tentreahte youe, of gentle sufferance,  
That this our matier may have quyet utteraunce.  
We that are thactours have our selves dedicate  
With some Christmas devise your spirites to recreate ;  
And our poete trusteth the thinge we shall recyte  
Maye withowte offence the hearers myndes delyte.  
In dede no man speaketh wordes so well fore pondred,  
But the same by some meanes maye be misconstrued ;  
Nor nothings so well ment, but that by somme pretence  
Ytt maie be wronge interpreted from the auctors sence :  
But let this be taken no wurse then yt ys mente,  
And I hope nor we, nor owre poete shalbe shente.

But nowe of thargumente to towch a worde or twayne ;  
The name of our playe ys Respublica certaine ;  
Oure meaninge ys (I saie not, as by plaine storye,  
But, as yt were, in figure by an allegorye)  
To shewe that all commen weales ruin and decaye  
From time to time hath been, ys, and shalbe alwaie,  
Whan insolence, flatterie, oppression,  
And avarice have the rewle in their possession.  
But thoughe these vices, by cloked collusyon,  
And by counterfaicte names, hidden their abusyon,  
Do reigne for a while to common weales prejudice,  
Pervertinge all right and all ordre of true justice,  
Yet tyme trieth all, and tyme bringeth truth to lyght,  
That wronge maye not ever still reigne in place of right ;  
For whan pleaseth God suche common weales to restore

To theire welthe and honoure wherin thei were afore,  
 He sendeth downe his mooste tendre compassion  
 To cause truth goe abowte in visitation.  
 Veritee, the daughter of sage old father Tyme,  
 Sheweth all as yt ys, bee ytt vertue or cryme :  
 Than dooeth Justice all suche as common weale oppresse,  
 Tempered with mercye, endeouvre to suppressse.  
 With whome anone is lynked Tranquillitee and Peace,  
 To common weales joye and perpetuall encrease. [plaie ?  
 But shall boyes (saith some nowe) of suche highe mattiers  
 No, not as discuffers, but yet the booke dothe saie  
*Ex ore infantium perfecisti laudem ;*  
 For whan Christe came rydinge into Hierusalem,  
 The yong babes with tholde folke cryed owte all and somme,  
 Blessed bee the man that in the Lordes name doth comme !  
 Soo for goode Englande sake, this presente howre and daie,  
 In hope of hir restoring from hir late decaye,  
 We children to youe olde folke, bothe with harte and voyce,  
 Maie joyne all together to thanke God and rejoyce,  
 That he hath sent Marye, our Soveraigne and Quene,  
 To reforme thabusufes which hithertoo hath been ;  
 And that yls whiche long tyme have reigned uncorrecte  
 Shall nowe forever bee redressed with effecte.  
 She is oure most wise, and most worthie Nemesis,  
 Of whome our plaie meneth, tamende that ys amyffe :  
 Whiche to bring to passe that she maye have tyme and space,  
 Leat us, booth yong and olde, to Godde commend her grace.  
 Nowe, yf yowe so please, I wyll goe, and hither send  
 That shall make youe laughe well, yf ye abide thend.

FINIS.

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA.

*Avaryce.* Now goddygod every chone, bothe greate and  
smale,

From higheft to loweft goddiggod to yowe all.  
Goddiggod, what fholde I faie, even or morne :  
If I marke howe the daie goeth, God geve me sorrowe.  
But goddiggod echone, twentie and twentie fcore  
Of that ye moft longe for : what wolde ye have more ?  
Ye muſte perdonne my wytt, for I tell youe plaine,  
I have a hive of humble bees fwarmynge in my braine ;  
And he that hath the compace to fetch that I muſt fetch,  
I maie faie in counfaile, had nede his wytte to ſtretch.

But nowe what my name is, and what is my purpoſe.  
Takinge youe all for frendes, I feare not to diſcloſe,  
My veray trewe unchriſten name ys Avaryce,  
Which I may not have openlye knowen in no wiſe ;  
For though to moſte men I am ſounde commodius,  
Yet to thoſe that uſe me, my name is odius :  
For who is ſo fooliſhe, that the evell he hath wrought  
For his owen behouff, he wolde to light fholde be brought ?  
Or who had not rather his ill doinges to hide,  
Thenne to have the ſame bruted on everye fyde ?  
Therefore, to worke my feate, I will my name diſguiſe,  
And call my name Polycie in ſtede of Covetiſe.  
The name of Policie ys praized of eche one,  
But to rake grumle fede Avaryce ys a lone.  
The name of Policie ys of none ſuſpected :

Polycie is ner of any cryme deteſted.  
 So that under the name and cloke of Policie,  
 Avarice maie weorke faſtes and ſcape all jelouſie.  
 And nowe ys the tyme comme that, except I be a beaſte,  
 E'en to make up my mouth and to feather my neſte :  
 A tyme that I have wayted for a greate longe ſpace ;  
 And nowe maie I ſpede my purpoſe, if I have grace.

For, heare ye, firrha, our greate graund Ladie Mother,  
 Noble Dame Reſpublica, ſhe and none other,  
 Of the offalles, the refuſe, the ragges, the paringes,  
 The baggage, the traſhe, the fragmentes, the ſharinges,  
 The od endes, the crummes, the driblets, the chippinges,  
 The patches, the peces, the broklettes, the drippinges,  
 The ſliettance, the ſcrapinges, the wilde waies and ſtraies,  
 The ſkimmynges, the gubbins of booties and praies,  
 The glenyngs, the caſualties, the blynde excheates,  
 The forginge of forſayctes, the ſcape of extraictes,  
 Thexceſſe, the waſte, the ſpoile, the ſuperfluites,  
 The windefalles, the ſhriddinges, the flycynges, the petie fees,  
 With a thowſande things mo which ſhe maye right well lacke,  
 Woulde fyll all theſe ſame purſes that hange att my bakke :  
 Yea, and tenne tymes as manye moo bagges as theſe,  
 Which ſholde be but a flea bytinge for hir to leſe,  
 That if I maie have the grace, and happe to blynde her,  
 I doubte not a ſhewete Ladye I ſhall fynde hir.  
 To hir ytt wer nothing, yet manye a ſmale makith a greate,  
 And all thinge wolde helpe me what ever I maye geate.

Full lytle knowe men the greate nede yt I am yn ;  
 Doo not I ſpende dailie of that that I doo wynde ?  
 Then age cometh on, and what ys a lytle golde  
 To kepe a man by drede that is feble and olde ?

No man therefore blame me, thoughe I wolde have more ;  
The worlde waxeth harde, and store (thei saie) is no fore.  
Nowe the chaunce of theves, in goode houre be ytt spoken :  
Owte, alas ! I feare I lefte my cofer open.  
I am surelye ondoone : alas ! where be my cayes ?  
It ys gone that I have fwette for all my lyve daies.  
Wo worthe all whoreson theves, and fuche covetous knaves,  
That for their wyndinge sheete wolde scrape men owt of  
their graves. [Exeat.

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA SECUNDA.

ADULACION, INSOLENCE, OPPRESSYON. *Intrant Cantantes.*

*Adulacion.* Oh, noble Infolence ! if I coulde finge as well,  
I wolde looke in heaven emonge angells to dwell.

*Infolence,* Sing ? how doo I finge, but as other manye doe ?

*Ad.* Yes, an angels voice ye have to herken unto.

*Ins.* Yea, but what availeth that to highe dignitie ?

*Opp.* By his armes, not a whitte, as farre as I can fee.

*Ins.* Or what helpeth that thinge to sett a man a losfe ?

*Opp.* By his woundes, not a strawe, so have I tolde yowe ofte.

*Ad.* No, but ye are one of fuche goodlye perfonage,  
Of fuche wytte and beawtye, and of sage parentage,  
So excelente in all poyntes of everye arte.

*Ins.* In dede, God and nature in me have done their parte.

*Ad.* That yf ye will putte yourselfe forward to the mooste,  
Ye maie throughowte the whole lande rewle all the roste.  
Howe saie you, Oppression ? ys ytt not even so ?

*Opp.* Thou saiest soothe, Adulacion, so mowte I goe.  
If he wer disposed to take the charge in hande,  
I warraunte hym a chive to rewle all the whole lande.

*Ad.* Lo! maister Insolence, ye heare Oppression.

*Ins.* I thanke boothe hime and thee, goode Adulacion,  
And long have I dreamed of fuche an enterpryse ;  
But howe or where to begynne I cannot devise.

*Opp.* Wherefore serve frendes but your enterpryse to allowe?

*Ad.* And than must youe supporte them, as thei muste maintayne youe.

*Opp.* And wherefore do friendes serve, but to sett youe yn.

*Ad.* Ye shall have all my healpe whan ever ye beginne.

*Ins.* But we maie herein nothing attempte in no wyfe,  
Withoute the counsaile of our fownder Avaryce.

*Ad.* He muste directe all this geare by his holye gooste.

*Opp.* For he knowith whatt ys to be done in eche cooste :  
He knoweth where and howe that money is to be hadde.  
And yonder he cometh, me thinketh, more then half madde.  
[*Intrat Avar.*]

## ACTUS PRIMI SCENA TERTIA.

AVARICE, INSOLENCE, OPPRESSION, ADULACION.

*Avar.* It was a faire grace that I was not undooen clene :  
Yet my kye was safe lockt under nyne lockes I wene ;  
But een as against fuche a thing my harte wyll throbbe,  
I founde knaves abowte my howse readye me to robbe.  
Theare was fuche tooting, fuche looking, and fuche priing,  
Suche herkenynge, fuche stalking, fuche watching, such  
spyng.

What wolde ye, my maisters ? we looke after a catte :

What make ye hereabout ? we have smelled a ratte.

Nowe a wheale on fuche noses, thought I by and by,

That so quicklye canne sente where hidden golde dothe lye.

But had I not comme when I dyd, withowte all failles,  
I thinke theye had digged up my walles with theire nailes.

*Ins.* Let us speake to hym, and breake his chafing talke.

*Avar.* Suche gredineffe of money emonge men dothe  
walke,

That have yt they will, eyther by hooke or by crooke.

*Opp.* Let us call to hym that he maye this waye looke.

*Avar.* Whether by right or by wronge, in feith, some  
care not :

Therefore catche that catche maye hardely, and spare not.

*Ad.* All haille oure founder and chief, Mr. Avaryce!

*Avar.* The devyll ys a knave an I catche not a flyce.

*Ad.* When ye see your tyme, looke this waie your frendes  
uppon.

*Avar.* I doubte not to skamble and rake as well as one.

*Ad.* Heare bee that wolde faine bee desiples of your arte.

*Avar.* I wilnot bee behinde to gette a childes parte.

*Ad.* Nowe if ye have done, I pray youe looke this waye  
backe.

*Avar.* Whoo buzzeth in myne eare so? what, ye sawe-  
cye Jacke!

*Ad.* Are ye yet at leyfure with your good frendes to  
talke?

*Avar.* What clawest thoue myne elbowe? pratlinge mer-  
chaunt, walke.

Ye flaterabundus youe, youe flyering clawbacke youe.

Youe, the crowe is white youe; youe, the swanne is blacke,  
youe.

Youe, John holde my stafe youe; youe, what is the clocke  
youe;

Youe *ait aio* youe, youe *negat nego* youe.

*Ad.* I mervaile yowe speake to me in fuche facion.

*Avar.* Whi troublest thoue me, then, in my contem-  
placion ?

*Ad.* I came of right good love, not mynding youe to lett.

*Avar.* Thoue ner camst to anie man of good love yett.

*Ad.* And these mennes myndes yt was I sholde soo dooe.

*Avar.* As false wretches as thyne owen selfe, and falser  
tooe.

*Ins. et Opp.* We have been loving to yowe, and faithfull  
alwaye.

*Avar.* For your owne profittes, and not myne, I dare saie :  
And een verai youe three it was, and others none,  
That wolde have robbed me not yet haulf an howre gone.

*Ins., Opp., Ad.* We never robbed any manne, later or  
rather.

*Avar.* Yes, manye a tyme and ofte your owne veraie  
father.

*Opp.* And to yowe have we borne hartie favors alwaie.

*Avar.* And I warraunte you hangd for your labours  
one daie.

*Opp., Ad.* Even as oure God we have alwaie honored youe.

*Avar.* And een as your God I have aie succoured youe.

*Opp.* Wee call youe our fownder, by all holye halowes.

*Avar.* Founder me no foundring, but beware the galowes.

*Ins.* I pray you leave thes wordes, and talke frendlie  
at laste.

*Avar.* Content ; at your request : my fume is nowe well  
paste.

And, in faith, what faithe our frende Adulacion ?

*Ad.* I wonder at your roughe communycacion,  
That ye wolde to me use wordes of fuche vehemence.

*Avar.* Feyth, manne, I fpake but even to prove your pacyence,

That yf thowe haddest grunted or stormed thereat.

*Ad.* Naie, fewe times doe I use fuche lewde manier as that.

*Avar.* Comme, shake hands ; and for ever we twoo bee at one.

*Ad.* As for grutche in me there shall never remaine none.

*Avar.* Nowe, Mr. Infolence, to your ghostelye purpose.

*Ins.* We accordyd a matier to youe to disclosse.

*Avar.* I understande all youre agreemente and accorde,  
For I laie in your bosome when ye fpake the worde ;  
And I like well the advise of Oppression,  
And eke of Flatterie, for your progresion.

*Ins.* If there were matier whereon to worke, I care not.

*Avar.* Ye shall have matier enoughe ; bee doinge, spare not.

*Ins.* What ! to come to honour and welthe for us all three ?

*Avar.* Ah ! than ye coulde be well content to leave owte me.

*Ins.* No ; for I knowe ye can for yourselfe well provyde.

*Avar.* Yea, that I can, and for twentye hundreth besyde.

*Ad.* Oh ! wolde Chrifte, good fownder, ye wolde that thing open.

*Avar.* Bones, knave, wilt thowe have ytt, ere yt can be fpoken ?

*Opp.* For the passion of God, tell ytt us with all fpede.

*Avar.* By the crosse, not a worde : here is haste made in dede !

*Ins.* Yes, good fwete Avarice, dispatch, and tell att once.

*Avar.* Naie, then, cutte my throte; ye are felowes for the  
nonce.

Will ye have a matier before ytt canbe tolde?

If ye will have me tell ytt, ye shall your tonges holde:

Whiste, silence, not a worde; mum, leatte yor clatter seafe.

Are ye with childe to heare, and cannot holde yor peafe?

So, fir, nowe: Respublica, the ladie of estate,

Ye knowe nowe latelye is left almoost desolate:

Hir welthe ys decayed, hir comforte cleane a goe,

And she att hir wittes endes what for to faie or doe.

Faine wolde she have succoure and easemente of hir grieve,

And highlye advaunce them that wolde promise reliefe.

Suche as wolde warraunte hir spirites to revive

Mowght mounte to highe estate, and be most sure to thrive.

*Ins.* So. *Ad.* Well faide. *Opp.* hah! *Avar.* What is  
this hum, hah? *Ins.* Onne forth. *Ad.* Goe too. *Opp.*

Tell on. *Avar.* Bodye of me! *Ad.* Mum, hum. *Avar.*

What said ye? *Ins.* Hake. *Ad.* Tuff. *Opp.* Hem. *Avar.*

Who haken tuffa, what said ye? *Opp.* Nothing. *Ins.* Not

a word. *Avar.* Nor yowe neither? *Ad.* Mum. *Avar.*

Dyd ye speake or not? *Ins.* No. *Opp.* No. *Ad.* No.

*Avar.* Nor yet doo not? *Ins.* No. *Opp.* No. *Ad.* No.

*Opp.* No. *Ins.* No. *Ad.* No. *Avar.* That, that, that, that,

that, that.

Sir, I entend Dame Respublica tassaile,

And so to crepe in to bee of hir counsaile.

I hope well to bring hir in suche a paradise,

That hir selfe shall sue me to have my service:

Than shall I have tyme and poure to bringe in youe three.

*Opp.* Do this owte of hande, founder; and first speake  
for me.

Bring me in credyte that my hande be in the pye :  
An I gett not elbowe rowme emong them, let me lye.

*Avar.* Naie, see an Oppression, this eager elfe,  
Bee not sene more covetous then covetous selfe.  
Softie, be not so hastie : I praie youe, sir, softie a while ;  
Youe will over the hedge ere ye come att the stile.

*Opp.* I wolde fayne be shoudering and rumbeling emonge  
them.

*Avar.* Naie, I will helpe javels as shall wrong them.

*Ad.* I praie youe, goode foundre, let not me be the laste.

*Avar.* Thowe shalte be well placed where to thrive verai  
faste.

*Ad.* I thanke youe, Mr. Avarice, with all my harte,

*Avar.* And when thoue arte in place, see thowe plaie  
well thie parte :

Whan ye clawe hir elbowe remembre your best frende,  
And lett my commendacions be ever att one ende.

*Ad.* I warraunte youe. *Ins.* And what shall [I] be left  
cleane owte ?

*Avar.* No, fyr, ye shall bee chiefe to bring all things  
about :

Ye shall emonges us have the chiefe preeminence,  
And we to youe, as yt were, oughe obedience.  
Ye shalbe our leader, our captaine, and our guyde ;  
Than muste ye looke a losfe with thandes under the side.  
I shall tell Respublica ye can best governe :  
Bee not ye, than, fkeymishe to take in hand the stern :  
Than shall we assiste you as frendes of perfitte truste,  
To doe and undoe, and commande what ye luste ;  
And when youe have all att yor owne will and pleasure,  
Parte of your lyvinges to your frendes ye maie measure,  
And punishe the proudeste of them that will resiste.

*Opp.* He that ones wincheth shall fele the waite of my fiste.

*Ad.* Yea, we muſte all holde and cleve together like burres.

*Avar.* Yea, fee ye three hang and drawe together like fures.

*Opp.* And ſo ſhall we be ſure to gett ſtore of money, Sweter than ſugar. *Avar.* Sweter then enie honey.

*Ins.* Verai well ſpoken! this geare will right well accorde.

*Ad.* Did not I ſaye ye were worthie to be a lorde?

*Avar.* I will make Infolence a lorde of highe eaſtate.

*Ins.* And I will take uppon me well, bothe earelye and late.

*Opp.* But, Infolence, when ye come to the encroching of landes,

Ye maie not take all alone into youre handes.

I will looke to have parte of goodes, landes, and plate.

*Ins.* Ye ſhall have enoughe; eche bodye after his rate.

*Ad.* I muſte have parte, too; ye muſte not have all alone.

*Ins.* Thowe ſhalte bee laden tyll thye ſhoulders ſhall cracke and grone.

*Ad.* I praie youe, lett me have a goode lordſhip or twoo.

*Ins.* Respublica ſhall feede the, tyll thowe wilte ſaie hoo!

*Ad.* And I muſte have goode mannour places twoo or three.

*Ins.* But the chiefe and beſte lordſhip muſte remaine to me.

*Opp.* Maſſe! and I will looke to be ſerved of the beſte, Or els ſome folke, ſome where, ſhall fytt but in ſmale reſte.

*Ins.* I muſte have caſtels and townes in everye ſhiere.

*Ad.* And I chaunge of howſes, one heare and another there.

*Ins.* And I muſte have paſtures, and townſhips, and woodes.

*Opp.* And I muste needes have store of golde, and other goodes.

*Ins.* And I must have chaunge of farmes, and pastures for shepe,

With dailie revenues my lustye porte for to kepe.

*Avar.* I wolde have a bone here rather then a grote,  
To make thes snarling cures gnawe owte eche others throte.  
Here, be eager, whelpes, loe! to yt boye! box him ball!  
Poore I maie picke strawes; these hungri dogges will  
snatche all.

*Opp.* Eche man snatche for hymselfe: by goffe, I wilbe spedde.

*Avar.* Lacke who lacke shall, Oppression wilbe corne fedde.  
Is not Dame Respublica sure of good handlinge,  
Whan theis whelpes, ere thei have ytt, fall thus to  
skambling?

And me, their chiefe founder, thei have e'en fyns forgotte.

*Ins.* Thowe shalte have golde and silver enoughe to  
thy lotte.

Respublica hath enoughe to fill all owre lappes.

*Ad.* Than, I praie youe, sir, leate our fownder have some  
scrappes.

*Avar.* Scrappes, ye doultshe lowte! fede youe your  
founder with scrappes?

Yf youe were well served, youre head wolde have some  
rappes.

*Ad.* I spake of good will. *Ins.* Naie, fight not, good  
Avarice.

*Opp.* What enie of us getteth, thoue haste the chiefe price.

*Avar.* Than what ever ye do, ye will remember me?

*Ins., Opp., Ad.* Yea. *Avar.* Well, so do than, and I for-  
geve youe all three.

*Ins.* But when doe wee enter everye man his charge?

*Avar.* So soone as I can spye Respublica att large  
I will bourde hir, and, I trowe, so wynne hir favoure,  
That she shall hire me, and paie well for my laboure:  
Than wyll I commende the vertues of youe three,  
That she shall praie and wishe under our rewle to bee.  
Therefore, from this houre bee ye all in readinesse.

*Opp.* Doubte not of us; thowe seeeste all oure gredinesse.

*Ins.* If ytt bee at midnight, I come att the first call.

[*Thei go foorthwarde, one after other.*]

*Ad.* Doe but whistle for me, and I comme foorth with all.

*Avar.* That is well spoken: I love fuche a towarde twygg.

[*He whistleth.*]

*Ad.* I come, fownder. *Avar.* That is myne owne good  
spaignell rigg.

And come on backe againe all three, comme bakke agayne.

*Ins.* Oure founder calleth us backe. *Opp.* Retourne  
then amaigne.

## ACTUS PRIMI SCENA QUARTA.

AVARYCE, ADULACION, INSOLENCIE, OPPRESSION.

*Avar.* Come on, firs, all three: and first to youe, best  
be truste,

What is your brainpan stufte with all? wull, or sawe dust?

*Ad.* Why so? *Avar.* What is your name? *Ad.* Flatterie.

*Avar.* E'en so just.

*Ad.* Yea, or els Adulacion, if youe so luste.

Either name is well knowne to mannye a bodye.

*Avar.* An honest mome! ah, ye dolt, ye lowte, ye nodye!  
Shall Respublica here youre commendacion  
By the name of Flatterie or Adulacion?

Or when ye commende me to hir, will ye faie this ?  
Forfouthe, his name is Avarice or Covetise.  
And youe, that sholde have wytte, yft your discretion  
Bluntlye to goe forth and be called Oppression ?  
And youe, Infolence, doe ye thinke yt wolde well frame,  
If ye were presented to hir under that name ?

*Ins.* I thought nothing thereuppon, by my holydome.

*Opp.* My mynde was an other waie, by my chriftendome.

*Ad.* That thing was left parte of my thought, by sainte  
Denie.

*Avar.* No, Marie ; your myndes were all on your halfe  
penie.

But, my Maisters, I must on myne honestie passe,  
And not ronne on heade, like a brute beaste, or an affe :  
For is not Oppression eche where fore hated ?  
And is not Flaterie openly rabated ?  
And am not I, Avarice, styll cryed owte uppon ?

*Ad.* Yes ; I coulde have tolde youe that a greate while  
agone,

But I woulde not displease youe. *Avar.* And youe, Infolence,  
I have harde youe ill spoken of a greate waie hens.

*Ad.* In my consciens, the Devill hym selfe dothe love youe.

*Avar.* But chaungeyng your yll name, fewer shal reprove  
youe :

As I myne owen selfe, where my name is knowen,  
Am right fore affailed to be overthrowen ;  
But dooing as I wyll nowe, countrefaict my name,  
I spede all my purposes, and yet escape blame.

*Ins.* Lett us, then, have newe names eche manne with-  
oute delaye.

*Avar.* Els will some of youe make good hanging stuff  
one daie.

*Opp.* Thowe must newe Christen us. *Ins.* First, what shall my name be?

*Avar.* Faithe, fir, yor name shalbe Mounsyre Authoritie.

*Opp.* And for me, what ys your determinacyon?

*Avar.* Marye, fyr, ye shalbe called Reformacyon.

*Ad.* Nowe, I praie yowe, devise for me an honest name.

*Avar.* Thowe arte fuche a beaste, I cannot for veray shame.

*Ad.* If ye thinke good, lett me be called Policie.

*Avar.* Policie! A rope ye shall. Naye, Hipocrisie.

*Ad.* Fy! that were as flaynderous a name as Flatterye.

*Avar.* And I kepe for myselfe the name of Policie.

But if I devise for thee, wille thowe not shame me?

*Ad.* Naie, I will make the[e] prowde of me, or els blame me.

*Avar.* Well, than, for this tyme thy name shall be Honestie.

*Ad.* I thanke youe, Avaryce. Honestie, Honestie!

*Avar.* Avaryce, ye whooresone? Policye, I tell thee.

*Ad.* I thanke youe, Polycye. Honestie, Honestie!

Howe faie youe, Infolence? I am nowe Honestie.

*Avar.* We shall att length have a knave of youe, Honestie.

Sayde not I he sholde be called Mounsier Authoritye?

*Ad.* Oh, frende Oppression! Honestie, Honestie!

*Avar.* Oppression? hah? is the Devill in thy brayne?

Take heede, or in faithe, ye are Flatterye againe.

Policie, Reformacion, Authoritye.

*Ad.* Hipocrisye, Diffamacion, Authoritye.

*Avar.* Hipocrisye, hah? Hipocrisie, ye dull asse?

*Ad.* Thowe namedste Hipocrisie even nowe, by the masse.

*Avar.* Polycie, I faide: Policye, knave, Polycye.

Nowe faye as I sayd. *Ad.* Policie, knave, Policie.

*Avar.* And what callest thoue hym here? *Ad.* Dyffamacion.

*Avar.* I tolde the he shoulde be called Reformation.

*Ad.* Veraye well. *Avar.* What ys he nowe? *Ad.* Deformation.

*Avar.* Was ever the like asse borne in all nacions?

*Ad.* A pestell on hym! he comes of the Acyon.

*Avar.* Come on, ye shall learne to folse: Reformation.

Sing on nowe. *Re.* *Ad.* *Re.* *Avar.* Refor. *Ad.* Reformation.

*Avar.* Policie, Reformation, Authoritye.

*Ad.* Policie, Reformation, and Honestie.

*Avar.* In faithe, ye asse, yf your tong make enie moo trips, Ye shall bothe be Flatterie, and have on the lips.

And now, Mounsyre Authoritye, againste I youe call,  
Ye muste have other garmentes, and foo muste ye all.  
Ye muste, for the season, counterfaite gravitee.

*Ins. et Opp.* Yes; what els? *Ad.* And I must counterfaite Honestie.

*Avar.* And I must tourne my gowne in and owte, I wene;  
For these gaping purfes maie in no wyse be seen.

I will tourne ytt e'en here: come, helpe me, Honestye.

*Ad.* Here, at hand. *Avar.* Why, how nowe? plaie the knave, Honestie?

Helpe! what doest thoue nowe? *Ad.* I counterfaicte Honestie.

*Avar.* Why than come thoue: helpe me, my frende Oppression.

What helpe calle youe that? *Opp.* Fytt for your Discrecion.

*Avar.* Oh! I shoulde have fayde, helpe, fir Reformacyon.

*Opp.* Yea, Marye, fir; that is my nomynacion.

*Avar.* And whan yowe are your robe, keape yt afore close.

*Opp.* I praie youe, Maister Policie, for what purpose ?

*Avar.* All folke wyll take youe, if theye piepe under  
your gowne,

For the veriest catif in countrey or towne.

Now goe ; and when I call, see that ye readie be.

*Ins.* I will. *Opp.* And I wyll. *Ad.* And so will I, Honestie.

[*Exeant.*

*Avar.* Well, nowe will I departe hens also for a space ;  
And to bourde Respublica, waite a tyme of grace,  
Wherever I fynde hir a tyme convenient,  
I shall faie and dooe that maie bee expedient.

[*Exeat Avar.*

## ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA.

### RESPUBLICA.

*Respublica.* Lorde ! what yearthlye thinge is permanent  
or stable,

Or what is all this worlde but a lumpe mutable ?

Who woulde have thought that I, from so florent estate,  
Could have been brought so base as I am made of late ?

But as the waving seas doe flowe and ebbe by course,

So all thinges els doe chaunge to better and to wurse.

Greate cyties and their fame in tyme dooe fade and passe ;

Nowe is a champion felde where noble Troie was.

Where is the greate empire of the Medes and Persians ?

Where bee tholde conquestes of the puiffaunt Grecians ?

Where Babilon ? where Athenes ? where Corinth so wyde ?

Are they not consumed with all their pompe and pryde ?

What is the cause heareof mannes wytte cannot discusse ;

But of long contynnuance the thing is founde thus.

Yet by all experience thus muche is well seen,  
That in common weales, while goode governors have been,  
All thing hath prospered ; and where fuche men doe lacke,  
Common weales decaye, and all things doe goe backe.  
What mervaile, then, yf I, wanting a perfecte staigh,  
From mooste flourishing welth bee falen in decaye ?  
But lyke as by default quicke ruine dothe befall,  
So maie good governemente att ons recover all.

*[Intrat AVAR. cogitabundus et ludibundus.]*

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA SECUNDA.

AVARICIA, RESPUBLICA.

*Avar.* Alas, my fwete bags ! howe lanke and emptye  
ye bee ;

But in faithe and trawthe, firs, the fawlte ys not in mee.

*Res.* Well, my helpe and comforte, oh Lorde ! muste  
comme from thee.

*Avar.* And my fwete purfes heare, I praie youe all, fee, fee,  
How the litle foole[s] gaspe and gape for grumble fede.

*Res.* Iff ytt be thei will, Lorde ! send somme redresse with  
fpede.

*Avar.* But in faithe, goode fwete fooles, yt shall cost me  
a fall,

But I will shortelye fill youe, I, stoppe yor mouthes all.

*Res.* Oh ! that ytt were my happe, on frendelye frendes to  
light.

*Avar.* Hahe ! who is that same that speaketh yonder in  
fight ?

Who ist ? Respublica ? Yea, by the Marye masse.

*Res.* Than might I bee againe as well as ere I was.

*Avar.* Hide up these pipes now; I praie God she bee  
blynde :

I am halfe afraide lest she have an yei be hynde.

We must now chaunge our coppie : oh, Lorde ! howe  
I fraie,

Left she fawe my toyes, and harde whatt I dyd faie.

*Res.* Is there no good manne that on me wyll have  
mercy?

*Avar.* Remember now, my name ys Maister Policie.  
All thing, I tell yowe, muste now goe by policie.

*Res.* Herke ! me thinke I heare the name of Polycye.

*Avar.* Hooe calleth, conscience ? heare am I, Polycie.

*Res.* I praie youe comme to me, if youe bee Policie.

*Avar.* Yea, forfouth, yea, forfouth, my name ys Polycye.

*Res.* I am fore decaied throughe defalte of Polycye.

*Avar.* Yea, moost noble Respublica, I knowe that well,  
And doe more lament yt then enie tong can tell ;  
For an if goode Policie had had youe in hande,  
Ye had now been the wealthiest in anye lande :  
But good Policie hath long been putte to exile.

*Res.* Yea, God wotte ye have been bard from me a  
greate while.

*Avar.* Yea, I have been putte backe, as one cleane of  
shaken,  
And what can a man doe, tyll he be forthe taken.

*Res.* Well ; I fele the lacke of your helping hande, by  
the roode.

*Avar.* Alacke ! noble Ladye, I woulde I coulde doo youe  
goode.

*Res.* Yes, Policie, ye might amende all if youe luste.

*Avar.* Yea, feithe, I durste put myself to youe of truste ;  
But there be enoughe that for youe coulde shifte make.

*Res.* Yet none like to yowe, if yowe woulde yt undertake :  
And I will putt miselfe whollye into your handes,  
Metall, graine, cataill, treasure, goodes, and landes.

*Avar.* Well, I will take some paine ; but this to you be  
knowne,  
I will doe ytt, not for your sake, but for myne owne.

*Res.* Howe saie ye that, Policie ? *Avar.* This to yowe be  
knowne ;  
I will doe all for your sake, and not for myne owen.

*Res.* I thanke youe, Policie. *Avar.* Naie, I thanke youe,  
Ladye,  
And I trust ere long to ease all oure maladie.

Will ye putte yourselfe nowe whollye into my handes ?

*Res.* Order me as youe wyll. *Avar.* Treasure, goodes, and  
landes ?

*Res.* Yea, every whitte. *Avar.* Well, I thanke youe ons  
againe.

But nowe, that youe maie thinke my dealing trewe and  
plaine,

And because one cannot doe so well as mannye,

Yea must associate me with mo compaignie :

And first, by my will, ye shall sette up Honestie.

*Res.* Mary, withe all my veraie harte ; but where is he ?

*Avar.* Veray hard to fynde ; but I thinke I coulde  
fetche hym.

*Res.* Call hym straight waies hither : see that nothing  
lett hym.

*Avar.* It were best if I shall goe fett men for the nones,  
To make but one viage, and bring them all att ones.

*Res.* Whome more then hym ? *Avar.* Ye muste stablish  
Authoritie.

*Res.* That muste needes bee doen. *Avar.* And eke Reformation.

Wee fowre will rewle things of another facion.

*Res.* Polycye, I praie youe, goe fette all these straight waye.

*Avar.* Yes; for this your present case maie byde no delaye :  
I will goe and come wyth all festinacion. [*Exeat.*]

*Res.* I like well this trade of adminiftracion.

Policie for to devise for my comoditie :

No perfon to be aduanced but Honefste :

Then, Reformation good holfsome lawes to make,

And Authorytie see the same effecte maie take.

What common weale shall then be so happie as I ?

For this (I perceiue) is the drifte of Policie.

And beholde where he is retourned againe, seens

He shewith himfelfe a man of muche diligence.

[*Intrat AVARICE, ad ducens INSOL., OPPR., et ADULAC.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA TERTIA.

ADULACION, AVARYCE, RESPUBLICA, INSOLENCIE,  
OPPRESSION.

*Ad.* I will doe hir double service to another.

*Avar.* Ye double knave ! youe, will ye never be other ?

*Ad.* She shall have triple service of me, Honefste.

*Avar.* Ye quadrible knave ! we ye ner use modeftie ?

Thowe dronken whorefone, doest thoue not see, nor perceiue,  
Where Respublica standes readie us to receyve ?

*Res.* What talke have theye yonder among themselves  
together ?

*Ad.* I have spied hir nowe : shall I first to hir thither ?

*Avar.* Softe, lett mee present youe. *Res.* I weene thei  
bee in feare.

Polycye approche, and bring my goode frendes nere.

*Avar.* Come on, my deare frendes, and execute with good wyll

Suche offyce as eche of youe shall be putt untyll.

Dame Respublica yt ys that for youe hathe sent :

Comme on, frendes, I will youe unto her greace present.

*Ins., Opp.* To serue her we are preaft with harte and whole entent.

*Avar.* Madame, I have brought youe these men for whom I went.

*Res.* Policie, I thanke youe: ye have made spiede spede, Therefore ye be double welcome; and welcome, frendes, in dede.

*Avar.* Madame, your grace to serue we all are fullye bente.

*Ad.* And, Madame, ye shall fynde me double diligente.

*Res.* That is spoken of a goode harte: but who bee ye?

*Ad.* Forfouth, Madame, my name ys Maister Honestie.

*Res.* Honestye? well faide. *Avar.* Madame, this is Honestie.

*Ad.* Yea, forfouth, and please your grace, I am Honestie.

*Avar.* Madame, he is for youe: on my woorde regarde hym.

*Res.* Yes; and with large preferment I will rewarde hym.

*Ad.* I thanke your Grace; and I will for youe take fuche paine,

That ere I deserue one, ye shall geue me twayne.

*Avar.* Honestie, yor tong tripth. *Res.* Howe faide ye? take fuche paine?

*Ad.* That ere ye geue me one I will deserue twaine.

By your lycence, Madame, to take awaie this mote.

*Avar.* Naie, Honestie will not see a wemme on your cote. Nowe, unto youe I commende Reformation.

*Res.* Of hym is no small nede nowe in this nacion.

*Opp.* Well, nowe that ye bydde me abuses to redresse,  
I doubte not all enormitis so to repress,  
As shall redowne to your wealth and honour att length.

*Res.* There to shall Authoritee ayde youe with his strength.

*Avar.* Yea, for Authoritee to governe ys mooste fytt.

*Ins.* Yf ye, Dame Respublica, doe me so admytte,  
I doubte not to hamper the proudeste of them all.

*Res.* And emong youe destroye Avarice. *Ad.* Hem !

*Ins. et Opp.* We shall.

*Res.* Vanquishe Oppression and Adulacion ;  
For those three have nighe wrought my desolacion.

*Avar.* Hemm ! firs, hem ! there, kepe your gownes close  
afore, I saie :

Have ye forgotten nowe what I tolde youe one daye ?

There is another, too, that wolde be chaced hens.

*Res.* Who is that ? *Avar.* Lucifers sonne, called Infolence.

*Res.* Ye saie truth ; and manye naughtie ones moo then he.

*Ins. & Opp.* If ye dare trust us. *Ins.* All'. *Opp.* All  
shall reformed bee.

*Res.* I thanke youe ; and I truste youe, for my mainten-  
nance,

Too bee administer for your goode governnance.

*Ins.* Than, withowte feare or care ye maie yourselfe repose.

*Opp.* And lett us alone withall suche mattiers and those.

*Res.* Than, I leave youe heare on our affaires to con-  
foulte. [Exeat RES.

*Ins.* Whan youe please in God's name. *Opp.* We muste  
bothe sifte and boulte.

*Ad.* She is gonne. *Avar.* Well then, firs, lett us make  
no delaye,

But abowte our markett departe eche manne his waye.

*Ad.* Naie, first lett us sing a song to lighten our hartes.

*Avar.* Then are ye like for me to sing but of three partes.  
Canne Avarice hart bee sett on a merie pynne,  
And see no gaine, no profite att all, coming in ?

*Ins.* We shall have enoughe to drive awaie all forowe.

*Avar.* Than sing wee *on bown viage*, and faincte George  
the borowe.

*Content.* Bring ye to me, and I to ye, &c. [*Et sic exeant.*]

### ACTUS TERCIA SCENA PRIMA.

#### RESPUBLICA.

*Res.* The goode hope that my mysters have putt me in,  
To recover rewive that in me dothe beginne,  
Hathe so recomforted my spirites and myne harte,  
That I feale muche easemente of my greate greefe & smarte.  
Nowe I doe lesse woonder that lost men, life to save,  
Ferre from lande dooe laboure againste the roring wave ;  
For hope, I see, hathe mightie operacion  
Againste the mortall sting of drouping desperacion.  
Nowe, if I might but heare what Policie hathe wrought,  
Or someone good thing that my frendes to passe had browght,  
I woulde putt no doubttes but all thing shoulde soone bee  
well.

Loe, where cometh Honestie : he wyll the truthe tell.

### ACTUS TERCII SCENA SECUNDA.

#### ADULACYON, RESPUBLICA.

*Ad.* Three hundred pounce by yeare and a goode manor  
place !

Well, yt ys metely well in so shorte tyme and space ;  
 More will come right shortelye ; this geare dothe gailiewalke.  
 Bones ! here is Respublica, what use I fuche ta[l]ke ?  
 I seeke ladie Respublica. *Res.* Loe, I am here ;

And welcome Honestie, what doe my frendes mooste deare ?

*Ad.* Certes, madame, we reste nor daie, nor night, nor  
 howre

To practise and travaile for your welth and honoure ;

But, O Lorde ! what a prudente man ys Policie,

What a depe heade he hathe, to devise and to spie.

*Res.* He is fyne in dede. *Ad.* Also Reformation,  
 Howe earenest he is in his operacyon.

*Res.* I thinke of hym no lesse. *Ad.* Nowe than Authoritee,  
 The stowtest in his offyce that ever I dyd see.

I will no farther prayse them, madame, for doubtlesse

They ferre formounte all praise that my tong can expresse :

Ye maie bleffe the tyme ye mette with such as thei bee.

And I doe my poore parte. *Res.* I doubte not, Honestee ;

And condinge rewarde shall ye all have for your paine.

*Ad.* I have scarce an howse wherin myselfe to mayn-  
 tayne.

*Res.* Honestie shall not lacke. *Ad.* I doe not crave  
 nor care :

We shall take but scraps and refuse that ye maie spare.

We will not encroche the peoples comoditie,

We shall take onlie that maie come with honestie.

*Res.* Christes blessing have ye. But loe, yonder cometh  
 People.

*Ad.* I had thought as soone to have mette here Paules  
 steeple.

ACTUS TERCII SCENA TERTIA.

PEOPLE, ADULACION, RESPUBLICA.

*Peo.* Whares Rice pudding cake? I praie god she bee in heale.

*Ad.* Who? Rice pudding cake? *Peo.* Yea, *alife dicte* Commonweale.

*Ad.* I knowe hir not. *Peo.* Maffe, youe lieft valeslye in your harte.

She is this waie. Che wart a false harlot youe arte.

*Ad.* I knowe Respublica. *Peo.* Yea, marie, whare is shee?

*Ad.* She is buisie nowe. *Peo.* Maffe, ere iche goe chill hir zee;

For this waie she came. *Res.* Lett my People come to mee.

*Ad.* God forbydde els. Come on, People: is this same shee?

*Peo.* Yea, malkin, ist. *Res.* People, what wolde youe with me nowe?

*Peo.* Marye, mistrefs madame my ladie, howe doe youe?

*Res.* Even so so, People. I thanke youe with all my harte, And I hope for better. *Peo.* Than lett poore volke ha zome parte.

Vor we ignoram people, whom itche doe perzente,

Wer ner zo I polde, zo wrong, and zo I torment.

Lorde Jhese Christe, whan he was I pounst and I pilate,

Was ner zo I trounst as we have been of years late.

*Ad.* How so? who hath wrought to youe fuche extre-mytee?

*Peo.* Naie, to tell how zo, passeth our captyvytee.

*Res.* It passeth anie mans imaginacion.

*Peo.* You zai zouth ; yt paffeth anie mans madgemafon,  
Vor we thynke ye love us as well as ere ye dyd.

*Res.* My love towards youe, my People, cannot be hydde.

*Peo.* And we thinke ye woulde faine wee poore volke  
did well.

*Res.* And better then ere ye dyd, if howe I coulde tell.

*Peo.* And we thinke ye woulde we zelum poore volke  
sholde thrive ?

*Res.* Yea, doubtles, as anye lyke creature alive.

*Ad.* What neede ye of hir goode will towards youe to  
doubte ?

*Peo.* Peace thowe with zoro ! and let me tell my tale  
owte.

*Res.* Saie on, my good People ; let me heare all your  
mynde.

*Peo.* Sum vei we ignoram people beeth no zo blinde,  
But we paffeive ther falleth of corne and cattall,  
Wull, shepe, woode, leade, tynne, iron, and other metall,  
And of all thinge enoughe vor good and badde.  
And as commodieus vor us as er we hadde,  
And yet the price of everye thing is zo dere ;  
As thoughe the grounde dyd bring vorth no fuche thing  
no where.

*Res.* In dede, I have enoughe if yt be well ordered ;  
But fewe folke the better yf I bee misordered.

*Peo.* Nai, now youe zai zouth ; e'en thicke fame waie  
goeth the hare :

Ill ordering 'tis hath made bothe youe and wee threde bare.

*Ad.* What naughtie folkes were thei ? can youe their  
names reade.

*Peo.* Yea, that I scan, a whole messe of om' for a neade.

There is, vorste and voremooste, Flatteree, ill a thee,  
A flypper, fuger mowthed howrecop as can bee.  
He fliereth on youe, and beareth us faire in hande,  
And therewhile robbeth bothe youe and we of oure lande.  
Than cometh the fowre, roughe, crabbed childe, Oppression :  
He tumbleth whom a lust oute of possession.  
Than ys there the thirde, I cannot member his name :  
What call ye thicke same felowes, God geve them a shame !  
That beeth styll clymbing up a losfe for promydence,  
And cannot be content with theirre state. *Ad.* Insolence ?

*Peo.* Yea, thicke same is he, zorylesse. *Res.* Naie,  
Insolence.

*Peo.* Well, hele roile all the roste alone, cha harde yt  
zaide,  
Or els make the best of them agaste and afraide,  
And zuche goode men as coulde and woulde ordre youe  
well,

He is so copped, he nil not suffre to mell :  
If theye nylnot be rolde then hence oute of favoure,  
Yea, and perhaps corrupte om zore vor their laboure.  
Yet he and thother twaine weorke all after the vice  
Of chafor, yet tone name tother is Covetise.  
Thicke hongri howrecop hathe fuche a policate wytte,  
That he teacheth them to rake and scrape up eche whytt ;  
And zo these vowre (but it shall never come owt for me)  
Volke thinke will never cease to spoile bothe youe and me :  
Vor sometime thei face us, and call us peafon knaves,  
And zwareth, Goddes bones, thei will make us all slaves ;  
Tharevore chwas besiraunce your ladidome to zee,  
And to geve youe warning. *Res.* Heare ye this, Honestye ?

*Peo.* Well, and God emend all, and abee zo good a  
clerke.

*Res.* Heare ye this, Honestie? *Peo.* Though tynkers  
fholde lacke worke.

*Res.* I am putte in comferte, all shall shortelye emende.

*Ad.* Itt ys in goode waie alreadye; els God defende.

*Res.* Loe, People, hearest thoue this? bee of good cheare.

*Peo.* Yea, iche heare his vaire wordes; but what beeth  
we the neare?

*Res.* People, understande ye that this ys Honestee.

*Peo.* Where a bee trowe? masse, cha zeen zome, as zmothe  
as hee,

Have be triall bee vound valse flatterers to bee.

*Res.* I take this man for no such: this ys Honestee.

*Peo.* A gaye smoult smirking howrecop 'tis, zo mot  
I thee.

*Res.* Well, credite my words, People: this ys Honestee.

*Peo.* Whan I fynde ytt, chil believe yt. *Res.* 'Tys  
Honestie.

*Peo.* If crye hym mercye than. *Res.* He and Authoritye,  
Joignyng with Policie and Reformacyon,  
Travaile to restore tholde welth to this nacion.

*Peo.* Whoughe! than, chil warte all within twoo years as  
plentye

As 'twas eny tyme within these yeres twyfe twentye.

But how maye we knowe, and see that this thyng ys trewe?

*Ad.* Ye shall prove att length by theffecte that shall ensue.

*Peo.* Nai, and we shall alwaie be served but with shales,  
Than, chil beleve e'en still, that vaire woordes beeth  
but tales.

*Ad.* The thing alreadye to fuche forwardnes ys browght,  
That mucche to your benefytte ys alreadye wrought.

*Peo.* Yea! what any goode acte have ye alreadye doone?

*Ad.* It ys but yong daies yet, thinges are but nowe beegone :

The frewte of our dooings cannot so soone appeare ;

But, people, ye shall feele ytt within seven yeare.

Ye knowe it is no fmale weorke from so greate decaie.

*Res.* People, he faith truthe. *Ad.* To fett all in good ftaighe,

Therefore bee ye quiet, and hope for a goode ende.

*Peo.* Yes, chil tarie laifure ; and take what God shall fend.

*Res.* Than People, let us twaine departe in quietnesse ;  
For this talking here, maye hinder theire buifinesse.

*Peo.* Come on : I chil waite avore youe, and bee your manne. [*Exeant.*

*Ad.* And I will to my fealows as faste as I canne.

Bee thei gone ? fare well theye, God sende them bothe the pippe ;

But in feith, People, I will have youe on the hyppe :

I wilbe even with youe for your brode carping.

Ah, ye peasaunte wretche, on us foure to bee harping !

And yet muste wee our mattiers handle defcretelye,

Or els I feare yt will ende not veraye swetelye.

But nowe I wolde Avarice, or els Infolence,

Or Oppression, were heare rather then six pence.

And loe ! where Avarice comth, a woulff in the tale,

(As the proverbe faithe). What doth he after hym hale ?

## ACTUS TERCII SCENA QUARTA.

### AVARYCE, ADULACION, OPPRESSION.

*Avar.* Come on, fwete bags of golde ; come on with a good will.

I on youe foo tendre, and ye foo frowarde styll?  
 Come forewarde, I prairie youe, swete bags: ah, will ye foo?  
 Come, or I muste drawe youe whether ye will or noo.  
 I knowe your desire, ye woulde faine bee in my cheft;  
 When the bealie is full, the bones woulde bee at reast.  
 Bee contente awhile, I will couche youe all up soone,  
 Where ye shalnot bee spied neither of sonne nor mone.  
 What nowe, brother Honestie? what pryde ye this waie?  
 Is there eni thing here that ys yours, can ye saie?  
 Looke of[f] from my baggs: yt ys a pretye matier.  
 Ye can fee no grene cheefe, but your teethe wyll watier.

*Ad. In nomine patris!* hast thoue gotte all this fyens?

*Avar.* Whi, thinkest thoue I have sett ydle fens I went  
 hens?

Naie, I have filled my lytle purses too, eche one.

*Ad.* Hast thou so in dede? thoue arte a felowe alone.

*Avar.* With olde Anngelots and Edwardes, I thinke I have.  
 Come forth! how saie ye fir? pepe oute, ye litle knave.  
 Howe thinke youe by this bunting? is he full or no?  
 And his felowes all dothe not their skinne stretche for wo?  
 Now theise litell buttons, no bygger then twoo nuttes,  
 Have they not plaied gluttons, and filled well their guttes?

*Ad.* But looke! who cometh yonder, puffing and tuffing?

*Avar.* Come the Devill, yf hym luste, staring and snuffing.

## ACTUS TERTII SCENA QUINTA.

OPPRESSION, AVARICE, ADULACION.

*Opp.* In all my whole life was I never werier.

*Avar.* Come nere, on Goddes halfe, the mo knaves the  
 merier.

Where have ye losse your breathe? in some cofer dyvinge?

*Opp.* Shouldring emonges them for a peice of a lyvinge.

*Ad.* And what, are yowe nowe in any goode hope to thryve?

*Opp.* Feithe, if I luste, I maie were myters fowre or fyve ;  
I have so manye haulfe bisshoprikes at the leaste.

*Ad.* By tharmes of Callis, than, and I a verye beaste.

*Avar.* Why! what hast thoue gotten to thie share in this space?

*Ad.* Three hundred pound by the yeare, and one manor place.

*Avar.* Ah! the passhen of God, three hundred pound and no more?

*Ad.* Is not that faire for hym that had nothing before?

*Avar.* What, three hundred pound by years? call the Honestee?

Call thee a knave? thoue shamest our fraternitee.

Three hundred pounce? if some man had been in thie romme,

A thoufande pounce a yeare ere this tyme might have comme.

Three hundred pounce a yeare? againste our next metinge, Geate more, or I shall geve [thee] a homlye greetinge.

*Ad.* He here hathe flytched the bisshoprickes alreadie.

*Avar.* Yea, I cann himm thanke; he hathe been some-whatt spedie.

*Opp.* But yet have I left many a goode gobbet looce :  
Chaunge thoue for the reast; geve a fether for a gooce.

*Ad.* Didst thoue with anie one of them make fuche exchange?

*Opp.* Yea, I almoste least them never a ferme nor graunge.  
I tolde them Respublica at their wealth dyd grutche,

And the fyfte pennie thaye had was for them to muche :  
 So Authoritee and I did with them foo choppe,  
 That we lefte the best of them a threde bare bishopp.  
 To some we left one howse, to some we left none :  
 The beste had but his see place, that he might kepe home.  
 We enfourmed them, and we defourmed them,  
 We confourmed them, and we refourmed them.

*Ad.* And what gave ye them in your permutacons ?

*Opp.* Bare personages of appropriacions,  
 Bowght from Respublica and firste emprowed,  
 Than at the higheste extente to bishops allowed ;  
 Leate owte to their handes for fowrescore and nynteen  
 yeare.

*Avar.* Loe, cofyn Honestee, loe! doo ye heare this geare?  
 Faith, your Masship will thrive att the latter lammas.

*Ad.* I nowe graunte myselfe to have been a very asse.  
 But all ys not yet gonne, in cace I have good lucke.

*Opp.* No ; there is yet enoughe left, for a better plucke ;  
 For some of them were aged and yet would not dye,  
 And some woulde in no wyse to owre defyres applye ;  
 But we have roddes in pyffe for them everye chone,  
 That they shalbe flyced, yf we reigne, one by one.

*Avar.* And howe dyd all frame with our Mounfire  
 Authoritee.

*Opp.* Att length he wonne the full superiorytee.

*Ad.* But the rude grosse people at hym repyneth fore,  
 And againste us all foure with a wyde throte dothe he rore.  
 But softe, peace ! me thinketh I here hym hem and hake :  
 If we mete here, all foure, we shall some ordre take.

ACTUS TERCII SCENA SEXTA.

INSOLENCE, ADULACION, OPPRESSION, AVARICE.

*Ins.* What, myne olde frends, all three! by my truthe,  
firs, well founde.

*Ad. et Opp.* Feith, fyr, moſte hartelye welcome into this  
grownde.

*Ins.* Bones, what have we here? *Avar.* A hah! *Ins.*  
Bags of money, I trowe.

*Avar.* Have we? Naie, I have; but none for youe that  
I knowe.

Loe, fir, thus might an honeſte man come to his harmes:  
I will lye downe on them, and kepe theym in myne armes.

*Ins.* Haſte thou gotte all this? I miſelfe have not ſo  
muche.

*Avar.* Than have ye whole townes and caſtells. I have  
none ſuche.

Yet will ye not denie, I judge in my fanſie,  
That ye gotte theym by the drifte of me, Policie.

*Ins.* I confeſſe that. *Opp.* All my lands are ſcarce ſo  
muche woorth.

*Avar.* Thei were leſſe when I, Policie, firſte ſett youe  
foorth.

*Ad.* He hathe purſes with golde: woulde I had ſo manie!

*Avar.* It were pittie that ſuche a gooce ſhoulde have enie.  
Youre good Maſſhip appointed me to crummes and ſcraps,  
But Policie wyll lye by his neighbours, perhaps:  
But thus, I fee, youe woulde polle me an ye wiſte howe;  
Therefore I will goe hoorde, that I make God a vowe.  
I will make yt fure under myne doores and mine lockes,

And who but looketh that waie shall fytt in niene stockes.

*Ins.* Naie, fyrste declare to us howe thowe didst all this geate.

*Avar.* For your learning I will youe a spectacle sette ;  
But fyrst gette ye from me, and stande a goode waie hence :  
This shall not lye within your reache by youre lycence.  
Naie, yet farther, lest ye take my bagges for bluddinges ;  
For fuche hongrye dogges will flabbe up fluttishe puddinges.

*Ad.* Is yt well, nowe ? *Avar.* Yea ; nowe hardelie stand there still,

And the names of my baggs to youe declare I will.

Firste and foremoste, this bagg is my veraie cleare gaine  
Of leasses encroched and forthwith folde againe.

This bag is myne intresse of thys yeares userie,  
And this is of mattiers bolstred upp with perjurie.

This is bribes above my stipende in officis :

This fiste I have by selling of benefices :

This ys my rentes that my clerkes yearelye render me,  
To be and contynue in offyce under me.

This same I got by sectourshipp of my mother.

A vengeance on hir, old witche, for such an other !

This bag have I kepte of other sec[t]ourships whole,  
Whiche the madde knaves woulde had scattred by penie dole.

This is of churche goods scraped upp withoute a lawe ;  
For which was as quicke scambling as ever I sawe :

Of their plate, their jewels, and copes, we made them lowtes  
Stopping peoples barking with lynnens rags and clowtes.

Thei had thalter clothes, thalbes, and amices,

With the findons in which wer wrapte the chalices.

This nyneth hath beguiled the king of his custome :

This tenth of selling counterfaicte wares hath come.

Now this eleventh is of tallowe, butter, cheefe,  
Corne, raweclothes, leather, by stealth sent beyond seas.  
This twelfth is of graine, bell meatall, tynne, and lead,  
Conveighed owte by creakes whan Respublica was in bed.  
This thirteenth I filled throughe facing owte of dawes,  
Bothe from landes and goodes, by pretence of the lawes.  
Thus these thirteen smale jobbes are myne by policie :  
All men muste shifte for a poore lyvinge honestlye.  
If er I bestowe them, yt shalbee the nexte lent  
To the prioure of Prickingham and his covent.

*Ad.* Well, now we maie come nere ; may we not, if we lust ?

*Avar.* Ye are nere enough : oute of my reache I dare  
youe trust.

*Ad.* Well, nowe lett us sing, yf ytt please Authoritee ;  
To refreshe oure spirites yt ys restorytee.

*Ins.* I reeke not for compaignie fake to sing once more.

*Avar.* I have lesse minde to sing nowe then I had before :  
Than had I no luste to sing because I was bare ;  
And nowe howe to kepe that I have gotte I doe care.

*Opp.* Solace we muste nedes have whan that we are werie.

*Ad.* It prolongeth the life of manne to bee merye.

*Avar.* An if ye sing so muche, Honestie, withoute faile  
Thriste and youe at length, I feare, will make a bataille.  
But goe too, sing on, yf there be no remedie :  
An ye looke at my bags, ye marre my melodie.

(*Content.*) Hey, noney, nony, houghe for money, &c.

*Opp.* Now, abought profite devide we ourselves abroad.

*Avar.* Yea, and heare ye, maisters ? While tyme is laie  
on lode :

Confider ye have but a tyme of hey making,  
And harveft is not inned withowte peines taking.

Nowe, tyme will not tarye, and therefore take good hede ;  
 Despache while tyme ferveth and all your matie[r]s spede :  
 Tyme hath no reine nor bridle, but renneth a pace.

*Ins.* Marke Policie's woordes, sirs ; excellent in our cace.

*Avar.* And tyme hathe this one ungracious propertee,  
 To blab at length, and open all that he doothe see.  
 Than, a daughter eke he hath called Veritee,  
 As unhappie a longtongued girle as can bee :  
 She bringeth all to light, some she bring to shame.  
 She careth not a grote what manne hath thanke or blame :  
 Yf men be praise worthie, she dothe so declare them ;  
 And if otherwyse, in faith, she dothe not spare them.

*Opp.* We will feather oure nestes ere tyme maye us espie,  
 Or Veritee have poure our doinges to descrye.

*Avar.* Remembre this verse, *Ut sint omnia salva,  
 Fronte capillata, post hec occasio calva.*

*Opp.* Make me understande that fyne rag of rhetorike.

*Avar.* Loe, here a fyne felowe to have a bishhopricke !  
 A verse of Latynne he cannot understande,  
 Yet dareth he presume boldelye to take in hande  
 Into a deanerie or archedeaconrye to choppe,  
 And to have the liveloode awaye from a bishopp.

*Opp.* . . . . thei verse, and leave thys persuation.

*Avar.* Forfouthe, sir, yt was of the goddesse Occasyon.  
 She weareth a greate long tuffet of heare beefore,  
 And behinde hathe not one heare, neither lesse nor more :  
 Whereby is taught youe, that when Occasyon ys  
 Ye muste take yt be tyme, or of your purpose mysse.

*Ad.* Than, while occasion doeth nowe serve soo well,  
 I praie youe geve eare to one thing that I must tell.

*Ins. et Opp.* What ys that ? *Ad.* Mounfire, yf ye heare  
 People mumbling,

Ye muste storme, and sharpelye take hym up for stumbling.  
Ye woulde not thinke what he said a litle while sene  
Of us to Respublica, in myne owne presence.

*Ins.* Whan I mete theym nexte I shall tell them bothe  
my mynde.

*Avar.* And Policie, to helpe youe, wyll not be behinde.

*Ad.* Gentle Respublica was soone pacified,  
But People was sturdie, and woulde not be qualified.

*Avar.* Alas! good poore felie fowle, beare heare faire  
in hand,

And ye maie wyne hyr as youe lust to use hyr land.

*Opp.* But of Goddesse Occasion one lytle more.

*Avar.* Marye, sir, even as I woulde have said before,  
She standeth with winged feete on a rolling whele,  
To take flyght or anie grasse maie growe on hir hele.  
And even while we stand jangling in this presence,  
I dare saie she is flowne twise twentie score myle hence.

*Opp.* Yea, cockes bones, than adew. *Ins.* Farewell. *Ad.*  
And I am gone. [Exeant currentes.

*Avar.* Feithe and have after, as faste as I can, anon.  
Now, my Goddamighties, as I dyd hither tugg youe,  
So will I on my backe to your lodging lugg youe;  
And fure yf ye can be quiet there and lye styll,  
I will shortlye bring youe moo felowes, so I wyll.  
I have a good benefyce of an hundred markes:  
Yt is smale policie to give suche to greate clerkes;  
They will take no benefice but thei must have all,  
A bare clerke canne be content with a lyving small:  
Therefore, sir John lacke Latten, my frende, shall have myne,  
And of hym maie I ferme yt for eyght pounds or nyne:  
The reste maie I reserve to myfelfe for myne owne share,

For wee are good feeders of the poore, fo wee are ;  
 And we patrones are bounde to see (I doo youe tell)  
 The church e patrimonie to bee bestowyd well.  
 Other od corners befydes these I have mannye,  
 Which with all good speede shall encrease your compaignie.  
 Come on now, therefore. In feith, I doo greates wronge  
 To promise youe lodging, and kepe youe thens so long.

[*Exeat.*

## ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA.

### RESPUBLICA.

*Res.* O lorde! what maie yt meane to bee thus borne in  
 hand,

And yet none emendement to sele nor understand?  
 People dothe dailie and hourelie to me reforte,  
 Challenging my promise of relief and comforte.  
 I reporte to hym, as my rewlars doe to me.  
 People still affirmeth that they devourers bee:  
 The more I doo hym chere, the more he dothe dispaire.  
 I faie his wealth doeth mende, he faithe it dooeth appaire.  
 What shoulde I judge of this? maie it be credible,  
 Or by anie reason maye yt be possible,  
 That suche fowre as those in whome I have putt my truste,  
 Shewing suche face of frendship, shoulde be men unjste?  
 I will knowe if People feeles yet anye redresse  
 Of his former fors, and of hys rufull distresse.  
 We shall meete soone, I doubt not, and talke to gether;  
 And loe! as I woulde wishe, he approacheth hether.

[*Intrat People.*

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA SECUNDA.

RESPUBLICA, PEOPLE.

*Res.* Wellmette, People: what place goe ye nowe untoo?

*Peo.* I cham at the ferthest, to zee how yowe doo.

We twayne must eft whiles come flike either other;

Vor wee beethe your children, and youe beethe our mother.

*Res.* And howe doo youe mend now in your thrifte and  
your purse?

*Peo.* As zoure ale in sommer, that is still wurse and wurse.

*Res.* People, what sholde I saie? *Peo.* Naie, maffe, Is  
cannot tell;

But we ignorams all woulde faine ye shoulde doe well:

And how fele you yourselfe? better then ye dyd, trowe?

*Res.* Till God send better happe rather decaie then growe:  
This bringeth me in a conceipte of zelousye,

Rather than muche good: woulde I speake with Policie!

*Peo.* Was not he drowned, trowe, last yeare, whan con-  
science was?

*Res.* I see hym yonder appere: this cometh well to passe.

*Peo.* Is this same he? *Res.* Yea. *Peo.* An ich hearde  
not you zo zaie,

Shoulde zware a had bee deade, orels cleane renne awaye.

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA TERTIA.

AVARICE, RESPUBLICA, PEOPLE.

*Avar.* O mooste noble Ladie! that I have not of late  
Made to youe relacion how ye stande in state,

Hath not been of negligence, nor to werke by stelthe,

But of my depe studies devising for your wealthe.

*Res.* To heare the truthe thereof I wisshed youe to see.

*Peo.* Dooeth youe studd your braines, mace gentman,  
praie youe tell me,

For our Ladie Rice pudding cakes commoditee?

*Avar.* I devise what I canne for the prosperitee  
Of thys ladie Respublica, and hyr People.

*Peo.* That lye, ere this, is flowen as ferre hens as Polle  
steple.

Is praie God ye studded not, as cha hard of zome elves,  
That studdie for the common profytte of their owne selves.

*Avar.* To studie for bothe your welthes I am a debter.

*Peo.* Vaye than, as goode ner a whitt as ner the better.

*Avar.* I doo nothing but compace therefore, withowte  
doubte.

*Peo.* I vey then, the ve[n]t to ferre a coumpace abowte,  
For zome good might ha bee doone in all this seafon.

*Avar.* So there is, if to perceive ytt ye had reason.

*Res.* Truelie, I fele miselfe hitherto wurfe and wurfe.

*Peo.* And Is vele the same, bothe in my grounde and  
my purfe.

Vive or zixe yeare ago chad vower kine to my paile,  
And att this prezent houre cham scarce woorth a good  
cowe taile:

And that tyme chad a widge, and hir vole, and tenne shepe,  
Nowe Is can geate nothing my zelfe and my wife to kepe:  
Than an chad I bee with the kinges masse counstable  
Choulde zette myselfe woorth pretelye, and zo chwas hable:  
Now vor lacke of a fallet, whan my lyege hath neade,  
Cham vaine to take an hatte of Gods good on my heade.  
And vor God, my dame, this ys but small amendement.

Is comorte me to youe : how thinketh youre judgement ?  
Coumpacing ka ? Jentman, call ye this same coumpacing ?  
And whom shall we twaine thanke, youe, for this coumpacing ?

*Avar.* No, sir. *Peo.* Nowe by the compace that God coumpaced !

*Res.* Blame have they of God and man, that this hath coumpaced.

*Peo.* A small coumpace more nowe maie zoone coumpace, by throod,

To make fowertie thowfaunde volk heare growe throughe their hood.

*Avar.* That is theire owen faulte, not the faulte of Policie.

*Res.* God above he knoweth whose faulte it is, and not I.

*Peo.* But did not yche daylie geve youe warning ? *Res.* Doubtelesse.

*Peo.* And dyd not iche plaine me to youe ? *Res.* I graunte no lesse.

*Peo.* And whan ich made my mone, what woulde to me tell ?

*Res.* As my hope was, that att length althing shoulde bee well.

*Peo.* Coumpacing ka ? *Res.* People, I put truste in other.

*Peo.* Valse bezeivers of zembitee, by Godds mother.

*Avar.* Well, suffer me then for my declaracion

To sett Authoritee and Reformacion,

That ye maie bothe heare, and charge them as well as me.

*Res.* With all my harte, goode Policie, let ytt so bee :

I praie youe call them hither, if thei maie bee gotte.

*Peo.* Anche heare em, Is can tell where thei saie true or not.

## ACTUS QUARTI SCENA QUARTA.

AVARICE, INSOLENCIE, RESPUBLICA, OPPRESSION, PEOPLE.

*Avar.* The fowleſt open mowthed wretch that eare ye harde.

*Ins.* Coudeſt thoue by no meanes make the peafaunte afearde ?

*Avar.* No ; but anon I trowe we ſhall his Maſſhip trym. Conveighe hir awaie, and than all wee three chide hym. But whiſte and come apace. *Res.* I here Policies voyce.

*Avar.* That I mette youe ſo well I doe muche rejoyce : Ladye Respublica woulde youe come hir before.

*Ins.* Madame, God ye ſave. *Opp.* And preſerve for ever more.

*Res.* This is happie happe, ye come ſoo ſoone tigither.

*Avar.* As I went I mette them bothe twaine haſting hether.

*Res.* Never in better tyme. *Ins.* Madame, what is your will ?

*Opp.* Is there eni thing that youe woulde faie vs untill ?

*Res.* People cryeth owte, and I am muche agrieved That we fele oure ſelves in nothing yet relived.

*Opp.* No ? that is not true ; mannie declare I canne.

*Res.* Even in briefe woordes I praie youe doe yt than.

*Peo.* Praie youe, lett me ſpoſe with this ſame new comme gentman.

*Ins.* No, ſir. *Peo.* Maſſe, but chil ſpeake, anche can ſpie my tyme whan.

*Opp.* Firſte, youre prieſtes and biſhops have not as thei have had.

*Res.* When they had theire lyvinges men were bothe fedde and cladde.

*Opp.* Yea, but they ought not by scripture to be calde Lordes.

*Res.* That thei rewle the churche with scripture well accordes.

*Opp.* Thei were prowde and covetous, and tooke muche uppon them.

*Peo.* But they were not covetous that tooke all from theym?

*Opp.* The coigne eke is chaunged. *Peo.* Yea, from zilver to droffe,

(Twas tolde us) vor the beste ; but poore wee bare the losse.  
Whan chad with zwette of browes got up a fewe smale crummes,

At paing of my debtes ich coulde not make my souldmes.  
My landlorde vor my corne paide me zuche souldmes and zuche,

Whan he should hate vor rent, yt was but haulfe zo muche :  
Zixpence in eche shilling was i-strike quite awaie ;  
Zo vor one piece iche tooke, cha was vaine to paie him twaie.

One woulde thinke twer brasse, and zorowe have I els,  
But ichwin mooste parte ont was made of our olde bells.

*Ins.* Yet if ye marke ytt well, for one peice ye have three,  
Whiche for you People is no smale commoditie.

*Peo.* Well, I nill medle in this same matier no more ;  
But Is recke not an twer zilver as twas avor.

*Opp.* People, ye shall att lengthe finde ytt all for the best.

*Peo.* Cha harde our parishe clarke faye, Dinum este, jusslum weste.

*Res.* Undoubtedly I fele many thinges are amiffe.

*Peo.* Yea, I scan tell moo things, yet an me luste, by Jisse. Thei have all the woodes throughout the realme destroyed, Which might have served long yeares, beeing well employed: And than the greate cobbes have zo take the reste to hire, That poore volke cannot gett a sticke to make a fire: Than their great grazing hath made fleshe so dere, I wotte, That poore volke att shambles cannot bestowe their grotte.

*Res.* I lamente yt People; alac! what maie I doe? I miselfe I feare shall comme to ruine toe. Policie, what coumforte? Whan will youe ease my smarte?

*Avar.* Ye are as safe even now, but for your false harte, As any ladie of your name in Christendome.

*Peo.* If iche had zo zaide, chad lied by my holidome.

*Res.* Ye heare what People faith, which feleth as I doe.

*Avar.* But rude Peoples words will ye geve credyte vnto? Will ye judge yourselfe after his foolishhe jangling? Ye wer well enoughe tyll he begonne his wrangling.

*Ins.* Will ye beleve People, that hath no manier of skill To judge, or to descerne what thing is good or yll? He is so headstrong, he muste bee bridled with lawes.

*Peo.* Thoughe zome bee starke bedlems, yet wise volkes beeth no dawes.

*Ins.* We have ofte founde People mooste disobedient To orders mooste requisyte and expedient. Who fuche a mainteynour of wrong opinions, As People in all countries and dominions? Ye oughte, therefore, to rebuke hym att all houres For discowranginge anie ministers of yours.

*Opp.* Ye muste tarrye tyme, ere we can your pourpose serve.

*Peo.* Ye, and than while the grasse shall growe, the horse  
shall sterue.

*Ins.* Doe ye not see this, by all experience plaine,  
That men from diseases recover againe,  
Doe, after sickness paste, remaine a long tyme weake.

*Res.* People, herke: Authoritee dooth good reason speake.

*Ins.* So ye, though oppressed with long adversitee,  
Yet doubt not are towards wealth and prosperitee.

*Res.* Loe, People, to hope a while longer shall be best.

*Peo.* Well, then chance perwaged to doo att your enquest.

*Ins.* Madame, mistruste not us, your painfull ministers.

*Avar.* Never had ladies more watchfull officers.

*Opp.* For my parte, I will fware the gospell booke upon,  
That if the lawes I have made shoulde everye one  
Redowne to myne owne singuler comodytee,  
Theye coulde not be frendelier framed then thei be.

*Ins.* Therefore repose yourselfe, Madame, a while and  
winke:

Ye are in better case towards then youe can thinke.

*Avar.* We shall heare remaine, and geve People good  
counsaile,

Quiet for to be tyll Policie maie prevaile.

*Res.* He will doe well with your goode informacions.

*Peo.* Yea, vei, childe wolowe their goode exaltacions.

*Res.* Than I leave youe all heare to God. I will departe.

[*Exeat RES.*]

*Peo.* Now, howe destructions to membre in my harte.

*Avar.* Destructions? ye miser! *Ins.* Ye pefault! *Opp.*

Ye lowte!

*Ins.* [You] naught els doe but rage, and rave, and crye owt.

*Opp.* And cannot tell on whome? *Avar.* No more then  
can a daw.

*Opp.* Crow agaiſt your betters? *Ins.* And murmoure  
agaiſt the lawe?

Leate me heare thee prate as thou haſte doone hearetofore.

*Avar.* Or trouble Ladie Respublica anie more.

*Opp.* Thou canſt not ſee, thow wretch, canſt thou whan  
thow arte well?

*Avar.* Iſt parte of thie place with ſuche highe matiers  
to mell?

*Ins.* Doethe yt become the to barke with ſuche a wide  
throte?

*Avar.* And to have an ore in everye bodies bote?

*Ins.* If thowe dooe ſoe againe, yt ſhall with the be wurſe.

*Opp.* We ſhall wring and pinche the bothe by bealie and  
purſe.

*Ins.* I wolde adviſe youe, frende, to grunte and grone no  
more.

*Opp.* Doe the like againe, and thoue ſhalte rue yt ful fore.

*Avar.* It were beſt for youe, freend, all mourmouringe to  
ceaſe.

*Peo.* Bum vei than, chil een goo home, and vaire holde  
mi peace.

*Ins.* Dooe ſoo by my reade, and fall to honeſt labour.

*Avar.* Hens! home and be quiete, and thou ſhalte fynde  
favour.

*Peo.* Then chil byd youe vare well. *Opp.* No woords,  
but hens apace.

This was doone as ſhoulde bee. *Avar.* This was doone in  
right place.

*Peo.* But howe, one worde erche goe: yele geve volks  
leave to thinke.

*Opp.* No, marie, will we not, nor to looke but winke.

*Peo.* Yes, by gisse, but chil loe ; naie loe thare ; thought  
is free,

And a catt, they zaith, maie looke on a king, pardee. [*Exeat.*

*Ins.* Nowe where doo wee bee come ? I home. [*Exeat.*

*Opp.* And I abroad. [*Exeat.*

*Avar.* And I must see what feete abought my doore have  
trodde. [*Exeat.*

## ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA.

### MISERICORDIA.

*Mis.* Wherin appeareth the graciousnesse of God,  
More then ynfinitye to excede mans goodnesse,  
But that he kepeth backe the sharpe stroke of hys rod,  
Whan man woulde rage in mooste furious woodenes ?

Scarce anie emendes maie mannes eagrenesse appeace ;  
Yea, and thoughe he forgeve, he wilnot soone forgette,  
Towarde true penitens Gods wrathe foorthwith doothe cease,  
And he their past sinnes behind his backe dooeth fet.

Of long sufferaunce he is with weaknesse to beare,  
While anie hope of emendment dooeth remaine ;  
And thoughe he plague synners to call them home by feare,  
Yet his mercye and grace are ai readie againe.

His grievous displeasure dureth not for ever,  
And why ? *Quia miserationes ejus :*  
Whiche to shewe he chieflie delighteth ever,  
*Manent super omnia opera ejus.*

It grieveth hym fore whan he muste neade take veaun-  
geaunce ;

His delite and glorie ys mercie to practyse,  
His tender compassion on treue repentaunce  
He hath still from the beginning fowte texcercise.

The masse of this worlde in his mercie did he frame,  
The skie, thearthe, and sea, his mercye replenished :  
In his mercye dyd he after redeame the fame,  
Whan els remedileffe yt must have peryshed.

In his mercie was Israell delivered  
From the gyptian thraldome and captivitee ;  
In his mercye the same throughe the red sea was led,  
And through wilderneffe to a lande of libertee.

Syth that tyme all commonweales he hath protected ;  
And to suche as withe earnest prayer have made mone,  
Me, Compassion, he hath quickely directed,  
To revive and recover theym everie one.

Now lastely hath he harde the mooste doulfull lament  
Of wofull Respublica, his derling mooste dere :  
Therefore me Compassion with spede he hathe sent,  
Hir mooste forowfull herte to recoumforte and chere.

I tarrye hyr commynge that I maie hir salute :  
And loe, me thinketh, I see hir appere in place,  
Of frendshipp devoyde, and of succoure destitute.  
I will heare hir, and than geve wordes of solace.

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA SECUNDA.

RESPUBLICA, MISERICORDIA, AVARYCE, ADULACION.

*Res.* O Lorde! haste thowe for ever closed up thine eare?  
Wilt thowe never more the desolates praier heare?  
Wilt thou styll torne awaie thy face from my distresse?  
Wilt thowe cleane forsake me and leave me comfourtlesse?  
The secreet sigthes and sobbes and praiers of myne harte,  
Shall thei not for ever thyne yeis to me converte?  
I graunte that myne offences have so muche deserved,  
But for whome, fave sinners, ys thye mercie reserved?  
. . . . . so, which hithertoo haste been iuste.

Despaire, Lorde, I wilnot, nor thie goodnesse mistruste;  
Lo[oke] downe on my destresse, and for thye glorie sake,  
Thoughe I bee ill worthie it, mercye on me take.

*Mis.* Now will I speake to hir. *Res.* Who maketh me  
afearde?

*Mis.* No, I will thee comforte. God hath thi praier harde.  
And now, Respublica, bee of good hope and truste.

*Res.* O Lorde! nowe doe I see that thowe arte ever iuste.

*Mis.* I am sent to recomfourte thee, Respublica.

*Res.* O Ladie Compassion, Misericordia!

*Mis.* What saie ye to me? What, wooman! can ye not  
speake?

I am come downe all youre forowes at ons to breake.

Speake, wooman. *Res.* Misericor. *Mis.* Owte comforta-  
blye,

Ye shall have nowe no more cause to speake desperable.

*Res.* My harte in Godds mercie is so delated,  
That my veraie spirite to heaven is elated.

O ladie Compassion! welcome verament :

Ever bee God prayfed that youe to me hathe sent.

*Mis.* Now that I have put youe in sure hope of reliefe,  
I muste goe fett Veritee to trye owte all your griefe.  
Veritee shall open how your decaie hath growne,  
And then the causers thereof shalbe over throwne.

*Res.* Who bee the causers thereof I cannot descerne ;  
But yonder cometh one of them, that doe me governe.

*Mis.* What is his name? *Res.* Policie. *Mis.* Policie is  
goode ;  
He dooeth worke youe manie good thinges of likelihood.  
*Avar.* A vengeaunce upon hym, and God geve hym his  
curse !

I am besieged nowe of everye cutpurse :

I can goe no where now, in citie neither towne,

But Piers Pickpurse plaieth att organes under my gowne.

*Mis.* What talketh he? *Avar.* Who speaketh yonder,  
Respublica ?

*Res.* What, of the pickpurse? *Avar.* Forfouth, Dame  
Respublica,

I saide, an we had twoo pielouries mo twer ner the wurse,  
For yt is a light thing nowe to mete Piers Pickpurse.

God preserve youe, right faire ladie, and Christe youe save!  
Who are yowe? and what woulde ye in this countrie have?

*Res.* This same is the ladie Mifericordia,  
Sent from God purposely. *Avar.* Unto youe, Respublica?

*Mis.* Yea. *Avar.* Than muste ye needes bee moost  
hartelie welcome :

We had ner more nede of youe, by my holydome.

There bee in this countrie, which but ye coumforte [send],  
Are full like to make bothe a madde, and a shorte end.

*Mis.* I will goe to doo that I said, Respublica,  
And returne with spede. *Res.* Swete Misericordia!

[*Exeat MIS.*

*Avar.* Good Misericordia now, and ladie moofte deare :  
Christe blister on your harte! what make youe heare?

*Res.* Come backe, Policie. *Avar.* I come. *Res.* Whither  
would ye nowe?

*Avar.* Conveigh miselfe hens honestlye, if I wiste howe.

*Res.* Whan come ye, Policie? what looke ye? something  
loste?

*Avar.* Anon. If I tarie yt will tourne to my coste.

*Res.* Ah, frende Policie! *Avar.* Yea. *Res.* Now shall I  
bee in blisse,

Thanks to God. *Avar.* We must finde provision for this.

*Res.* Hah? *Avar.* Dyd not I er tell youe that God would  
youe save?

Yee maie see nowe what it is goode rewlars to have.

*Res.* Ye faie trewth: but looke yonder cometh Honestie.

*Avar.* Praie God, Amen! *Res.* Yes, looke els. *Avar.*  
What newes bringeth he?

*Ad.* I shoulde speake a woorde in theare of Policie.

If I maie not so, I will speake ytt openlie.

*Res.* I have not seen youe a greate while, Honestie.

*Ad.* O noble Ladie Respublica! well youe bee.

*Res.* All shalbee now: such newes I have to me brought.

*Ad.* I heare yt toulde for trouth, Policye, all wilbee  
nought.

*Res.* Hearest thoue anie joyfull newes abroad, or not?

*Ad.* Yea; I heare certaine newes, which are bothe brym  
and hotte:

There is newe sterrett up a ladye cald Veritee.

*Res.* Than am I all safe, and sure of prosperitee.  
 How was yt spoken? *Ad.* Thus in Laten, grosse & blunte :  
*Misericordia et veritas sibi obuiaverunt,*

That is, Mercye and Truthe are bothe mett together.

*Res.* Than will yt not be long ere thei bothe come hither.

*Avar.* Hither ! How so? *Res.* Yea, bothe Mercie and  
 Verytee.

*Avar.* A peste on them bothe, saving my charitee !  
 But softe, brother Honestie ; ye might mistake ytt,  
 Of whiche Veritee wast, trowe youe, that thaye spake ytt.

*Ad.* Of the generall Veritee, olde Tymes dawghter.

*Avar.* Feith, they were not our frendes that firste hither  
 brought hir

Olde Tymes doughter ? that shuttle brained, tall, long man  
 That nere standeth still, but flyghth as fast as he canne,  
 Muche like as he swymmed or glided uppon yce ?

*Ad.* Yea. *Res.* For all that, of wise men he is thought  
 mooste wise.

*Avar.* I knowe hym, he carrieth a clocke on his heade,  
 A sand glasse in his hande, a diall in his foreheade.

*Res.* Ye saie truthe, Policie ; the same is veraye he.

*Avar.* Old Tyme the evesdropper. I knowe hym, pardee,  
 An auncient turner of houses upside downe,  
 And a common consumer of cytie and towne.

Old Tymes doughter (quod he ?) I shrewe his naked harte !  
 Manie of my frendes hathe he brought to paine and smarte.  
 Compassion and that Trueth come hither to yowe ?

*Res.* Mercie, before ye came, promised so right nowe.

*Avar.* It is no tyme now, Honestie, to be idle.

*Ad.* Some thing brueth? *Avar.* It is tyme for us to bridle.  
 Well, goe your waies afore in all haste, Honestee,

And tell Reformacion and Authoritee,  
That bothe theis ladies in all goodlye facion  
Muste be enterteyned here in this nacion.  
Madame Respublica, ist not your pleasure foo?

*Res.* What els? in all the haste, Honestee, see ye gooe.

*Avar.* Saie ferther, that I wolde we fowre anon might mete  
Her[e], or where thei will, save in the open strete.  
And here youe, Honestie? *Ad.* What nowe? *Avar.* A  
litell nere.

Provyde in anie wise that Veritee come not heare :  
Let Infolence and Oppression kepe hir hens.

*Ad.* We shall all three therein doe oure best diligence.

*Avar.* Byd them well remembre the worlde will waxe  
quaifie :

Some of us ere long maie happe leape at a daisie,  
Or put owte the i of Misericordia,  
And withowte an i plaie een plaine trussing corda.

[*Exeat AD.*]

*Res.* Polycye, what is it that ye talke there so long?

*Avar.* I send instructions that thei maie not doe wrong.

*Res.* Sende ye aught to hym, that maie not be tolde to me?

*Avar.* Shoulde we with ev'y trifling trifle trouble ye?

Well then, ye looke for theis twoo ladies [sure].

*Res.* I truste thei wilnot faile on me to doe their cure.

*Avar.* I tolde you ever, dyd I not, that your welthe  
woulde frame?

*Res.* I shall rewarde your paines, or els I were to blame.

*Avar.* Than beste I goe now strenght to my felowes & see.

*Res.* That things nedeful for us maie not unreadie bee.

Doo foo, I praie youe. *Avar.* Fare ye well, Respublica,  
Till I see youe nexte. [*Exeat.*] *Res.* Nowe, Misericordia,

Whan shall bee thy pleasure, bring hither Veritee.  
 Behoulde! een with the worde speaking where thei bothe bee.  
 [*Intrant MIS. et VERITAS.*]

# ACTUS QUINTI SCENA TERTIA.

## MISERICORDIA, VERITAS, RESPUBLICA.

*Mis.* I dare saie Respublica thinketh the tyme long.

*Ver.* Who can blame hir, having endured so much wrong?  
 But as meate and drinke, and other bodylye foode  
 Is never founde to bee so pleasaunte, nor so goode,  
 As whan fretting hongre and thrifte hathe pincht afore;  
 And as health after sickenes is sweeter ever more,  
 So after decaye and aduersytee ever come  
 Welth and prosperitee shalbe double welcome.

*Mis.* How nowe, Respublica? Have I not been long  
 hens?

*Res.* Come ye first or laste, ye blisse me with your pre-  
 fence.

*Mis.* As I was commaunded, I bring you Veritee,  
 To helpe youe, youre people, and theire posteritee.

*Ver.* Dere jewell, Respublica! I dooe youe embrace.

*Res.* I thanke your goodnesse, and submitte me to your  
 grace.

*Mis.* Embrace Veritee for ever, Respublica,  
 And cleve fast to hir. *Res.* Yes, Misericordia.

*Mis.* Nowe please yt yow to declare, sifter Veritee,  
 How she maie recover hir olde prosperitee,  
 Hir honor, hir wealth, hir riches, hyr substaunce,  
 Hir commons, hyr people, hir strength, and hyr puissaunce.

*Ver.* All this wilbee recovered incontinent,  
 And to better state also, by good government.

*Res.* No ladie of my name upon yearth, I esteeme,  
Hath had better administers then myne have been :  
Policie, Reformacion, and Authoritee.

*Mis.* These three bee veray good. *Res.* And the foure,  
Honestee.

*Ver.* But what if these which have had youe and yours  
to kepe,  
Have been ravnyng woulves in the clothing of sheepe ?

*Res.* If I hard not youe, Verytee, suche sentence geve,  
By no mans perswasion I coulde ytt beeleve.

*Ver.* Ah ! good Respublica, thou haste been abused.  
Whom thoue chofest, are vices to be refused :  
Whom thou calst Honestee ys Adulacion,  
And he that in pretence was Reformacyon,  
Is in dede Oppression and houghe violence.  
Whom thoue calst Authoritee is prowde Insolence :  
Than he that was Policie, the chiefe manne of price,  
In dede is moost stinking and filthie Avarice ;  
He firste enveigled thee, and his purpose to frame,  
Clocked eche of these vices with a vertuous name.

*Res.* *Benedicite !* is this a possible case ?

*Ver.* Ye shall see yt proved trewe before your owne face :  
Thei shalbe convinced beefore youe one by one.

*Res.* O Lorde ! what mervail if my thrifte wer well nighe  
gon ?

But what redresse shall I have hereof, and whan ?

*Mis.* Suche as maie bee mooste fitte, and as soone as  
we can.

Justice and peace are appointed to descende :  
Thone to kepe youe quiete, thother youe to defende.  
As soone as wee fowre sisters together shalbe mette,

And ordre for yor establisment shall bee sett.  
By the eternall providence yt is decreed fo.

*Res.* O moost mercifull lorde! all prayse bee thee unto.

*Mis.* I will leave youe here with my syfter Veritee,  
And learne of their coming wyth all celerytee.

*Ver.* Ye nede not. For I knowe thei bee nowe veray nere;  
And beholde they begynne alreadie to appeare.

### ACTUS QUINTI SCENA QUARTA.

PAX, JUSTITIA, VERITAS, MISERICORDIA, RESPUBLICA.

*Peace.* Nowe ons againe in God leat us twoo syfters kisse,  
In token of oure joynnyng to make a perfytted blyffe.

*Just.* And nowe leate us never bee soondred any more,  
Tyll we maie Respublica perfectelye restore.

*Ver.* Leat us meete theym, syster Misericordia.

*Mis.* And unto their fight present Respublica.

*Just., Pax.* All haile, mooste deare syfters, Mercye and  
Verytee!

And all haile Respublica, with all sincerytee!

*Res.* O ye ladies celestia! howe muche am I bounde  
With thanks to fall flatte before youe on the grownde,  
That ye thus vouchsalve a forlorne creature,  
By youre heave[n]lye protection to recure.

*Just.* I, Justice, from heaven am come youe to visytt.

*Pax.* And I, Peace, for ever with youe to enhabite.

*Mis.* And all wee fowre syfters, to thutmooste of our poure,  
Shall restore, establishe, and defend your honnour.

*Just.* We shall firste restore your mooste happie estate,  
And suppress all them that had made youe desolate.

*Ver.* Verytee shall all trueth open as ytt ys.

*Iust.* I, Justice, shall redresse what er is founde amisse.

*Mis.* I, Mercy, where the membre maie recured bee,  
Shall temper the rigoure, and flake extremittee.

*Pax.* I, Peace, whan thuncurable is clene cutte awaie,  
And thyll made goode, shall flourishe for ever and aie.

*Res.* And I, which cannot otherwise your goodnes deserve,  
Shall your holfome directions dewlie observe.  
And what yf Insolence shall come, or Avarice ?

*Ver.* Detest them, abhore them, and refuse their service.  
I doubte not but thei wilbe styll haunting hither,  
Tyll we fowre shall them foure take here altogether.

*Mis.* Nowe, sisters, goe wee, and Respublica with us,  
To bee newe appareled otherwyse then thus.

*Iust.* Come on, Respublica, with us to wealth from woe :  
Godde hathe geven us in charge that yt muste bee foo.

*Ver.* The blisful renovacion ye shall reigne in  
Muste from hensfoorth nowe immediatlye begynne.

*Cantent.* The mercy of God. *Et exeant, &c.*

## ACTUS QUINTI SCENA QUINTA.

### AVARICE, ADULACION.

*Avar.* Suche greedie covetous folke as nowe of daies been,  
I trowe, before these present daies wer never seen ;  
An honest man can goe in no place of the strete,  
But he shall, I thinke, with an hundred beggers mete.  
Geve for Goddes sake, geve for Sainte Charitee,  
Geve for oure Ladies sake, geve for the Trenitee :  
Geve in the waye of your good speede ; geve, geve, geve, geve !  
Finde we oure money in the strete doo theye beeleve ?  
If I had not a speciall grace to faie naye,

I wer but undooen emongst them in one daie.

But who cometh yond? Honestee? He cometh in haste.

*Ad.* I feke Policie. *Avar.* Here, boye. *Ad.* All is in waste.

*Avar.* Howe so? *Ad.* We strive againste the streame all that we doo.

*Avar.* Wherein? *Ad.* That Veritee come not this place untoo;

For wotte ye what? *Avar.* I shall, whan he have spake the woorde.

*Ad.* Justice and Peace too, with full consent and accorde, Are come downe from heaven, and have kyfte together.

*Avar.* God geve grace that theye twayne also come not hither!

*Ad.* As Mercye and Trueth *sibi obviaverunt*,  
So Justicia et Pax *osculatæ sunt*.

*Avar.* Is yt trewe? are they come? *Ad.* And have kist together.

*Avar.* Than carrye yn apace, for feare of fowle weather. Have they kyssed together? *Ad.* Yea. *Avar.* What nedeth that?

Men shoulde kyffe woomen. And what poincte bee theye att?

*Ad.* All the foure sisters, I doo youe tunderstaunde, Have alreadie taken Respublica in hand.

Theye fowre progresse with hir in everye border, And marre all that ever we have sette in order.

*Avar.* And what doeth Insolence? or what saieth he to that?

*Ad.* He stampeth, he stareth, and snuffeth fore thereat.

*Avar.* I advise him to storme, and to shewe himselfe stowte.

They bee weemen, and perchaunce maye bee faced owte ;  
And Peace is an honest ladie and a quiete.

*Ad.* Veritee and Justice are not for oure dyete.

*Avar.* Then, Mercye ys a goode one : I like her well.

*Ad.* Yet oft turnth she hyr face awaie, and will not  
    mell.

*Avar.* Well, fall backe, fall edge, I am ons att a poincte,  
If Respublica come, tadventure a joyncte.

*Ad.* She is freshe and gaye, and flourisheth who but she ?

*Avar.* Who brought yt to suche passe, will I tell hir,  
    but wee ;

Or els making these newe ladies of hir werie,

Wee shoulde thrihumphe and reigne. *Ad.* Oh ! never fo  
    merye.

*Avar.* Well, goe to our compaignie ; I will remaine here :  
I maie, perhaps, see Dame Respublica appere.

I wilbe in hande with hir, and make a goode face.

*Ad.* And what shall I doe ? *Avar.* Geve warning in the  
    meane space,

That Infolence shrinke not, but plaie the stowte man.

*Ad.* That I knowe he will doo for ons ; I knowe he can.

*Avar.* And that you all three be prest to come hether,  
Whan nede shall require we laye our heades together.

Whye, arte thowe heare yet ? *Ad.* I am gon with all my  
    might. [Exeat.

*Avar.* And, loe, where Respublica appereth in fight.

[Intrat RES.

She is nowe att hyr nymphes bearing vpp hir traine ;

I will stande afyde, and lyften a woorde or twaine.

## ACTUS QUINTI SCENA SEXTA.

RESPUBLICA, AVARYCE.

*Res.* O Lorde! thy mercies shall I sing evermore,  
 Whiche dooest soo tenderlie thie hande maide restore.  
 But what creature woulde suspicion have had  
 That my late administers had been men so bad?  
 Or who woulde have thought them counterfaictes to have  
 been,

That had harde their woordes, and their countenance seen?  
 And chieflie Avarice, which dyd the matier breake.

*Avar.* That worde towcheth me: now is tyme for me  
 to speake.

*Res.* I thought hym Policie, as iuste and true as stele.

*Avar.* I am gladde that by me ye doo suche good-  
 nesse fele.

*Res.* And that my wealth dyd growe, as it hath growne  
 of late.

*Avar.* I ever tolde ye, youe shoulde growe to this estate.

*Res.* Thowe tell me? *Avar.* Yea, I tolde youe soo in  
 veraie dede,

And highlie I rejoyce yt doeth so well succede.

And *salva festa dies* upon youe, Madame!

I am glad ye have gotte a newe robe, so I am.

What saincte in the callender doe we serve to daye,

That ye bee so gorgeouslye decked, and so gaye?

*Res.* In rejoycing that I shalbe cleane ryd of thee.

*Avar.* Naie, by this crosse, ye shall never be rydde for me.

*Res.* And of thy compares. *Avar.* Well, leate them doo  
 as thei luste,

I will ryde uppon Jyll, myne owne mare, that is iuste.  
Other waies I shall doe yowe service of the beste.

*Res.* Thowe wicked wretche, darest thoue with me to  
jeste?

*Avar.* What! I now see, *honores mutant mores*,  
But as semeth here, *curo in meliores*.

*Res.* The[e], and all thy service, I doe from me exile.

*Avar.* Is that the highe rewarde ye promist me ere  
while?

Is not this a wise wooman and mynded to thrive,  
That woulde me, Policie, owte of the countrie drive?

*Res.* Thee and thy cōumplices from me I shall owte caste.

*Avar.* Than, I praie youe, paye us for our paines that are  
paste.

*Res.* Ye shalbe paid. *Avar.* Ons, I have doone the best  
I canne;

Authorytee also he hath plaied the man:

Reformacion hath doen his parte, I canne tell.

If ye mystrust Honestie, feith ye doo not well;

And as for Avarice, he is conveighed quite,

I bed hym gette hym hens, or I woulde hym endyte.

I, Policie, have made hym to plucke in his hornes:

I sware I woulde els laie hym on prickels and thornes,

Where he shoulde take no rest neither daie nor night;

So he had as lief be hanged as come in fight.

*Res.* I maie faie with Job, howe vainelie doe ye cheare me,  
Whan all the words ye geve frome truth doeth disagree:

And with the wiseman I maie moost justlye saye this,

*Iustæ tamen non luxit in nobis;*

Or els with the prophet, in mooste sorowfull moode,

The fruite of our iustice is tourned into wormwoode,

Well, the best of youe is a detestable vice,  
And thow for thie parte arte mooste stinking Avarice.

*Avar.* Jesu! when were youe wont so foule moothed to bee  
To geve such niecknames? Ah, in feith! Dame Veritee  
Hath had youe in schooling of late: well, in Gods name,  
I am forie for youe, een forie, that I am.

I wisse I have wrowte to sett youe in goode state,  
And watched for that purpose bothe earelie and late;  
And I wis if youe woulde abyde my framynge,  
And not thus to have fall to checking and blamyng,  
I woulde ere long of youe made such carpenter weorke,  
That ye shoulde have faide Policie had been a clerke;  
Naie, youe shoulde have seen how I woulde have youe  
compacte.

*Res.* Yea, no doubt, ye woulde have doone some great  
and fyne acte.

*Avar.* I woulde have browght haufe Kent into Northum-  
berlande,

And Somersettshiere shoulde have raught to Cumberlande;  
Than woulde I have stretche the countie of Warwike  
Uppon tainter hooks, and made ytt reache to Barwike:  
A pece of the Bisshopricke shoulde have come southwarde.  
Tut, tut! I tell youe, I had wonderous feates towarde.

*Res.* God hath placed me already in the best wise.

*Avar.* Yea, but yet not haulfe so well as I coulde devise.  
But no force; well than, I see ye will none of mee.

*Res.* No. *Avar.* Than, ye can be content I departe  
from ye.

*Res.* Yea. *Avar.* Well, yet and ye praie me, I will tar-  
rye still.

*Res.* No. *Avar.* Well, speake me faire, and woo me yet,  
and I will.

*Res.* No ; hens, avaunt. *Avar.* Have I had of youe fuche  
a clogg,

And now byd me avaunte, and make me a dogg ?

*Res.* Hens at ons. *Avar.* Naie, tut ! and ye will ha us,  
ha us.

*Res.* Owte of my prefence ! *Avar.* Well then, ye wilnot  
ha us.

*Res.* No, avoide, I charge the. *Avar.* Than nedes de-  
parte I muste.

Adieu, in feith I woulde have fervyd youe of truste ;

But fens Respublica hathe putt me to exile,

Where maye I goo kepe miselfe secrete for a while ?

Is there never a goode chaplaine in all this towne,

That will for a while hide me under his gowne ?

Never a goode farmer ? Never a goode merchaunt manne ?

Well, I will goo picke owt some corner yf I canne ;

But first will I monishe my fellowes of this geare :

An we scape this plounge, I care not for the next yeare.

[*Exeat.*

*Res.* Nowe will I to Justice and thother ladies three,  
And praie that these vices maie all suppreffed bee.

[*Intrat* PEOPLE.

But loe ! heare cometh People, I will nowe torne againe,

And firste knowe of his goode state by a woorde or twaine.

## ACTUS QUINTI SCENA SEPTIMA.

RESPUBLICA, PEOPLE.

*Res.* What standith he prying ? Dareth he not entre ?

*Peo.* Shoulde vaine zee my ladie ; but Is dare not venter.

*Res.* Shrinke not backe from me, but drawe to me, my  
deare frend.

*Peo.* Chill virft knowe an ye bee alone, zo God me mende.

*Res.* Come, here bee non but thie frends, me beleve.

*Peo.* Well, than chil bee zo bolde to peake in, by your leve.

*Res.* How happeneth that thowe haft fo long been me froo ?

*Peo.* Marie, chill tell yowe : as foone as ye were agoe,  
Hither cam a zorte of courtnalls, harde men and zore ;  
Thei fhaked me up, chwas ner zo rattled avore :  
Theye vell all upon me catche, a woorde that might catche,  
Well was hym that at me, People, might geat a fnatche.  
Choulde have been at home rather then a newe grote,  
Iche maie zedge to yowe, Is fearde pulling owte my throte.  
They bade me pieke me home, and come att yowe no more,  
An iche did, thei zwoore Is shoulde bee corroupt therefore.  
Zo thicke prowte howrecop, what call ye him ? *Res.* In-  
folence.

*Peo.* Yea, even thickefame, he vaire popt me to filence.

*Res.* And howe ys it with youe now ? better then yt was ?

*Peo.* All beginneth now to come gailie well to paffe.  
Wee heare of your good vortune that goeth abowte,  
Howe ye beeth permounted, which makithe all us proute ;  
And iche am hable fens to bie me a newe cote,  
And Is, thanke God, chave in my purfe a zilver grote.  
I wis iche cowlde not zo zai thefe zixe yeares afore :  
Who ever cawfed yt, ill thanke have they therefore.

*Res.* Thei wilbe heare foone ; byde youe them here for a  
traine.

*Peo.* Maffe, but I nynnatt : woulde ye have om sqwatte owt  
ons braine ?

*Res.* They shallnot doe the[e] harme the value of a poincte.

*Peo.* Then, an youe zai thewoorde ichill jcooperde a joncte.

*Res.* If thei but offer thee wrong, the shall smarte therefore.

*Peo.* Naie, will ye bee zoo goode to tye om up a vore ?  
And what shalche zai to om ? *Res.* Nothing but bee a bayte,

Till take theim all here foodainelie I maie awayte. [*Exeat.*

*Peo.* Well, ytt shalbe doo. Choulde laugh, and bothe my handes clappe,  
To zee Ricepuddingcakes envies take in a trappe ;  
And azee, praie, if zome of om com not yonder.  
Choulde my ladie had byd ner zo lytle longer.

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA OCTAVA.

INSOLENCE, ADULACION, OPPRESSION, PEOPLE, AVARICE.

*Ins.* Where is Avarice, howe ? He doeth not now appere.

*Ad.* He bydde me monishe youe that we might all mete here.

*Opp.* But see where People standeth. *Ad.* What doth he here now ?

*Opp.* Abought litle goodnes, I dare my woorde avowe.

*Ins.* Let us speake unto hym. People, wherefore & why,  
Like a loytring losell, standeste thowe heare idelye ?

*Opp.* Thowe comest to Respublica to make some mone.

*Ad.* Or els some complainte. *Peo.* You all see cham here alone.

*Ins.* Ye muste have silver money, muste ye, jentilman ?  
Youe cannot be content with suche coigne as wee can.

*Opp.* We muste burne woode and cole, muste ye, all of pleasaunce,

Burne turves or some of thy bed strawe with a vengeaunce.

*Ad.* Ye muste eate freashe meate bowght from the shambles, must ye?

Eate garlike and onnyons, and rootes or grasse, and luste ye.

*Ins.* In feith, I will whippe youe for this, ye peasaunte lowte.

*Ad.* And twygge youe. *Ins.* Ere an other yeare come abowte.

*Ad.* But see where Avarice cometh, rennyng veraie fast.

[*Intrat* AVAR.]

*Avar.* I have trodde and scudde tyll my winde is almoste paste,

Yet my mates are not where. *Ins. et Ad.* We bee heare, come of late.

*Avar.* Be there not, trowe we, honefter men in Newgate?

*Ins.* No woordes of reproche, brother myne, I reade youe.

*Avar.* None but Goddigod eve, and Goddigod spede youe.

Fare ye well againe, an ye bee faling owte nowe.

*Ins., Ad.* We mynde yt not. *Avar.* Twere more neade to looke abowte youe.

*Ins.* Howe goethe all? tell us. *Avar.* My ladye is waxte froward :

Our names be all knowen, so there is araie towarde.

*Ins., Opp.* God spede us well. *Avar.* Ons I am thrust owte of service.

*Ad.* Alas! what maie I doe? *Ins., Opp.* Tell us thie best advise.

*Avar.* Naie I cannot have youe, whan I woulde none of yowe all ;

Therefore shifte for your felves, eche one for me youe shall.

*Ad.* Naie, for the pashe of God, tell us what beste to doo :  
Ye knowe I was ner flake to restore youe untoo.

*Avar.* Theis ladies, that are come for Commonweales reliefe,

Prepare to weorke us woo, and doo us all mischiefe.

*Ins.* Naie, by his precious *populorum* I shwere,  
Not the prowdest of them all can hurte me a heare.

*Opp.* If they offre of us to make theire gawdes or toyes,  
Theie shall [find], I trowe, we are no babes nor boyes.

*Avar.* To prevaile againste them with force I doo despaire.

*Ins.* Bee that as bee maie. *Ad.* I will fall to speaking faire :

Butte of all this trouble we maie thanke People, this wretche.

*Opp.* Feith, vilaine, if we scape, thow shalte an halter stretch.

*Ad.* But what remedie therwhile? *Avar.* Feith, all wilbe nawght.

*Ad.* Tell us what to doo. *Avar.* I will. Thei come ; wee are caught.

*Ad.* Whether shall I renne? *Avar.* Nowe sing a song, Honestie.

*Ad.* I am past singing now. *Avar.* Yes, one song, Honestie.

Haye, haie, haie, haie !

I wilbe merie while I maie.

## ACTUS QUINTI SCENA NONA.

VERITEE, JUSTICE, AVARICE, RESPUBLICA, ADULACION,  
MISERICORDIA, PEACE, PEOPLE, INSOLENCIE, OPPRESSION.

*Ver.* Heare theye bee all fower. This is an happie chance.

*Avar.* Take eche manne a ladie, firs, and leate us goo daunce.

*Res.* I, leaſte People heare for a traine to holde them talke.  
Alas! that I coulde tell which waie beſte hens to walke.

*Avar.* What bee theſe faire ladies, and whether will theye,  
trowe?

*Juſt.* We areſt youe, firſ, all fowre as ye ſtande in a rowe,  
Not ſo hardie in your hartes oure areſte to gaine faie.

*Avar.* Naie, we are content, if ye let us gooe oure waie.

*Juſt.* Noo, not a foote: we muſte firſte your reckeninge  
take.

*Avar.* I nere bought nor ſolde with yowe reckeninge to  
make,

Nor I knowe not who yowe bee. *Juſt.* Juſtice is my name.

*Avar.* Where is your dwelling? *Juſt.* In heaven, and  
thens I came.

*Avar.* Dwell ye in heaven, and ſo madde to come hither?  
All our hucking here is howe we maie geat thither.

*Juſt.* I bring heaven with me, and make it where I am.

*Avar.* Then, I praie youe, lett me bee your prentiſe,  
Madame:

I wilbe at your becke. *Juſt.* Ye ſhall ere ye departe.

*Avar.* I woulde learne howe to make heaven with all  
my harte.

Well, as for Ladie Miſericordia,

I remembre I ſawe yowe with Reſpublica.

*Ad.* Youe, if youe ſoo pleaſe, maie doo much goode in  
this lande:

Mannie att this howre dooe nede your goode helping hande.

*Avar.* And ye cam downe from heaven too, I judge.

*Mis.* Yea, ſure.

*Avar.* Why, what folke are ye that cannot heaven  
endure?

And what maie I call you, ladie? *Pax.* My name is Peace.

*Avar.* Ye have long dwelte with us ; wee have been long  
in peace.

*Peace.* Call ye it peace, firrha, whan brother and brother  
Cannot bee content to live one by an other ?

Whan one for his howse, for his lande, yea, for his grote,  
Is readie to strive, and plucke owte an others throte ?

I will in all fuche things make perfecte union.

*Avar.* Than goode night the laweiers gaine, by saincte  
Tronnon :

Westminster hall might goo plaie, if that cam to passe.

Feithe, we must serve youe with a *superfideus*.

*Ver.* Well, leave vaine pratling, and nowe come aunswere  
to mee.

*Avar.* I muste heare first what ye saie, and who ye bee.

*Ver.* I am Dame Veritee. *Avar.* What! the dawghter  
of Tyme ?

*Ver.* Yea. *Avar.* I knowe my Mr. your father well, a fyne.  
Welcome, faire ladie, fwete ladie, litle ladye,  
Plaine ladie, smoothe ladie, sometyme spittle ladye ;  
Ladie longtong, ladye tellall, ladie make bate.

And, I beseeche youe, from whens are ye come of late ?

*Ver.* I am sproong owte of the earth. *Avar.* What! ye  
doo but jeste.

*Ver.* The booke saieth, *Veritas de terra orta est.*

*Avar.* Happie is he which hath that garden platte, I trowe,  
Owte of which fuche faire blossomes doe spring and growe ;  
Yet this one thing I saye. *Ver.* What? *Avar.* Ye are  
frende to fewe,

Prest to open all thinges, and mennes manniers to shewe.

*Ver.* If ye bee true and iuste, that is your benefite.

*Avar.* True or untrue, iuste or unjust, it is your spite,  
And gladde ye are to take other folke in a tryppe.  
*Y* . . . . we and than your owne selfe on the whippe,  
Well, ye might bee honeste of your tonge if yowe woulde.

*Ver.* If your actes were honest, ye did but as ye shoulde.

*Avar.* Who chargeth me with the cryme of anie vice?

*Ver.* Thowe calst thieselfe Policie, and arte Avarice.

*Avar.* Naie, I defie youre mallis. I am Policie.

Aske of my felowes here, am not I Policie?

*Ver.* Ladies, will ye all see hym openlie tried?

*Iust.* If he bee an yll one, leate hym bee descryed.

*Ver.* What haste thowe in thie bosome? *Avar.* Nothing,  
I, truelie.

*Ver.* Nothing truelie gotte, faie : shewe ytt foorth openlie.

*Avar.* What shoulde I shew foorth? *Ver.* That bag in  
thie bosome hid.

*Avar.* It lieth well : I thanke youe as muche as thoughe  
I dyd.

*Ver.* Naie, come on ; owte with ytt. *Avar.* Loe ! here tis  
for your fansie.

*Ver.* Give it me. *Avar.* Yea, naie, I defie that, Polycye.

*Ver.* Open yt. *Avar.* Yea, that eche bodie might bee  
catching.

Somes teeth, I thinke, water een fens to bee snatching.

*Ver.* We muste nedes see what yt is. *Avar.* Tis a bag  
of rie.

*Ver.* Rye ! what rye? *Avar.* A bag of rie. *Ver.* Suche  
as men do eate?

*Avar.* A bag of rye floure, a greate deale better then  
wheate.

*Ver.* Let us see what rye ytt is ; poore it owte in haste.

*Avar.* Yea, shall? I trowe not. In dede foo might wee make wafte.

*Ver.* There is no remedie, powre ytt owte in my lappe.

*Avar.* Naie, if there be no choyfe, I will use myne owne cappe.

*Ver.* So, a bag of rye qd thou! *Avar.* Yea, so God me fpede.

*Ver.* Thoue saiest even trueth, tis a bagg of rye in dede, Voiree, perjuree, pitcheree, patcherie, Pilferee, briberee, fnatcherie, catcherie, Flatterie, robberie, clowterie, botcherie, Tromperye, harlotrie, myserie, tretcherie.

*Avar.* There is twoo, an please youe, a litle forcerie, Witcherie, bauderee, and fuche other grossferee.

*Ver.* And howe gotste thowe all this in thye possession?

*Avar.* Pardon me, and I will make my confession. The worlde is harde, and the bag ys but veraie small, I gotte it where I colde to goe on beg[ging] with all. A plaine true deling manne, that loveth not to steale, And I durst not bee bolde to crave of common weale.

*Ver.* Now doe of[f] thi gowne, and tourne the inside owtwarde.

*Avar.* Leate me alone, and an angell for a rewarde.

*Ver.* Come of at ons. Whan? come of. No more gawdies nor japes.

*Avar.* Muste I nedes whipp over the chaine like jacke a napes?

*Res.* Owte, in the vertue of God! what doo yee here see?

*Avar.* All this had been losfe, Respublica, but for me.

*Res.* O Lorde! where hast thou dragged up all these purfes?

*Ver.* Where he hathe had for theim manie thowfaunde  
curfes.

*Res.* Where haft thoue gotten them? tell trueth, and do  
not lye.

*Avar.* Where no honest manne coulde have gotten theym  
but I:

In blinde corners where some would have houred theim,  
Had not I take theym with the manier, and bourdened  
theym.

*Res.* And whither was yt thine entent to conveigh them  
now?

*Avar.* I hidde them, that I might bring them fafelie  
to youe.

I durst not beare them openlie, to God I vowe,  
I wis ye have harde me blame pickepurfes or nowe;  
And this is all yours. *Ver.* It is hers in veraie dede.

*Avar.* With sufferance I coulde gette mo to helpe hirned.

*Ver.* Howe faie ye, Respublica, nowe to Policie?

*Res.* I ner suspecte hym, nor hadde hym in zelosie.

*Ver.* Een fuche like counterfaictes shall all the rest appere.  
Sirs, doe of your utmost robes, eche one even heare.  
Now what these are yee see plaine demonstration.

*Res.* Infolence, Oppression, Adulacion!

O Lorde, howe have I bee used these five yeres past!

*Peo.* Naie, Is ner thought better of om iche by Goddes vast.  
Vey, Madame my Ladie, fuche struffioners as these  
Have ofte made youe beleeve the moone was a grene chese.

*Ver.* Nowe ye see what thei are, the punishment of this  
Muste bee referred to the goddesse Nemesis:  
Shee is the mooste highe goddesse of correccion,  
Cleare of conscience, and voide of affection.  
She hath powre from above, and is newlie sent downe

To redresse all owtrages in cite and in towne :  
She hathe powre from Godde all practife to repeale,  
Which might bring annoyaunce to Ladie Commonweale.  
To hir office belongeth the prowde toverthrowe,  
And fuche to restore as injurie hath browght lowe.  
Tys hir powre to forbidde and punishe in all eastates  
All presumptuous immoderate attemptates.  
Her cognifaunce, therefore, is a whele and wings to flye,  
In token hir rewle extendeth ferre and nie :  
A rudder eke she beareth in hyr other hande,  
As directrie of all things in everye lande.  
Than pranketh she hir elbowse owte under hir side  
To keape backe the headie, and to temper their pride.  
To hir, therefore, dere sisters, we muste nowe reforte,  
That she maie geve sentence uppon this nawghtie sorte :  
She knowith what is fyttest for their correction ;  
Nemesis muste, therefore, herin geve direction.

*Just.* Than, People, while we ladie Nemesis doo sett,  
All these offenders in thie custodie wee sett,  
Them to aprehende, and kepe tyll wee come againe.

*Peo.* An ye geve me toritee, chill kepe om, that is plaine.

*Ins., Opp.* Shall People kepe us, of whom we have been  
lordes ?

*Peo.* Stande still, or by Jisse bynde youe vasse with  
chordes.

Naie, sirs, ich ha youe nowe in my custoditee.

*Avar.* Masse, I wilbe gone for myne owne comoditie.

*Peo.* Zoft ! whether wylte thou ? nilt thoue not bee roylled ?  
Stande styll, skitbraind theaff, or thy bones shalbe coilled.  
Yond bee thei commyng, nowe che warte, that will tame ye.  
A zee ! arte thou gon too ? come backe, and evill a thee.

## ACTUS QUINTI SCENA DECIMA.

NEMESIS, RESPUBLICA, MISERICORDIA, VERITAS, JUSTICE,  
PAX, PEOPLE, INSOLENCIE, OPPRESSION, ADULACION,  
AVARICE.

*Nem.* Come foorth, Respublica, our derling mooste dere.

*Res.* At youre woorde, mooste gracious ladie, I am here.

*Nem.* Are these your trustie men, that had youe in governmente?

*Peo.* The skitb[r]aines nold not we roilled ner fens ye wente.

*Nem.* People, whie aret thow bashefull, and standest soo farre?

Bee of goode chere now; and I warraunte thee come ner.

*Peo.* I nil come no nere; cha not bee haled up with states, But Is cannot bee fichaunte enoughe emongst my [mates].

*Nem.* Come nere whan I bydde thee. *Peo.* Marye, but I ninnat:

I nam not worthy to perke with yowe, no, I nam not.

*Nem.* Well, Respublica, are these youre late governours, Whom ye tooke for faithfull and trustie counsailours?

*Res.* Yea, forfouth, Madame. *Avar.* These three bee, but I am none;

For I was discharged nigh haulfe an howre agone.

*Nem.* Come, firste stande foorth, thou Adulacion.

*Ad.* Speake agoode woorde for me, Ladie Compassion.

*Peo.* Naie, she shall not nede; I chill speake for the miselfe. Madame, take goode hede, for this is a naughtie elfe.

*Ad.* Naie, Madame, the cause of all this was Avarice; He forged us newe names, and dyd us all entice.

*Opp.* Wee neither dyd, nor coulde, weorke but by his advife.

*Ad.* Because I gotte no more, he chidde me ones or twife.

*Ins.* Madame, onely Avarice made us all to fall.

*Avar.* Yea ? Falle to preaching ? Naie, then will I tell all.  
Madam, ere I had taught these merchauntes enie while,  
Thei were conynger then I all men to beeguile ;  
And Veritee sawe myne were small purses and baggs,  
Tottering loose about me like windshaken rags,  
But he that shoulde have bagged that Infolence dyd winne,  
Muste have made a poke to putt five or six shiers in ;  
He muste have made wide sacks for castells, townes, and  
woodes :

The canvesse to make them of were woorth ten tymes my  
goodes.

Than Oppression here, to feather well his neafte,  
Cared not of theire livelihood whom he dispossesse :  
Bishops, deanes, prestes, ye, poore folke from the Spittle,  
Landes with church and chapple, all was for him to litle.  
Poore I did not foo ; I scraped but lytle crummes,  
And here and there with odde endes patched up my summes.  
Flatterye gotte his thrifte by counterfaiſte honestie,  
Yet, by these tenne bones, I bydde hym use modestie.  
Therefore, spare not hym, he will ner come to goode passe,  
But I maie welbe mended, by the Marie Masse.

*Mis.* Ladie Nemefis, now have yee occasion,  
And matier to shewe youre commiseracion :  
It is much more glorie, and standith with more skyll,  
Lofte shepe to recover, then the scabye to spill.

*Fuſt.* But howe shall this redresse bee well prosecuted,  
If Justice with mercye shalbee executed ?  
Streight Justice muste suche greate enormitees redresse :  
Severitee muste putt men in feare to transgresse.  
Justice muste geve eche manne that he dothe deserve.

*Mis.* If offendours were not, wherefore might mercye  
ferve.

*Avar.* Stike harde to it, goode fwete Ladie Compassion ;  
We are els undoone, by cockes bytter passion.

*Mis.* Veritee, how faie youe ? Have I not spoken well ?

*Ver.* Mercie in one place with Justice sometyme maie  
dwell

And right well agree together : howe faie youe, Peace ?

*Pax.* Where althing is well emended I doo encrease.

*Nem.* Ladies, we have harde all your descrete advises,  
And eche one shall have some parte of youre devises :

Neither all nor none shall taste of severitee,

But as theye are nowe knownen throughe Ladie Veritee,

So shall theye receyve oure mercie or our ire,

As the wealthe of Respublica shall best require.

Now, Adulacion, what faieth youe in this case ?

*Ad.* Nought in myne excuse, but submitte me to your  
grace ;

Onelie this I promise, if I maie mercye fynde,

Utterlye for ever to chaunge my wicked mynde.

I nere fought afore myne owne private gayne so muche,

But I will ferther Commonweales tenne tymes so muche.

*Nem.* Well, thou maiest become a worthie subiecte, yt  
ys plaine.

*Ad.* Els ye knowe at all tymes howe to reache me againe.

*Nem.* Thowe mightest fwerve of frailtee, thow mightst doo  
too please,

Thow mightst doo for feare, thow mightst doo too lyve in  
ease,

Well, uppon thie promyse for ons wee pardon thee :

Goo, and see that from hensfoorth thou bee perfeicte ho-  
nestee.

*Ad.* So long as shall please God to geve me life & heale,  
I shall mooste duelie serve God and the commonweale.

*Avar.* Nowe to thee, Avarice, have att thye petticote.

*Nem.* Now the plague of commonweales, as all men doo  
note,

Come foorth, Avarice : to spare thee wilbe no boote.  
Thou must bee plucked upp een bye the veraie roote,  
Because thoue scrapedst up what ever thou mightst geate.

*Avar.* In dede, I thanke God there is no man in my  
debte.

*Nem.* And because thoue caughtst yt by wrong contri-  
bucion,

Thoue shalte, firste and formooste, make restitution.

*Avar.* Leat me than, with pardon, goe hens abowte yt  
lightlye.

*Nem.* No ; ye shall have helpe to see it doon uprightlye.  
People, take this felowe. *Avar.* Godde save me from this  
plounge!

*Nem.* That he maie bee pressed as men doo presse a  
spounge;

That he maie droppe ought teverye man hys lotte,  
To the utmooste ferthing that he hath falslie gotte.

*Peo.* An ye bydde me, chill squease hym as drie as a  
kyxe.

*Avar.* Naye, by the pashe of Godde, I shall then die of  
the flixe.

*Nem.* Naie ; thoue shalte deliver hym to the hedd officer  
Which hathe authoritee justice to mynister.

*Peo.* Chil lyver hym to the counstable, and come againe.

*Nem.* Now, Justice, for these twoo that doe here remaine,  
Because the faulte of Insolence is hainous and greate,  
Lucifer's owne faulte taspire to the highest seate ;

And becaufe Oppreffion hath wronged men fo fore,  
 That he spoiled innocents of all thei had, and more,  
 People fhall deliver them unto fafe cuftodie,  
 Where thei maie no farther anoye anie bodie.  
 Whan the tyme maie ferve texamine and trie their caufe,  
 Call them bothe before you, and judge them by the lawfe.

*Peo.* And fhallche carie awaie thefe fame twoo men alfo?

*Nem.* Yea ; goe deliver them to an officer ; goe.  
 Now, dearling Respublica, ye are in tholde good eafteate,  
 And they taken awaie that spoiled youe of late :  
 Nowe cleve to thefe ladies from heaven to youe directe ;  
 They from all corruption will youe fafe protecke.  
 Well, I muft go hens to an other counteye nowe,  
 That hathe of redrefse the like cafe that was in youe.  
 I leave youe for thys tyme, immortall thanks to geve  
 To Godde and your foveraigne which doo youe thus relieve.

*Res.* Thankes be to thee, O Lorde ! which haft this worlde  
 wrought,

And haft me to this ftate from utter ruine brought.

*Pax.* Now leat us all together, bothe with harte and voice,  
 In God and in Quene Marie moofte joyfullie rejoyce.

*Ver.* Praying that hir reigne, moofte gracioufle begonne,  
 M[ay] long yeares endure, as hithertoo yt hath doone.

*Mis.* Praie wee forre hir Counsaile to have long life and  
 healthe.

*Juf.* Theire foveraigne to ferve. *Pax.* And to mainteine  
 Comonwealthe.

*Omnes.* Amen !

*Cantent, et exeant.*

## INTRODUCTION.

3/

THE original edition of this production, which came out in 1598, is extremely rare; and the impression of it in 1605, which we have here reprinted, is unquestionably unique: it alone exists in the library at Bridgewater House, and many years ago the liberal and accomplished owner of it gave leave for its reproduction.

The value of it is both positive and negative—positive as regards its own merits, and negative as it may be said to establish Shakespeare's claim to certain disputed poems in the collection known as "The Passionate Pilgrim." This important negative value was first proved in the edition of Shakespeare's Works, 8vo., 1858, vol. vi, p. 674.

Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia" first appeared, as we have stated, in 1598: "The Passionate Pilgrim" came out in 1599; and it was found to contain several pieces which had previously been given by Barnfield, or, more strictly speaking, which W. Jaggard, the printer, had inserted in the "Encomion of Lady Pecunia." Thus it was made to seem as if Barnfield had the prior claim to poems which, in the following year, are met with in "The Passionate Pilgrim." When, however, Barnfield in 1605 published the second edition of his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," under the altered title of "Lady Pecunia or the Praise of Money," he omitted the doubtful pieces which had found their way into "The Passionate Pilgrim" in 1599. They are of such

indisputable excellence, that he could not have disclaimed them, had they been really his; and the inevitable inference is that they are by Shakespeare. This fact constitutes the negative value of the poetical tract we now reproduce, more than two centuries and a half after its original publication. Of its merits, as a poem of the age of Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Daniel, and Drayton, we need say nothing, because the application of half an hour to the perusal of the tract will enable the competent reader to judge for himself.

Barnfield commenced author in 1594, when his "Affectionate Shepherd" made its appearance; and the last we hear of him is in 1605, when he republished his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," altering all the parts which applied to Queen Elizabeth, and rendering it a vehicle for gross flattery of her successor. It is very possible that it introduced him to some profitable post, in which he no longer needed the aid of his pen. Poverty is often a more effectual spur than glory: if Barnfield had been rich, we should certainly have wanted both the first and second editions of his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia." On a future occasion we propose to reprint the earliest impression, for the sake of exact comparison: Shakespeare's share in it will then be seen in its original shape, and a copy is before us while we write.

J. P. C.

LADY PECUNIA,  
OR  
THE PRAISE OF MONEY.

ALSO  
A Combat betwixt Conscience  
and Covetousnesse.

TOGITHER WITH,  
The complaint of Poetry for the death  
of Liberality.

*Newly corrected and enlarged by* RICHARD BARNFIELD,  
*Graduate in Oxford.*



Printed by W. I. and are to bee sold by John  
Hodgets dwelling in Paules Churchyard a  
little beneath Paules Schoole. 1605.



THE AUTHOR'S FIRST EPISTLE  
DEDICATORY.

**L**ED *by the swift report of winged Fame,  
With silver trumpet sounding forth your name,  
To you I dedicate this merry Muse,  
And for my patron I your favour chuse :  
She is a lady, she must be respected ;  
She is a queene, she may not be neglected.  
This is the shadow, you the substance have,  
Which substance now this shadow seems to crave.*

RICHARD BARNFIELD.



## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

**G**ENTLEMEN, being encouraged through your gentle acceptance of my Cynthia, I have once more ventred on your curtesies ; hoping to find you (as I have done heretofore) friendly. Being determined to writ of something, and yet not resolved of anything, I considered with myselfe, if one should write of Love (they will say) everie one writes of Love : if of vertue, why, who regards vertue : to be short, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in request. At length I bethoght my selfe of a Subject, both new (as having never been written upon before) and pleasing (as I thoght) because Mans Nature commonlye loves to heare that praised, with whose presence he is most pleased.

Erasmus (the glory of Netherland, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke in the praise of follye. Then, if so excellent a Scholler writ in praise of vanity, why maye not I write in praise of that which is profitable ? There are not two Countreys where Gold is esteemed lesse than in India, and more then in England : the reason is, because the Indians are barbarous, and our nation civill.

I have given Pecunia the title of a Woman, both for the termination of the word, because (as Women are) shee is lov'd

*of men. The bravest voyages in the World have been made for Gold: for it, men have ventured (by Sea) to the furthest partes of the earth. In the pursute whereof Englandes Nestor and Neptune (Hawkins and Drake) lost their lives. Upon the deaths of the which two, of the first I writ this:*

The waters were his winding sheete, the sea was made his Toombe,  
Yet for his Fame the Ocean Sea was not sufficient roome.

*Of the latter this:*

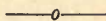
England his Hart, his Corps the Waters have,  
And that which raifd his Fame became his grave.

*The Praetorians (after the death of Pertinax) in the election of a new Emperour more esteemed the money of Julianus, then either the vertue of Severus, or the valour of Pessennius. Then, of what great estimation this Lady Pecunia both hath beene in the world, and is at this present, I leave to your Judgement. But what speak I so much of her praise in my Epistle, that have commended her so at large in my Booke? to the reading whereof (Gentlemen) I refer you.*

# L A D Y   P E C U N I A

OR

## THE PRAISE OF MONEY.



I SING not of Angellica the faire,  
(For whom the Palladine of Fraunce fel mad)  
Nor of sweet Rosamond, old Cliffords heire,  
(Whose death did make the second Henry sad)  
But of the fairest faire, Pecunia,  
The famous Queene of rich America.

2.

Goddeffe of Gold, great Empreffe of the Earth,  
O thou that canst doo all thinges under Heaven!  
That doost convert the saddest mind to mirth,  
(Of whom the elder age was quite bereaven)  
Of thee Ile sing, and in thy praise Ile write.  
You, golden Angels, helpe me to indite.

3.

You, you alone can make my Muse to speake,  
And tell a golden tale, with silver tongue:  
You onely can my pleasing silence breake,  
And add some musique to a merry Songue;  
But amongst all the five, in musicks art,  
I worst can brooke the Counter-tenor part.

4.

The meane is best, and that I meane to keepe,  
 So shall I keepe my selfe from that I meane ;  
 Left with some others I be forc'd to weepe,  
 And cry peccavi in a dolefull scæne.

But to the matter which I have in hand,  
 The Lady Regent, both by Sea and Land.

5.

When Saturne liv'd, and wore the kingly Crowne,  
 (And Jove was yet unborn, but not unbred)  
 This Ladies fame was then of no renown,  
 (For gold was then no more esteemed then lead) ;  
 Then truth and honesty were only us'd,  
 Silver and Golde were utterly refus'd.

6.

But when the Worlde grew wiser in conceit,  
 And saw how men in manners did decline,  
 How Charitie began to lose her heate,  
 And one did at anothers good repine,  
 Then did the aged first of all respect her,  
 And vowd from thence-forth never to reject her.

7.

Thus with the world her beauty did increase,  
 And many futers had she to obtaine her :  
 Some fought her in the wars, and some in peace ;  
 But few of youthfull age could ever gaine her :  
 Or if they did, she soon was gon againe,  
 And could with them but little time remaine.

8.

For why againſt the nature of her ſexe,  
(That commonly deſpiſe the feeble olde)  
Shee loves old men ; but yong men ſhe rejects,  
Becauſe to her their love is quickly colde :  
    Olde men (like husbands jealous of their wives)  
    Lock her up faſt, and keepe her as their lives.

9.

The young man, careleſſe to maintaine his life,  
Neglects her love (as though he did abhor her)  
Like one that hardly doth obtaine a wife,  
And when he hath her once, he cares not for her :  
    Shee, ſeeing that the yong man doth deſpiſe her,  
    Leaves the franke hart, and flies unto the miſer.

10.

He entertaines her with a joyfull hart,  
And ſeemes to rue her undeſerved wrong ;  
And from his preſence ſhe ſhall never part,  
Or if ſhe doe, he thinks her abſence long :  
    And oftentimes he ſends for her againe,  
    Whoſe life without her cannot long remaine.

11.

And when he hath her in his owne poſſeſſion,  
He locks her in an yron-barred cheſt ;  
And doubting ſomewhat of the like tranſgreſſion,  
He holds that yron-walled priſon beſt.  
    And leaſt ſome ruſty ſickneſſe ſhould infect her,  
    He often viſits her, and doth reſpect her.

## 12.

As for the yong man (subject unto sinne)  
 No marvell thogh the Divell doe distresse him  
 To tempt mans frailty, which doth never linne,  
 Who many times, hath not a Crosse to blesse him :  
     But how can he incurre the heavens curffe,  
     That hath so many crossees in his purse ?

## 13.

He needs not fear those wicked sprights that walke  
 Under the coverture of cole-blacke night ;  
 For why, the divell still a crosse doth baulke,  
 Because on it, was hangde the Lord of Light :  
     But let not myfers trust to silver Crossees,  
     Least, in the end, their gaines be turnd to losses.

## 14.

But what care they, so they may hoord up golde,  
 Either for God, or devill, or heaven, or hell ?  
 So they may faire Pecuniaes face behold,  
 And everie daie their mounts of money tell.  
     What tho to count their coine they never blin,  
     Count they their coin, and counts not go[l]d their sin ?

## 15.

But what talke I of sinne to Ufurers,  
 Or looke for mendment at a myfers hand ?  
 Pecunia hath so many followers,  
 Bootlesse it is her power to withstand.  
     King Covetife, and Warinesse his wife,  
     The parents were that first did give her life.

## 16.

But now unto her praise I will proceed,  
Which is as ample as the world is wide.  
What great contentment doth her prefence breed  
In him, that can his wealth with wifdome guide :  
    She is the Sovereaine Queene of all delights ;  
    For her the lawyer pleads, the fouldier fights.

## 17.

For her the merchant ventures on the seas,  
For her the scholler studdies at his booke ;  
For her the ufurer (with greater ease)  
For filly fishes layes a silver hooke ;  
    For her the townesman leaves the contry vilage,  
    For her the plowman gives himselfe to tillage.

## 18.

For her the gentleman doth raise his rentes,  
For her the servingman attends his mayster :  
For her the curious head new toyes invents ;  
For her to fores the furgeon layes his playster.  
    In fine, for her, each man, in his vocation,  
    Applies himselfe in every sev'rall nation.

## 19.

What can thy hart desire, but thou mayst have it,  
If thou have readie money to disburse ?  
Then, thanke thy fortune, that so freely gave it,  
For of all friendes the surest is thy purffe.  
    Friends may prove fals, and leave thee in thy need,  
    But still thy purffe will be thy friend indeed.

## 20.

Admit thou come into a place unknowne,  
 And no man wots of whence, or what thou art ;  
 If once thy fayre Pecunia she be showne,  
 Thou art esteemd a man of great defart,  
     And placed at the tables upper end,  
     Not for thine owne fake, but thy trusty friende.

## 21.

But if you want your Ladies lovely grace,  
 And have not wherewithall to pay your shot,  
 Your hostis presently will step in place,  
 You are a stranger (sir) I know you not :  
     By trusting divers, I am run in det ;  
     Therefore, of mee nor meate nor bed you get.

## 22.

O, who can then expresse the worthie praise,  
 Which faire Pecunia justly doth deserve !  
 That can the meaneft man to honour raise,  
 And feed the soule that ready is to starve.  
     Affection, which was wont to be so pure,  
     Against his golden siege may not endure.

## 23.

Witnesse the trade of mercenarie sinne,  
 (Or occupation, if you list to tearme it)  
 Where faire Pecunia must the suite beginne ;  
 (As common-trade experience doth confirme it)  
     Not Mercurie himselfe, with silver tongue,  
     Can so inchaunt as can a golden Songue.

24.

When nothing could subdue the Phrygian Troy,  
(That cittie throgth the world so much renowned)  
Pecunia did her utterlie destroy,  
And left her fame in dark Oblivion drowned :  
And manie citties since, no lesse in fame,  
For love of her have yeelded to their shame.

25.

What thing is then so well belov'd as monie ?  
It is a speciall comfort to the mind ;  
More faire then women are, more sweet than honie ;  
Easie to loose, but verie harde to finde.  
In fine, to him whose purse begins to faint,  
Golde is a God, and silver is a Saint.

26.

The time was once, when Honestie was counted  
A demie-god, and so esteem'd of all,  
But now Pecunia on his seate is mounted ;  
Since Honestie in great disgrace did fall.  
No state, no calling now, dooth him esteeme ;  
Nor of the other ill doeth any deeme.

27.

The reason is, because he is so poore :  
(And who respects the poore, and needy creature ?)  
Still begging of his almes, from doore to doore ;  
All ragd, and torne, and eeke deformd in feature.  
In countenance so changde, than none can kno him,  
So weake, that every vice doth overthrow him.

28.

But fayre Pecunia, (moſt divinely bred)  
For fundrie ſhapes doth Proteus ſelfe ſurpaſſe :  
In one land ſhe is futed all in lead,  
And in another ſhe is clad in braſſe ;  
    But ſtill within the coaſt of Albion,  
    She ever puts her beſt apparell on.

29.

Silver and golde, and nothing elſe is currant  
In England : in faire Englands happy land,  
All baſer fortes of mettals have no warrant,  
Yet ſecretlie they ſlip from hand to hand.  
    If any ſuch be tooke, the fame is loſt,  
    And preſently is nailed on a poſt.

30.

Which, with quick-ſilver being flouriſht over,  
Seemes to be perfect ſilver to the ſhow :  
As woemans paintings their defects doe cover,  
Under this falſe attire ſo do they go.  
    If on a wollen cloth thou rub the ſame,  
    Then wil it ſtraight beginne to bluſh for ſhame.

31.

If chafed on thy haire till it be hot,  
If it good ſilver be, the ſcent is ſweet :  
If counterfeit, thy chafiſg hath begot  
A ranke-smelt favour, for a Queene unmeete :  
    Pecunia is a Queene for her defarts,  
    And in the decke may go for queene of harts.

## 32.

The queene of harts, because she rules all hearts,  
And hath all harts obedient to her will :  
Whose bounty fame unto the world imparts ;  
And with her glory all the world doth fill :  
    The queene of diamonds she cannot be.  
    There was but one ; Eliza, thou wast shee !

## 33.

And thou wast she, O sacred soveraigne !  
Whom God did ayde with his Al-mighty hand :  
Blessing thy people with thy peacefull raigne,  
And made this little land a happy land :  
    Thy peace on earth begun, in heaven made pure,  
    There croud with lasting joy : ô joy most sure !

## 34.

The time was once, when faire Pecunia, here,  
Did basely goe attyred all in leather ;  
But in Elizaes raigne it did appeare  
Most richly clad ; in golde, or silver either :  
    Nor reason is it, that her golden raigne  
    With baser coyne eclipsed should remaine.

## 35.

And as the coine shee did repurifie,  
From baser substance, to the purest mettels ;  
Religion so did shee refine beside  
From papistrie, to truth ; which dayly settles  
    Within the peoples harts ; though some there be,  
    That cleave unto their wonted Papistrie.

36.

No flocke of sheepe, but some are still infected :  
 No peece of lawne so pure, but hath some fret :  
 All buildings are not strong that are erected :  
 All plants prove not that in good ground are set :  
     Some tares are sown amongst the choicest seed ;  
     No garden can be cleans'd of every weede.

37.

But now more Angels, then on earth yet weare  
 Her golden impresse, have to Heaven attended  
 Hir virgin-foule ; now, now she sojournes there,  
 Tasting more joyes then may be comprehended.  
     Life, she hath changde for life (oh countlesse gaine !)  
     An earthlie rule for an eternal raigne.

38.

Such a Successor leaving in her stead,  
 So peerelesse worthie, and so royall wife,  
 In him her vertues live, though she be dead :  
 Bountie and zeale in him both soveranize.  
     To him alone Pecunia doth obey,  
     He ruling her that doth all others sway.

39.

Bounty, that when she sickned, cras'd and fainted,  
 And when she left the earth had almost died,  
 Hoping with her in heaven to have bin fainted,  
 And mongst the rest an angels place supplied,  
     This king hath cherisht, and his life assured,  
     And of a long consumption Bounti's cured.

40.

Plenty and Peace upon his throne attend,  
Health and Content upon his person wait ;  
Conquest and Fame his royaltie defend :  
May all good planets smile upon his state,  
    By whom all-drooping-vertues are revived,  
    And dying-bounty made againe long lived !

41.

The hand of Heaven still take him to his keeping,  
Him in no danger, in no doubt forsaking :  
A thousand of his Angels garde him sleeping,  
And all the hoast of heaven protect him waking ;  
    That he in safety, peace and rest, may raigne,  
    Whilst the two poles the frame of heven sustain !

42

But now to her whose praise is here pretended,  
(Divine Pecunia) fairer then the morne,  
Which cannot be sufficientlie commended ;  
Whose sun-bright beautie doeth the worlde adorne.  
    Adorns the world, but speciallie the purffe,  
    Without whose presence nothing can be worfe.

43.

Not faire Hæfione (King Priams sister)  
Did ever shew more beautie in her face,  
Then can this lovelie lady, if it list her  
To shew her selfe ; admyr'd for comely grace :  
    Which neither age can weare, nor tyme conclude,  
    For why, her beautie yearlie is renude.

44.

New coine is yearlie stamped in the Tower ;  
 But these faire daies of joy addes alteration :  
 In faire Elizaes raign none had that power ;  
 But kingly glorie clothes her new in fashion,  
     Ads beautie to her beames, by adding more  
     Then grayest haire in life ere saw before.

45.

Stand forth who can, and tell, and truelie saie  
 When England, Scotland, Ireland and France,  
 He ever saw Pecunia to displaie  
 Before these daies : O wondrous happie chance !  
     Nor doth Pecunia onelie please the eie,  
     But charmes the eare with heavenlie harmony.

46.

Like to another Orpheus she can plaie  
 Upon her treble harpe, whose silver found  
 Inchantes the eare, and steales the hart awaie,  
 That hardlie the deceit thereof is found.  
     Although such musicke some a shilling cost,  
     Yet is it worth but nine-pence, at the most.

47.

But Ireland alone this musicks found,  
 Being clad in silver, challenge for their coine.  
 What though amongst us much thereof be found,  
 Authoritie no subject dooth injoyne  
     Above his worth to countenance the fame :  
     Then men, not coin, are worthy of that blame.

48.

Had I the sweet inchaunting tongue of Tully,  
That charmd the hearers like the Syrens song,  
Yet could I not discribe the prayfes fully  
Which to Pecunia justly doth belong :

Let it suffice, her beauty doeth excell,  
Whose praise no pen can paint, no tongue can tel.

49.

Then how shall I describe, with artlesse pen,  
The praise of her whose prais al praise surmounteth ?  
Breeding amazement in the mindes of men,  
Of whom this present age so much accounteth.

Varietie of words would sooner want,  
Then store of plentious matters would be scant.

50.

Whether yee list to looke into the Citty,  
(Where money tempts the poore beholders eye)  
Or to the countrey townes, devoyde of pittie,  
(Where to the poore each place doth almes denie)  
All things for money now are bought and sold,  
That either hart can thinke, or eie behold.

51.

Nay more for money (as report doth tell)  
Thou mayst obtaine a pardon for thy finnes ;  
The Pope of Rome for mony will it sell,  
(Whereby thy soule no small salvation winnes).  
But how can he (of pride the chiefe beginner)  
Forgive thy finnes, that is himselfe a sinner ?

52.

Then, sith the Pope is subject unto sinne,  
 No marvell tho divine Pecunia tempt him  
 With her faire beauty ; whose good-will to winne  
 Each one contends ; and shall wee then exempt him ?  
     Did never mortall man yet looke upon her,  
     But straight way he became enamour'd on her.

53.

Yet would I wish the wight that loves her so,  
 And hath obtain'd the like good-will againe,  
 To use her wisely, lest she prove his foe,  
 And so, in stead of pleasure, breed his paine.  
     She may be kist, but she may not be clipt,  
     Lest such delight in bitter gall be dypt.

54.

The juyce of grapes, which is a soveraigne thing  
 To cheere the hart, and to revive the spirits,  
 Being usde imoderatly (in surfetting)  
 Rather dispraise then commendation merits :  
     Even so Pecunia is as she is used,  
     Good of her selfe, but bad if once abused.

55.

With her the tenant payes the landlords rent,  
 On her depends the stay of every state ;  
 To her rich preffents every day are sent,  
 In her it rests to end all dire debate :  
     Through her to wealth is raifd the country boor,  
     From her proceeds much profit to the poore.

56.

Then, how can I sufficiently commend  
Her beuties worth which maks the world to wonder ?  
Or end her praise, whose praises have no end ?  
Whose absence brings the stoutest stomach under ?  
Let it suffice, Pecunia hath no peere,  
No wight, no beauty, held more faire, more deere,

FINIS.

---

THE AUTHORS PRAYER TO PECUNIA.

GREAT Lady, sith I have compilde thy Praise  
(According to my skill) and not thy merit,  
And fought thy Fame above the stars to raise,  
(Had I sweet Ovids vaine, or Virgils spirit)  
I crave no more but this for my good-will,  
That in my want thou wilt supply me still.

THE COMBAT BETWIXT CONSCIENCE AND  
COVETOUSNESSE IN THE MINDE  
OF MAN.

---

NOW had the cole-black steeds, of pitchie night,  
(Breathing out darknes) banisht cheerfull light,  
And sleepe (the shaddow of eternall rest)  
My severall fences wholly had possesst,  
When loe! there was presented to my view,  
A vision strange, yet not so strange, as true.  
Conscience (me thought) appeared unto me,  
Cloth'd with good deeds, with truth and honesty,  
Her countenance demure and sober sad,  
Nor any other ornament she had.  
Then Covetousnesse did encounter her,  
Clad in a cassock, like a usurer:  
The cassock it was made of poore men['s] skinnes,  
Lac'd here and here with many severall sinnes:  
Nor was it furd, with any common fur,  
Or if it were himselfe he was the *fur*.  
A bag of money in his hand he held,  
The which with hungry eie he still beheld.  
The place wherein this vision first began,  
(A spacious plaine) was calld the Mind of Man.  
The carle no sooner Conscience had espyde,  
But swelling like a toad, (pufft up with pride)

He straight began against her to invey :

These were the words which Covetise did say.

Conscience (quoth he) how dar'st thou be so bold,  
To claime the place that I by right do hold ?  
Neither by right, nor might, thou canst obtaine it ;  
By might (thou knowst ful wel) thou canst not gain it.  
The greatest princes are my followers :  
The king in peace, the captaine in the wars ;  
The courtier, and the simple countreyman,  
The judge, the merchant, and the gentleman :  
The learned lawyer, and the politician,  
The skilfull surgeon, and the fine physician.  
In briefe, all sortes of men me entertaine,  
And hold me as their soules sole soveraigne ;  
And in their quarrell they will fight and die,  
Rather than I should suffer injurie.  
And as for title, interest, and right,  
Ile prove its mine by that, as well as might.  
Though Covetousnesse were used long before,  
Yet Judas treason made my fame the more ;  
When Christ he caused crucifixe to bee,  
For thirtie pence man solde his mind to me :  
And now adaies, what tenure is more free,  
Than that which purchas'd is with gold and fee ?

CONSCIENCE.

With patience have I heard thy large complaint,  
Wherein the Divell would be thought a saint ;  
But wot ye what the saying is of olde ?  
One tale is good untill anothers tolde.  
Truth is the right that I must stand upon,  
(For other title hath poore Conscience none.)

First I will prove it, by antiquitie,  
 That thou art but an upstart unto me :  
 Before that thou wast ever thought upon,  
 The Mind of Man belonged to me alone.  
 For after that the Lord had man created,  
 And him in blisse-full Paradice had feated,  
 (Knowing his nature was to vice inclyn'd)  
 God gave me unto man to rule his minde,  
 And, as it were, his governour to be,  
 To guide his mind in trueth and honesty.  
 And where thou sayst that man did fell his foule,  
 That argument I quicklie can controule.  
 It is a fained fable thou dost tell :  
 That which is not his owne he cannot fell.  
 No man can fell his foule, although he thought it :  
 Mans foule is Christs, for he hath dearely bought it.  
 Therefore, usurping Covetise, be gone,  
 For why, the minde belongs to me alone.

COVETOUSNESSE.

Alas, poore Conscience, how thou art decay'd !  
 As though of senses thou wert quite bereavd.  
 What wilt thou say, that thinks thou canst not erre,  
 If I can prove my selfe the ancienter ?  
 Though into Adams mind God did infuse thee  
 Before his fall, yet man did never use thee.  
 What was it else but avarice in Eve,  
 (Thinking thereby in greater blisse to live)  
 That made her tast of the forbidden fruite ?  
 Of her desier was I not the roote ?  
 Did she not covet (tempted by the Divell)  
 The Apple of the Tree of good and evill ?

Before that man used Conscience she did covet :  
Therefore by her transgression here I prove it,  
That Covetousnesse possessest the mind of man  
Before that any Conscience began.

## CONSCIENCE.

Even as a counterfeited precious stone  
Seemes to be far more rich to looke upon,  
Then doeth the right ; but when a man comes neer,  
His basenes then doeth evident appeare,  
So, Covetise, the reasons thou dost tell  
Seeme to be strong ; but being weighed well,  
They are indeed but onely meere illusions,  
And doe inforce but very weake conclusions.  
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)  
Had given man a charge of abstinence,  
And to refraine the fruit of good and ill,  
Man had a Conscience to obey his will ;  
And never would be tempted thereunto  
Untill the woeman she did worke man woe,  
And made him break the Lords commaundement,  
Which all mankind did afterward repent.  
So that thou seest thy argument is vaine,  
And I am prov'd the elder of the twaine.

## COVETOUSNESSE.

Fond wretch ! it was not Conscience, but feare  
That made the first man (Adam) to forbear  
To tast the fruit of the forbidden tree,  
Left, if offending he were found to be  
(According as Jehovah saide on hie)  
For his so great transgression he should die.  
Feare curbd his minde : it was not Conscience then,

(For Conscience freely rules the harts of men),  
 And is a godly motion of the mind  
 To everie vertuous action inclind,  
 And not enforc'd through feare of punishment,  
 But is to vertue voluntary bent.  
 Then (simple trul) be packing presently,  
 For in this place there is no roome for thee.

## CONSCIENCE.

Aye me (distressed wight)! what shall I doe?  
 Where shall I rest? or whither [shall] I goe?  
 Unto the rich? (woes me) they do abhor me:  
 Unto the poore? (alas) they care not for me:  
 Unto the olde-man? hee hath me forgot:  
 Unto the young-man? yet hee knowes me not:  
 Unto the prince? hee can dispence with mee:  
 Unto the magistrate? that may not be:  
 Unto the court? for it I am to[o] base;  
 Unto the countrey? there I have no place:  
 Unto the city? thence I am exile:  
 Unto the village? there I am revilde:  
 Unto the bar? the lawyer there is bribed:  
 Unto the warre? there conscience is derided:  
 Unto the temple? there I am disguised:  
 Unto the market? there I am dispised.  
 Thus both the young and olde, the rich and poore,  
 Against me, silly creature, shut they doore:  
 Then, sith each one seeks my rebuke and shame,  
 Ile goe again to Heaven, from whence I came.

This said, me thought, making exceeding mone,  
 She went her way, and left the carle alone;  
 Who, vaunting of his late-got victorie,

Advanc'd himfelfe in pompe and majestie :  
Much like a cocke, who having kild his foe,  
Brisks up himfelfe, and then begins to crow.  
So Covetife, when Conscience was departed,  
Gan to be proud in mind, and hautie harted ;  
And in a ftately chaire of state he fet him,  
(For Conscience banifht) there was none to let him,  
And being but one entrie to this plaine,  
(Whereof as king and lord he did remaine)  
Repentance cald, he caufd that to be kept,  
Left Conscience fhould returne whilst as hee fleep.  
Wherefore he caufd it to be watcht and warded  
Both night and daie, and to be ftongly guarded.  
To keepe it fafe thefe three he did intreat ;  
Hardneffe of hart, with Falshood and Deceat :  
And if at anie time fhe chauncd to venter,  
Hardneffe of hart denid her ftill to enter.  
When Conscience was exilde the Minde of Man,  
Than Covetife his government began.  
This once being feene, what I had feene before,  
(Being only feene in fleep was feene no more)  
For with the forrow which my foule did take  
At fight hereof foorthwith I did awake.

FINIS.

# THE COMPLAINT OF POETRY FOR THE DEATH OF LIBERALITY.

—o—

## I.

**W**EEP hevens now, for you have lost your light :  
 Ye, Sun and Moone, beare witnes of my mone.  
 The cleere is turnd to clouds, the daie to night,  
 And all my hope, and all my joie is gone !  
     Bountie is dead, the cause of my annoie ;  
     Bountie is dead, and with her dide my joie.

## 2.

O ! who can comfort my afflicted soule,  
 Or adde some end to my increasing sorrowes ?  
 Who can deliver me from endlesse dole ?  
 (Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes) :  
     When Bountie liv'd, I bore the bell awaie ;  
     When Bountie dide, my credite did decaie.

## 3.

I never then did write on[e] verse in vaine,  
 Nor ever went my poems unregarded ;  
 Then did each noble breast me intertaine,  
 And for my labours I was well rewarded ;  
     But now good wordes are slept in Bounties place,  
     Thinking thereby her glorie to disgrace.

4.

But who can live with words in these hard times,  
(Although they came from Jupiter himselfe ?)  
Or who can take such paiment for his rimes,  
(When nothing now is so esteem'd as Pelfe ?)  
Tis not good words that can a man maintaine ;  
Words are but winde, and wind is all but vaine.

5.

Where is Mecænas, learnings noble patron,  
(That Maroes Muse with Bountie so did cherish ?)  
Or faire Zenobia, that worthy matron,  
(Whose name, for learnings love, shal never perish ?)  
What tho their bodies lie full low in grave,  
Their fame the world, their souls the heavens have.

6.

Vile Avaricia, how hast thou inchaunted  
The noble minds of great and mighty men ?  
Or what infernall fury late hath haunted  
Their niggard purses ? (to the learned pen).  
Was it Augustus wealth, or noble minde,  
That everlasting fame to him asinde.

7.

If wealth ? why Crœsus was more rich then he,  
(Yet Crœsus glorie with his life did end) :  
It was his noble minde that moved mee  
To write his praise, and eke his acts commend.  
Who ere had heard of Alexanders fame,  
If Quintus Curtius had not pend the fame ?

## 8.

Then, sith by me their deeds have beene declared,  
(Which else had perisht with their lives decay)  
Who, to augment their glories, have not spared  
To crowne their browes with never-fading bay,  
What art deserves such liberality,  
As doth the peerlesse art of poetrie ?

## 9.

But Liberalitie is dead and gone,  
And Avarice usurps true Bounties feat.  
For her it is I make this endlesse mone,  
(Whose prayfes worth no pen can well repeat).  
Sweet Liberality, adiew for ever,  
For Poetrie againe shall see thee never.

## 10.

Never againe shall I thy prefence see,  
Never againe shall I thy bountie tast ;  
Never againe shall I accepted be,  
Never againe shall I be so embrac't :  
Never againe shall I the bad recall,  
Never againe shall I belov'd of all.

## 11.

Thou wast the nurse whose bounty gave me sucke,  
Thou wast the sun whose beames did lend me light ;  
Thou wast the tree whose fruit I still did plucke,  
Thou wast the patron to maintaine my right ;  
Through thee I liv'd, on thee I did relie,  
In thee I joy'd, and now for thee I die.

12.

What man hath lately lost a faithful friend,  
Or husband is deprived of his wife,  
But doth his after-daies in dolour spend,  
Leading a loathsome discontented life ?

Dearer then friend or wife have I forgone,  
Then, marvell not although I make such mone.

13.

Faire Philomela, cease thy sad complaint,  
And lend thine eares unto my dolefull dittie :  
(Whose soule with sorrow now begins to faint,  
And yet I cannot move mens hartes to pittie).

Thy woes are light compared unto mine :  
You watrie Nimphes, to me your plaints resigne.

14.

And thou, Melpomene (the Muse of Death),  
That never sing'st but in a dolefull straine,  
Sith cruell Destinie hath stopt her breath,  
(Who whil'st she liv'd was Vertues Soveraigne)  
Leave Helicon (whose bankes so pleasant be)  
And beare a part of sorrow now with mee.

15.

The trees (for sorrow) shed their fading leaves,  
And weepe out gum in stead of other teares :  
Comfort nor joy no creature now conceives,  
To chirp and sing each little bird forbears.  
The fillie sheepe hangs down her drooping head,  
And all because that Bounty she is dead.

## 16.

The greater that I feele my grieve to be,  
The lesser able am I to expresse it :  
Such is the nature of extremity,  
The heart it som-thing eases to confesse it :  
Therefore Ile wake my muse amidst her sleeping,  
And what I want with words supplie with weeping.

## 17.

Weepe still, mine eies, a river full of tears  
To drown my sorrow in, that so molests me ;  
And rid my head of cares, my thoughts of fears,  
Exiling sweet Content that so detests me.  
But ah (alas) my teares are almost dun,  
And yet my grieve it is but new begun !

## 18.

Even as the Sunne, when as it leaves our sight,  
Doth shine with those Antipodes beneath us,  
Lending the other world her glorious light,  
And dismall Darknesse onely doeth bequeath us ;  
Even so sweet Bountie, seeming dead to me,  
Lives now to none but smooth-tongd Flatterie.

## 19.

O Adulation ! canker-worme of Truth,  
The flattering glasse of pride and self-conceit,  
(Making olde wrinkled age appeare like youth)  
Diffimulations maske, and follies beate :  
Pitty it is that thou art so rewarded,  
Whilst Truth and Honestie goe unregarded.

20.

O! that nobility it selfe should staine  
In being bountifull to such vile creatures,  
Who, when they flatter most, then most they faine,  
Knowing what humour best will fit there natures.  
What man so mad that knowes himselfe but poore,  
And will beleieve that he hath riches store.

21.

Upon a time the craftie foxe did flatter  
The foolish pie (whose mouth was full of meat) :  
The pye, beleieving him, began to chatter  
And sing for joy (not having list to eate) ;  
And whil't the foolish pye her meate let fall,  
The craftie foxe did runne awaie with all.

22.

Terence describeth under Gnatoes name  
The right condition of a parasite ;  
(And with such eloquence sets forth the same,  
As doeth the learned reader much delight)  
Showing that such a sicophant as Gnato,  
Is more esteem'd then twentie such as Plato.

23.

Bountie, looke back upon thy goods mispent,  
And thinke how ill thou hast bestowed thy mony ;  
Consider not their words, but their intent ;  
Their harts are gal, although their toongs be hony.  
They speake not as they think, but all is fained,  
And onely to th' intent to be maintained.

## 24.

And herein happie I areade the poore ;  
 No flattering fpaniels fawne on them for meate :  
 The reafon is, becaufe the countrey boore  
 Hath little inough for himfelfe to eate :  
     No man will flatter him, except himfelfe,  
     And why ? becaufe he hath no ftore of wealth.

## 25.

But fure it is not Liberality  
 That doth reward thefe fawning fmel-feafts fo ;  
 It is the vice of Prodigalitie  
 That doth the banks of Bountie overflow.  
     Bountie is dead, yea, fo it needs muft be,  
     Or if alive, yet is ſhe dead to me.

## 26.

Therefore, as one whoſe friend is latelie dead,  
 I will bewaile the death of my late friend,  
 Upon whoſe tomb ten thouſand teares ile ſhed,  
 Till drearie Death of me ſhall make an end :  
     Or if ſhe want a toomb to her difart,  
     Oh ! then, ile bury her within my hart.

## 27.

But (Bounty) if thou love a tombe of ſtone,  
 Oh ! then feeke out a hard and ſtonie hart ;  
 For were mine ſo, yet would it melt with mone,  
 And all becauſe that I with thee muſt part.  
     Then, if a ſtonie hart muſt thee interr,  
     Goe finde a ſtep-dame, or a uſurer.

28.

And sith there dies no Wight of great account,  
But hath an epitaph compos'd by mee,  
Bounty, that did all other far furmount,  
Upon her tombe this epitaph shall be :  
    Here lies the Wight that learning did maintaine,  
    And at the last by Avarice was flaine.

29.

Vile Avarice, why hast thou kild my deare,  
And robd the world of such a worthy treasure ?  
In whom no spark of goodnesse doth appeare,  
So greedie is thy mind, without all measure.  
    Thy death from Death did merit to release her,  
    The murtherers deserv'd to die, not Cæsar.

30.

The merchant's wife, and tender-harted mother,  
That leaves her love, whose sonne is prest for war,  
(Resting the one, as woefull as the other)  
Hopes yet at length, when ended is the jarre,  
    To see her husband, see her son againe :  
    Wer it not then for Hope, the hart were flaine.

31.

But I, whose hope is turned to despaire,  
Nere looke to see my dearest deare againe ;  
Then Pleasure sit thou downe in Sorrowes chaire,  
And for a while thy wonted mirth refraine.  
    Bounty is dead, that whylome was my treasure ;  
    Bounty is dead, my joy and onely pleasure.

## 32.

If Pythias death of Damon were bewailed,  
 Or Pillades did rue Orestes end ;  
 If Hercules for Hylas losse were quailed,  
 Or Theseus for Pyrrithous teares did spend ;  
     Then doe I mourne for Bounty being dead,  
     Who, living, was my hand, my hart, my head.

## 33.

My hand to helpe me in my greateſt need,  
 My hart to comfort me in my diſtreſſe,  
 My head, whom only I obeyd indeed :  
 If ſhe were ſuch, how can my griefe be leſſe ?  
     Perhaps, my words may perce the parca's eares :  
     If not with words, Ile move them with my teares.

## 34.

But ah (alas) my teares are ſpent in vaine,  
 (For ſhe is dead, and I am left alive)  
 Teares cannot call ſweet Bountie back againe :  
 Then why doe I againſt Fate and Fortune ſtrive,  
     And for her death thus weep, lament, and crie,  
     Sinth everie mortall wight is borne to die ?

## 35.

But as the wofull mother doeth lament  
 Her tender babe with cruell Death oppreſt ;  
 Whoſe life was ſpotleſſe, pure, and innocent,  
 (And therefore ſure it ſoule is gone to reſt)  
     So Bountie, which her ſelfe did upright keepe,  
     Yet for her losſe love cannot chuſe but weepe.

36.

The losse of her is losse to manie a one ;  
The losse of her is losse unto the poore,  
And therefore not a losse to me alone,  
But unto such as goe from doore to doore.  
    Her losse is losse unto the fatherlesse,  
    And unto all that are in great distresse.

37.

The maimed souldier comming from the war,  
The woefull wight whose house was lately burnd,  
The fillie foule, the wofull travelar,  
And all whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd,  
    Lament the losse of Liberalitie :  
    Its ease to have in grieve some companie.

38.

The wife of Hector (sad Andromache)  
Did not bewaile her husbands death alone ;  
But (sith he was the Trojans onely stey)  
The wives of Troy (for him) made æqual mone.  
    Shee shead the teares of love, and they of pitty ;  
    She for her deare dead lord, they for their citty.

39.

Nor is the death of Liberalitie  
(Although my grieve be greater than the rest)  
Onely lamented and bewaild of me,  
(And yet of me she was beloved best)  
    But sith she was so bountifull to all,  
    She is lamented both of great and small.

40.

O! that my teares could move the powers divine,  
That Bounty might be called from the dead,  
As pittie pierc'd the hart of Proserpine,  
Who, (moved with the teares Admetus shed),  
Did send him backe againe his loving wife,  
Who lost her owne to save her husbands life.

41.

Impartiall Parcæ, will no prayrs move you?  
Can creatures so divine have stonie harts?  
Haplesse are they whose hap it is to prove you,  
For you respect no creatures good defarts:  
O Atropos! (the crueldst of the three)  
Why hast thou tane my faithfull friend from me?

42.

But ah! she cannot (or she will not) heare me;  
Or if she doo, yet may not she repent her?  
Then com (sweet death) O! why dost thou forbear me?  
Aye me! thy dart is blunt; it will not enter.  
Oh! now I know the cause and reason why:  
I am immortall, and I cannot die.

43.

So Cytheræa would have dide, but could not,  
When faire Adonis by her side lay slaine;  
So I desire the Sisters what I should not,  
For why (alas) I wish for death in vaine.  
Death is their servant, and obeys their will;  
And if they bid him spare, he cannot kill.

44.

O! would I were as other creatures are,  
Then would I die, and so my griefe were ended ;  
But Death (against my will) my life doeth spare,  
(So little with the Fates I am befrended)  
Sith, when I would, thou doost my fute denie :  
Vile tyrant, when thou wilt I will not die.

45.

And Bounty, though her body thou hast slaine,  
Yet shall her memorie remaine for ever :  
For ever shall her memorie remaine,  
Whereof no spitefull Fortune can bereave her.  
Then sorrow cease, and wipe thy weeping eie,  
For fame shall live when all the world shall die.

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A COMPARISON OF THE LIFE OF MAN.

MANS life is well compared to a feast,  
Furnisht with choice of all variety :  
To it comes Time ; and as a bidden guest  
He fits him downe in pompe and majesty.  
The three fold age of Man the waiters be :  
Then with a earthen voyder (made of clay)  
Comes Death, and takes the table cleane away.

FINIS.

## A REMEMBRANCE OF SOME ENGLISH POETS.

LIVE Spenser ever in thy Fairy Queene,  
 Whose like (for deepe conceit) was never seene ;  
 Crownd mayst thou be, unto thy more renowne,  
 (As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And Daniell, praised for thy sweet-chast verse,  
 Whose Fame is grav'd on Rosamonds blacke herse,  
 Still mayst thou live, and still be honoured  
 For that rare worke, the White Rose and the Red.

And Drayton, whose well-written Tragedies  
 And sweet Epistles soare thy fame to skies ;  
 Thy learned Name is equall with the rest,  
 Whose stately Numbers are so well addrest.

And Shakespeare, thou whose hony flowing vaine,  
 (Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth containe.  
 Whose Venus, and whose Lucrece (sweet and chaste)  
 Thy Name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't,  
     Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever :  
     Well may the Body die, but Fame die never.

FINIS.

## INTRODUCTION.

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WHAT follows is a reprint of one of the rarest, and, on some accounts, one of the most curious, tracts in our language: only a single perfect copy of it is known; and it importantly illustrates the opinions and manners of the time when it was published. It is said to have been licensed in 1578 (Lowndes, *Bibl. Man.*, edit. 1863, p. 2180), but we have not succeeded in finding the entry in the Stationers' Registers; where, however, under the date of 3 Oct. 1580, we meet with a memorandum relating to the same author's "Contention between three Brethren, the Whoremonger, Drunkard, and Dice-player": that piece came out with the date 1580 on the title-page, and it was reprinted, without any author's name, in 1608. Salter's "Mirror of Modesty" was never reprinted; but in 1584, Robert Greene published a small work with precisely the same title, which relates merely to the history of Susanna and the Elders. To it we shall hereafter direct attention.

Salter's production is of an entirely different character, and is devoted to the education and management of young ladies in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, entering into particulars more or less minute and interesting. The author was a rigid puritan, and the advice he gives, and the pictures he furnishes, are strongly coloured by his religious notions.

The whole is somewhat loosely written, and it was very carelessly printed: the punctuation is so faulty, as to make it quite clear that the author (according to the custom of that day) never looked at the sheets as they came from the press. Some of the literal errors (which we have, as usual, left as we found them) curiously illustrate misprints in Shakespeare; as, for instance, near the bottom of p. 38, where *shawefull* is put for "shamefull." In *Ant. and Cleop.*, A. II, Sc. 2, "smell" is misprinted *swell*; and we know that the letters *m* and *w* were not unfrequently confounded by old compositors. Of a different description is the blunder on p. 26, where *Sapirnes* is given as a proper name, when it is merely a blunder for "sapience." Of the author nothing is recorded, but we may speculate that he was a divine, who, however, made fewer references to, and quotations from Scripture than might have been expected. The style of his later work was more coarse and direct than that of his earlier performance, but they were meant for different classes of readers. This also, on some future occasion, we hope to be able to reprint.

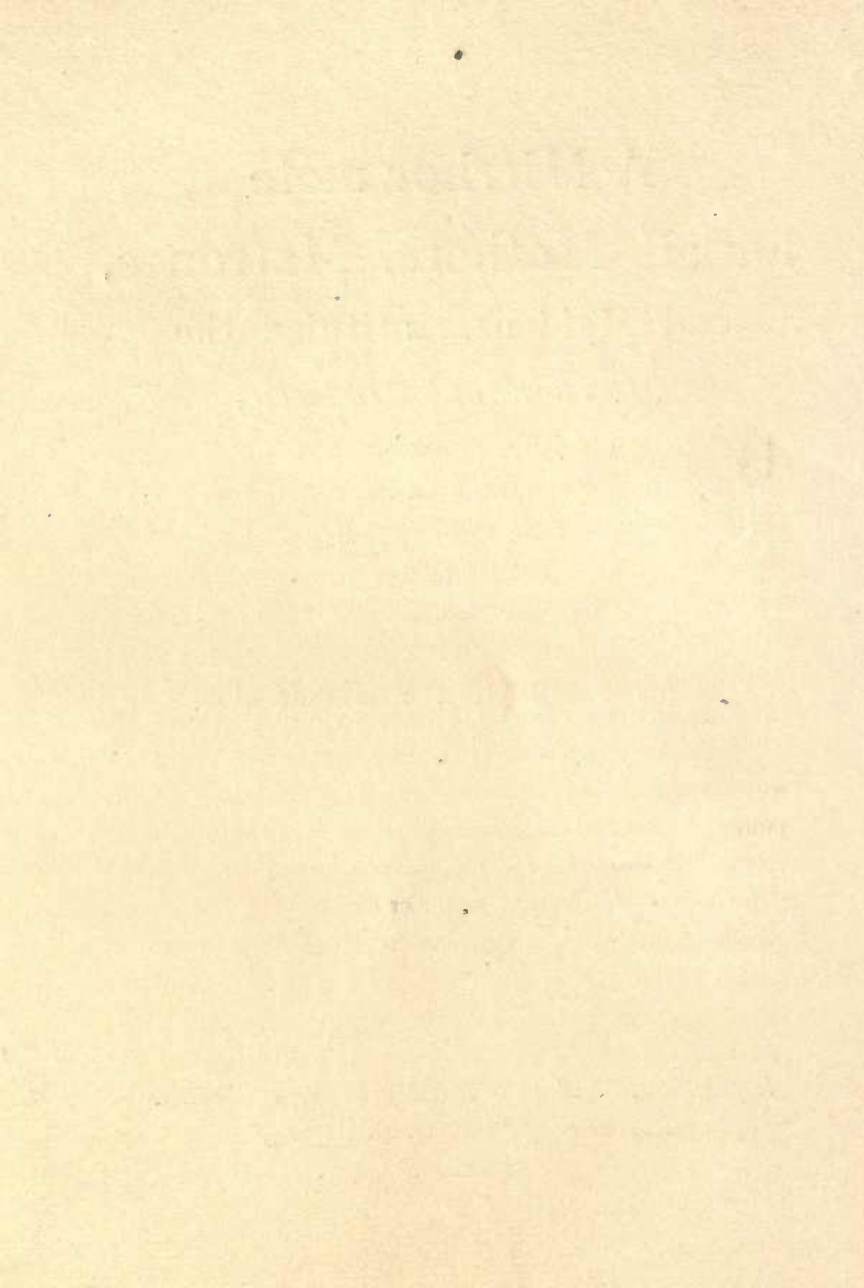
J. P. C.

A Mirrhor mete  
for all Mothers, Matrones,  
and Maidens, intituled the  
*Mirrhor of Modestie,*  
no lesse profitable and  
pleasant, then neces-  
sarie to bee read  
and practi-  
fed.

A pretie and pithie Dialogue also,  
*betweene Mercurie and Vertue.*



*Imprinted at London for Edward White, at the little  
Northdore of Paules at the Signe of  
the Gun.*



To the right vertuous Matrone, and singuler good  
Ladie Anne, wife to the right worshipfull sir Thomas  
Lodge, knight, E. W. wisheth long life, and prosperous  
estate.

**H**AVING a long tyme debated with my self (my very  
good Lady), after the copie of this Pamphlete was  
come into my handes, too whom I might best dedicate  
the same, your L. at laste came to my remembraunce, as  
the Ladie too whom I did knowe my self to be so greatly  
beholden, by many received curtesies, that I could not but  
confesse myself bound to be mindfull of requittall, to the ut-  
termoste of my power ; and therefore notyng the title that  
it beareth, beyng the Mirrhor of Modestie, I knewe none so  
worthie (at leaste to whom I was indetted of duetie) as  
your Ladiship to be patroneffe hereof, because that the  
vertue, whereof it beareth the title, dooeth so gloriously  
shine in you, as verie envie her self cannot but confesse  
(much rather a right demyng mynde) that it is your de-  
farte to have it, bothe for affirmyng that whiche is con-  
teined therein (by your life) to be laudable, and also to  
incorage other by your supparte to followe your stepps, to  
attain to your atchived fame. Wherefore, although the gift  
be far unable to gratifie the least part of the favour I have

found, yet I have boldly presumed to presente it unto you, as beyng assured (consideryng your courteous nature) of courteous acceptation ; and the rather because it is a Mirrhor to teache Maidens to be modest, whereof you have alwaies been a mistresse, and therefore maye the better judge if it bee well wrought, by perusyng it at your beste leasure : whiche not doubtyng but ye will dooe, I cease from further troubynge you with my duetifull commendations, and daiely intercession to the Almightye for the happie estate and prosperitie of your Ladishippe, that am your worshippes moste bounden.

E. W.

*The Epistle to all Mothers, Matrones, and Maidens  
of Englande.*

**I**N seeyng, right honourable Mothers and vertuous Matrones, the greate abuse that, by the default of good brynging up, many of our Englishe Maidens doe daily runne into, to the greate reproche of their parentes, hartes greef of their kinsfolke, infamie of their persones, and (whiche is moste to be lamented) losse of their soules, I thought it no lesse then my bounden duetie to take in hande this little worke, intituled the *Mirrhor of Modestie*, to the ende that by looking in the same, both suche Mothers and Matrones, as have charge of children and youth under them, maie knowe the onely ready meanes, by the helpe of Gods grace, so to instructe them, as no doubtte greate amendemente will insue: and also all Maidens and yonge children them selves see the directe and straight pathe to perpetuall felicitie; wherefore what so ever herein is written, I beseeke you as frendly to accepte, as it is willyngly offered. For, trust me, not of pride or vain glorie (as thinking my self the onely sufficiente manne to write uppon so worthie a matter) have I made this enterprise, but I have dooen it, parte for recreation, parte for good will, on hope to see amendement; and, that whiche is the chieffeste parte, to provoke some farre better able then I, by seyng my little volume

*so freendly accepted, to take in hande a larger and pithier  
peece of woorke, touchyng the same sence and meanyng. My  
requeste, therefore, is simple, to judge faithfully, to reape wil-  
lyngly, to keepe, and hartely to observe all that whiche follow-  
eth, to your owne profite, my comfort, and Gods high glorie:  
to whom be all honour, majestie and power, for ever and ever.*

*Amen.*

*The Mirrhor of Modestie, meete for all Mothers and  
auncient Matrones to looke in, to decke their yong  
daughters and maidens myndes by.*

*Made by T. S.*

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FOR as muche as the weakenesse of our nature is suche,  
as wee are more inclined and prone to imitate and  
followe those thynges that bee hurtfull unto us, then those  
that bee good and profitable, in my judgemente, there is  
nothyng more meete, especially for young maidens, then a  
*Mirrhor*, there in to see and beholde how to order their  
dooyng: I meane not a christall *Mirrhor*, made by handie  
arte, by whiche maidens now adaies dooe onely take de-  
light daily to tricke and trim their tresses, standyng tootyng  
twoo howers by the clocke, lookyng now on this side, now  
on that, leaft any thyng should bee lackyng needefull to  
further pride, not sufferyng so muche as a hare to hang out  
of order: no, I meane no suche *Mirrhor*; but the *Mirrhor* I  
meane is made of an other maner of matter, and is of  
much more worthe then any chyrstall *Mirrhor*; for as the  
one teacheth how to attire the outwarde bodie, so the other  
guideth to garnishe the inwarde mynde, and maketh it  
meete for vertue, and therefore is intituled a *Mirrhor*,  
meete for Matrones and Maidens, for matrones to knowe  
how to traine up such young maidens as are committed to  
their charge and tuiffion, and for maidens how to behave  
them selves to attaine to the seate of good fame. For al-

though that a number of them before whom this *Mirrhor* maie come, be braunches sprong from so vertuous a tree, or brookes discendyng from so sweete a fountaine, as there is no doubtte but the braunches and brookes will bee like unto the breeders ; yet (the more pitie) we see oftentimes prooffe to the contrary, the cause whereof can not bee thought to proceade but by wante of good instruction. As it is not onely evident to bee seen in menne that are reasonable, but in thynges that are reasonlesse ; yea (not straiyng from my example) in plantes, for thei, by wantyng the continuall care and diligence that is necessarie for them, are seen to lacke their naturall force and vertue, and finallie become wilde. Likewise, the horse, by default of well teachyng and trainyng up, will lose a great parte of his gallant majestie, whereto naturally he is inclined. So that by how muche the more the likelihoode of any maiden is of vertue, by so muche the more ought there a care and diligence to bee had in conservyng her, as a thyng precious and of greate valour ; and therefore I wishe all mothers and matrones not to be so carelesse, as not trustyng any other thyng that thei have, of little or no estimation at all, but under the safegarde and sure keepyng of carefull and trustie folke, will neverthelesse committe their children, at adventure, to the tuition of suche, as either by too daintie an entreatie, will corrupt their tender myndes, or by too importunate a rudenesse, drive them into undecent fearfulnesse, yea, peradventure into disdaine and hate of suche thinges as ought to be followed and loved. Therefore, concerning the matrone to whom any yong maiden is to be committed, (I saie) she ought, what so ever she be, to be grave, prudent, modest, and of good counsell, to thende

that fuche maidens as she hath in tutyng maie learne her honeste and womanlie demeanoure; and fure she ought especiallie, and above all thinges, beware that their tender minds, replenished with devine beautie and bountie, be not corrupted by feing undecent demeanours. Touchyng the maiden desirous of good fame, if she beyng by nature of beautifull forme, in deckyng her self by a christal *Mirrhor*, will be fure not to suffer (as before I said) so muche as a spot, if she espies it upon her face, the beautie of whiche is moste fraile, and fadeth like a flower in short space, how ought her minde, in whiche is represented the true image of God, to be kept not onely from greate spot of sinne, but from the lest that is. Likewise fuche garmentes as be gallantly garnisht with golde, whiche (notwithstanding, how gorgeous so ever they be to the eye, are but durt and drosse) wee see bothe mothers and mistresses to be so curious as, so nere as they can, they will not permit so muche as a mote to remaine upon them; and yet, God he knowes, thei be so necligent and carelesse over their daughters and maidens (the moste parte of them), as thei never regarde or respect their behavioures, to the ende that if thei be bad, thei maie amende them, or if good, so continewe them; but as though the care of their well teaching and traynyng up did not appertaine or belonge to them, they let them passe. But alas! what should I talke of mothers, yea or of fathers, seyng that, for the moste parte, although they them selves be wise and grave of judgement, yet their vertue and prudence is overcome and blynded by affection? therefore I thinke it more meete and convenient for parents to set their children forth to be taught; but under whom? under every one that beares the name of a teacher? Noe; but in that re-

spect they are to doe as if they were to make choise of some painter, to take in hande to drawe their owne picture, to doe the whiche there is no doubt but thei would seeke and ferche out, so nye as thei could, hym that is moste famous and excellent in that art: and so ought they to doe, and with muche more care in sekyng suche as thei will commit their children unto to be instructed, because by their instruction and trainyng up, they are for ever to be made or marde. Now, to the ende ye maie knowe the mistresse meete to take charge over children, I will discribe her unto you by particuler qualities, and so forthe orderly the qualities meete to bee taught every maiden.

Firste, she that doeth take upon her too traine up any young maiden ought to be indewed with so singuler prudence, as that (whiche others can hardly perceive in longe continuance of tyme) shee, taught by the lookes and behavioure of the maide, may sone discerne, and see what is to be hoped, and what feared in her; and so preventing at the beginning, by brief and expedient remedies, that whiche she feareth, shall with milde and prudent instructions, nourishing that whiche she hath good hope of, bring her in short time to perfectnesse. Moreover, for so muche as there is greater daunger in that whiche is feared, then profite in that whiche is hoped, our Matrone ought before all thynges carefully to cut from her harte all that whiche she feareth in her to bee evil; imitatyng therein the wise and experte labourer, who never soweth corne in any ground, before he hath first diligently purged and rooted up suche evell weedes, thornes and brambles, as are over growne therein: whiche dooen, yet she maye not leave her care and diligence, but after that she hath taken from her harte the moste that she can

all that whiche hindereth in her the augmentation of vertue, and therein hath sowne the sedes of the same, and seen it spring, her seconde care shalbee to take heede, least (as often tymes yong and tender plantes, not staied with firme and strong proppes, shaken with the blustryng windes, doe fall to the earth, lose their vigor, and in the ende wither and dye) the vertue that hath taken a little roote in her harte, being shaken somtymes by tempestes of affections, and not havynge firme and sure proppes to staie it, doe perishe. Whiche thyng that it maye come to passe in short space, will sufficiently appere to hym that is in doubt, by considerynge that not onely in youth, when the seedes of vertue are newe to men in their mindes, but also in ripe age, when as vertue doeth florishe and increase, there is greate neede of suche, as by their wisdome and instruction maye sustaine and governe them, untill suche tyme as vertue hath taken depe roote in them, and then (as wee see a strong and sturdie oke to stande stiffe and immovable against the blustrous blastes of fierce windes) so in their hartes, how boisterous so ever the tempestious blastes of humaine affections doe blowe, it is not to be doubted but vertue will abide without movynge, or rootynge out. Now, because it hath been saied before, that a wife and prudente matrone ought to knowe that whiche is to bee feared, and likewise hoped for in a maide, she shall come to the same by grave and wise counsaile, and by using the like pollicie that *Uliesses* did (who, for to gette knowledge of *Achilles* beyng trained up in companie of *Licomedes* daughters in womens attire) among many other gallant knackes meete for maidens, did make shewe of weapons meete for knightes; whereon *Achilles* had no soner cast his eyes, but presently he least the trifyng

toyes of women, and fell to handlyng of them, by whiche *Ulysses* knew hym. Thus she shall sone perceiue whereto she is inclyned, yet shall she not present unto her any vicious thyng, in blamyng or detestyng it, but shall sette before her the contrary vertues, geving high commendacion to the good, and utter dispraies to the bad. Also our good matrone shal give her to understande, how goodly a beautie and gallant ornament chastitie is in a young maiden; and if it apperes that she lenes her eare unto fuche praies, and by semblance desiereth not onely too seeme fuche a one, but to bee fuche a one, the signes wilbe evident that her harte hath in horroure the contrarye crymes. But if our matrone perceiue by signes that she is bent otherwise then wisely, and prudently, (takyng occasion the most advysedly she can) shee shall discourse untoo her the lives of some renowned ladies who lived vertuouslye, and thereby purchaseth immortall fame and renowne. But before I passe any farther, I will staye too shew the use of many unwise fathers, who beyng more daintye and effeminate in followyng their pleasures, then wise and diligent in seekyng the profite of their daughters, doe give them, so sone as they have any understanding in readyng, or spellyng, to come and learne by hart bookes, ballades, songes, sonettes, and ditties of daliance, excityng their memories thereby, beyng then most apt to retayne for ever that whiche is taught them, to the same maner of order, for the hartes of youth are therein to bee compared to newe vesselles, whiche for ever will keepe the favour and tast of that licore where with it is first filled and seasoned: therefore I would wish our good matrone to eshew fuche use as a pestilent infection; for no doubt the weake age of youth, and evell conversation of manye, geves copious and

aboundant matter enough to evill, and muche more then wife parentes would wish, I am sure without neede to bee taught it so longe tyme before. But in steede of fuche bookes and lacivious ballades, our wise matrone shall reade, or cause her maidens to reade, the examples and lives of godly and vertuous ladies, whose worthy fame and bright renowne yet liveth, and still will live for ever, whiche shee shall make choice of, out of the holy Scripture, and other histories, both auncient and of late dayes; whiche bookes will not onely delight them, but as a spurre it will pricke and incite their hartes to follow vertue, and have vice in horror and disdaine: yea their mindes by that meanes, not onely of those that are growen to ripenes of yeres and strength of nature, but also those of tender and young age, wilbe come noble and magnanimous thereby; for you shall never repeate the vertuous lives of any fuche ladies as *Claudia*, *Portia*, *Lucretia*, and such like were, but you shall kindle a desire in them to treade their steppes, and become in tyme like unto them, and too disdayne and have in horror those that to the contrarye pas the course of their lives in wickednesse. And not onely shall our maiden bee forbidden to reade anye fuche bookes or ballades as maie make her mynde (beeyng of it self verie delicate) more feeble and effemynate, but also from all those thynges that any waie maie make her unworthie of a laudable reputation: among whiche, it is not to be thought how hurtfull and dangerous the acquaintance and familiaritie of yong gossopes is, who under coverture of jentilitie, gallant attire, and costly ornamentes, or (whiche is moste infectious) under fained religion and honestie, doe hide corrupte and wicked maners; and yet fuche as are evill maie easely bee knowen,

when the auctoritie of greate personages supporte them, and even as a disease is then moste contagious, when those that are infected have a colour lively, and moste likely to bee healthfull. So vice, hide under gentillitie and honour, and covered with the visor of false semblance and feined honestie, doeth hurte muche more then when the evill life, or leude behaviour of such personages are discovered and made manifest. But I thinke it not necessarie to admonishe our matrone after the maner of some, to bee so stricke to her maidens, as to withdrawe them from the acquaintance and familiaritie of children, how bee it that thei be of like age, although that in the same age the seede of synne no doubt springeth, and the fruite thereof in little time ripeneth, and increaseth too abundantly: whiche thyng the learned and grave doctour of greate auctoritie *Saint Jerome* shewith by example of a shamelesse harlot, who, more brutishlie then any reasonlesse beaste, would make booste and vaunting bragges of her lascivious life; sayng, that since she could remember in her yongest yeres, the filthie pleasure of fleshe was not daintie unto her. Oh horrible bragge! oh execrable booste, and moste damnable life! Well, our prudente matrone, to remove such detestable dangers from her yong maidens, shall in no wise permit them to have acquaintance with kitchine servauntes, or such idle houswives, as commonly and of custome doe thruste themselves into the familiaritie of those of good callyng, and under colour of freendlinesse, doe oftentimes worke greate mischief, and are therefore to bee avoided and shunned as infectious diseases. For sure there is no one thing so unfemely for a yong maiden of good callyng, or more hurtful to her good fame and name, then to bee seen and heard among

fuche as I before mentioned, tattlyng and tellyng of foolish tales by the fire side.; but in stede thereof, I meane of tellyng or hearyng of fables told in fuche companie, our matron shall cause them that are committed yonge into her government, to propounde, in the companie of womanlie maidens, and so nere as she can in her owne prefence, pithie questions and grave sentences, to pose one another, and sometymes tell the lives of godlie virgines, and the matrone her self to delighte them, who of necessitie ought to be stored with studied demaundes, and wittie argumentes, shall modestly entermeddle her self among them, and to them in whom she sees any defarte, she shall, to incourage the other, yeelde commendation, and so make them all strive to attaine to the like. And it would not bee amisse, seyng that the continuall prefence of her that is a maistres, by her greate gravitie and vertuous usage, doeth rather ingender in a good minde affection of reverence, then occasion of bold wantonnesse, the whiche more appeareth in youth, then in ripe age, if she made choise, among many, of some modest and well behaved maiden, who not onely by vertuous demeanour shall give the reste occasion to imitate her vertue, but also bee unto them recreative, and delightfull in grave and weightie causes; for there be some things whiche sometymes dooe seeme unto some verie sharpe and noysome, although that of nature delightfull, and of their proper objecte doe delight the senses, and dooe move with singuler pleasure that age more than any other, whiche thyng, if it be truthe, as it certainly seemeth, how muche ought our Matrone to take heede, that it happens not in those thynges, in whiche there is no delight at all. Well, as a wise Matrone should

(feeyng that in children, the strenght of understanding cannot bee so greate, as thei maie alwaies bee troubled with grave matters) this our Matrone shall (at least if she will doe well) entermedle honest mirthe with grave matter. And also if at any tyme there bee any maiden worthy of correction, lette the mistresse rather incline in her chastenyng to mildnesse then madnesse, favor then furie, and rightly use the part of a good Phisition, who, to cure yong children of their corporall maladies, doe give them wormewood, or suche like bitter thyng, annointed over with honie, to the ende that thei, deceived by the upper sweetnesse, maie swallowe donne the wholsome bitternesse, and thereby receive helpe of their disease. More over, our good matrone shall shewe to her maidens a modest merie countenaunce continually; and if thei dooe evill rebuke them in suche sort, as although it be not with bitter wordes, or sharpe stripes, yet thei shall well knowe thei have offended greatly, reservyng crueltie for the laste remedie; and yet the same to be then also of little induraunce, least that whiche should serve for a remedie, used to often, becomes scorned and nothyng esteemed, as the olde Proverbe is, *To muche of any thing is good for nothyng.*

Besides, when any maiden is driven into a trembling feare by her mistresse sodaine sharpe frownyng, as no doubt some, beyng of milde and gentill natures, will be sone, our goode matrone shall presently chaunge her sower lowryng into a sweete smylyng, and with gentle and virtuous informations, and cherefull promises put her out of feare; for in no wise I would wishe any too be over pressed by feare, by cause thereby manie become even simple like fooles. And whereas some parentes bee of opinion that it is

necessarie for maidens to bee skilfull in Philosophie Morall and Naturall, thinkyng it an honour unto them to be thought well learned, I, for my part, am the contrarie, because that by the same, they are made to understande the evelles immynente too humaine life; yea, therby is opened unto them the inclynations and pronenesse, whiche naturallie, even from our cradles, wee have unto vice, whiche knowledge is not requisite to be in young women. Likewise, the examples of evill and wicked men, the corrupt lives and lewde customes of those that have conversation with us, the heapes of pleasures, pastymes, delightes, and recreations, and the deceites and guiles of our ghostlie enemye, from the whiche we see how the warie wise men can hardlie defende hym selfe (I leave the young and tender virgine) with the protection and armour of greate learning: too whiche, or against whiche, if I should flatly answer, that the evell use of learnyng hath more often tymes beene cause of discommoditye and damage, then the right and laudable use of it hath beene of profite and benyfite, I should peradventure be suspected of some for suche a one as did the same to the derogation, slander, and reproofe of learnyng, whiche thing I utterly denie, and yet I can alledge infinite examples to prove my proposition: as firste, Roome, the chiefe citie and seate of the worldly empire, and victorious over all nationes, I can approve, and bryng in auctoritie, that it hath been fixe hundreth yeres and more without the knowledge of letters, and also that from thence all philosophers by publicke proclamations were exiled, as corruptors of good and vertuous life. Contrariwise, when the studie of philosophie and eloquence flourished therein, it losse libertie, and fnallie fell into the

servitude and obedience of one man. Also the citee of Athens (whiche above all other was named to have gotte the glorie and renowne for learnyng and teachyng of wisedome to the worlde) at suche time as the *Accademia*, the *Portico*, and the *Licio*, was most celebrated by the frequentation of noble and famous philosophers, fell into servitude and subjection; and therefore in the same the use of eloquence was prohibited, as a ruine and pestilence to the publique weale, and maime to lawe and iustice,

Likewise, *Sparta* might be brought in, for that a long tyme, whiles it had eloquence in horreur and hate, thinking the use of it more meete for effeminate and wanton idle men, then for couragious and warlike champions, it florished as chief of all Grece with greate glorie; but because I have taken in hande to instructe a Christian maiden, laiying aside al other examples, I might bring in the example of our Saviour, that rocke of infallible veritie, who utterly blamed the wisedome of the worlde, as enemye to good life and religion. But my intent is not, neither was it ever, to attribute suche evill as springeth from the mallice of wicked men and their corrupte nature, to the sacred studie of learning, to whiche I have given my mynde, so muche as in me laye, all my life tyme. But my purpose is to prove that in a vertuous virgine and modest maiden suche use is more daungerous and hurtfull, then necessarie or praise woorthie. Some perhaps will alledge that a maiden beyng well learned, and able to searche and reade sonderie authors, maie become chaste and godlie by readyng the godlie and chaste lives of diverse: but I answere, who can deny, that, seyng of her selfe, she is able to reade and understande the Christian poets, too wete, *Prudentio*, *Pros-*

*pero*, *Iuuenco*, *Pawolino*, *Nazianzeno*, and fuche like, that she will not also reade Lasciuous bookes of *Ovide*, *Catullus*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, and in Virgill of *Eneas*, and *Dido*; and amonge the Greeke poettes of the filthie love (if I maie terme it love) of the Goddes themselves, and of their wicked adulteries and abhominable fornications, as in Homer and fuche like; and to the same also (seyng that Parents will be so ambitious, as they will take delight to see their daughters dispute in Philosophers Schooles) who can warrant that when it seemes good unto her, that she will not as well defende the perverst oppinions of the *Epicure*, as the same of *Zeno* and *Chrysippus*. There be some that, amonge a few learned ladies, will alledge peradventure *Cornelia* to be excellent, shee that was mother unto the twoo *Gracchi*, noble Citezens of Rome; and yet that ladie as it is knowen that she taught her sonnes to be no lesse sedicious and violent, then eloquent and learned, so taught she her daughter (as some grave authors have judged) to put her husbände to deathe, in whom the magnificence and majestie of that empire consisted. Unto the ladies of *Lelius* was no greater commendacion given then they could speake wisely in their mother tonngue. Likewise *Portia*, the wife of *Brutus*, was not halfe so muche commended for having learned of her father the doctrine, and decrees of the stoicall philosophers (whiche neverlesse no auncient author affirme[s]) as she was for keepyng loyaltie and faithe to her husbände, and for beyng of a patient and noble mynde, a meete vertue for the daughter of *Cato*, who was her father. As touching *Mantineia*, *Affiothea*, and *Lasthemia* (I leave to talke of *Leontium*, that defended fleshlie pleasure against *Theophrastus*), who chaunged their

womanlie attire, and entered manlike in to the schooles of *Plato*, and there, among amorous and lascivious youth, disputed of the movyng of Principles and of Causes, or *Damma*, who taught to the world the doctrine of *Pithagoras*, her father, or *Aspatia*, or *Diotima*, or *Thargelia*, who wer famous in the studie of Philosophie: they, I faie, never got so muche fame by their learnyng as thei did defame for their unhoneft and losse livyng. And I, fure, suppose there is no manne of reason and understanding, but had rather love a Mayden unlearned and chaste, then one suspected of dishonest life, though never so famous and well learned in philosophie. Wherefore, I wish all parentes too beware and take heede how they suffer their young daughters, beyng fraile of Nature, to be bolde disputers; and, to the ende I maie not be thought naked of examples to prove the contrairie, I maintaine (seyng it behoveth mee more to contende with aucthoritie then reason) that where these obstinate defendoures of learning to be meete and necessarie in women can bryng in one example, I will alledge a nomber to the contrarie. For the histories, as well ancient as of those of late daies, are full of the noble facts and renowmed deedes done by rare and excellent ladies, whiche, as well for their noble courage and magnanimous harts, as for their chaste and vertuous lives, have beene, and for ever wilbee, moste famous and renowmed in the worlde, and yet had no learnyng: as it hath beene seene, bothe in *Sparta*, *Rome*, *Persia*, *Phoeia*, *Chios*, *Argina*, and dyvers other places, whose names have beene celebrated in tyme past, and to our tyme present have leaft behinde them more matter to wright on touchyng their vertue, then ever either *Erinna*, *Sappho* or *Corinna* did

write them selves of excellent and famous men. And who is it that will denie that it is not more praies and honnour too doe noble deedes, then to write of them—sure, I thinke, none. I am, therefore, of this advise, that it is not mete nor convenient for a maiden to be taught or trayned up in learnyng of humaine artes, in whome a vertuous demeanour and honest behaviour would be a more fightlier ornament then the light or vaine glorie of learnyng. For in learnyng and studyng of the artes there are twoo thynges finallie proposed unto us; that is, recreation and profite: touchyng profite, that is not to bee looked for at the handes of her that is geven us for a companion in our labours, but rather every woman ought wholelie to be active and deligent about the governement of her housholde and familie; and touchyng recreation, by learnyng that cannot bee graunted her without greate daunger and offence to the beautie and brightnesse of her mynde. Seyng, then, that the government of estates and publike weales are not committed into the handes of women; neyther that it is lawfull or convenient for them to wright lawes, by whiche men should bee ruled and governed, as *Draco*, *Licurgus*, and *Numa Pompilius* did; neither as profeffours of science and facultie to teache in schooles the wisdome of Lawes and Philosophie; and feing also that in suche studies as yeldeth recreation and pleasure there is no lesse daunger that they will as well learne to be subtile and shamelesse lovers, as connyng and skilfull writers of Ditties, Sonnetes, Epigrames, and Ballates, let them be restrained to the care and governement of a familie, and teache them to bee envious in followyng those, that by true vertue have made little accompte of those that, to the prejudice of their good

names, have beene desirous to bee reputed *Diotimes*, *Aspaties*, *Sapphoes*, and *Corinnes*. For fuche as compare the small profit of learning with the greate hurt and damage that commeth to them by the fame shall sone perceive (although that they remaine obstinate therein) how far more convenient the Distaffe and Spindle, Nedle and Thimble were for them with a good and honest reputation, then the skill of well using a penne, or wrytyng a loftie vearce with diffame and dishonour, if in the fame there be more erudition then vertue. Moreover, who is hee that will doubt that the Maide will not become perfitte and well accomplished (how be it that it be harde to be beleved, feyng that now adaies they bee wedded and committed to the government of a housholde so young) whiche in companie, and by the instruction of manie bothe wise and vertuous, and by longe experience have beene taught the manner, how to governe a housholde wisely: sure, I will never condescende that any Maiden, surmounting in her selfe the estate of an active wife, or for too name her by one worde *economicall*, should, by climyng up the ladder of naturall Philosophie, being so difficile, adventure to get to the contemplation of fuche thynges, as rather of idle menne, whiche have bin many yeres exercised in readyng, is to bee desired then hoped for. But for so much as the hope of fuche thynges are obtained with so greate daunger, and that in all other faculties, which are to bee got by practise and knowledge (having to make choise) fuche are foner chosen, that thei are informed to have small knowledge and greate experience, then those that have great knowledge and small practise, I thinke it necessarie that maidens bee committed no otherwise, under the care and charge of

a wife and prudente matrone, who by long use is become skilfull and expert, then if to bee transported into a straunge and farre countrie, and would commit our goodes and marchaundize to a wife and experte mariner, makyng little accompte of hym that onely by information of the *Astrolabie*, or the Cardes of *Ptolomie*, doe promise us (havyng never travailed from home) sure savegarde. It ought to suffice that a maiden, beyng become wife, by the instruction and teachyng of her prudent mistres, doeth give good hope that in tyme, when occasion shall serve, she will be sufficient to governe a housholde and familie discretely. And yet notwithstanding al this, I would not have a maiden altogether forbidden, or restrained from reading, for so muche as the same is not onely profitable to wife and vertuous women, but also a riche and precious jewell; but I would have her, if she reade, to reade no other bookes but suche as bee written by godlie Fathers to our instruction and foules healthe, and not suche lascivious songes, filthie ballades, and undecent bookes as be moste commonly now a daies sette to sale, to the greate infection of youth, the names of whiche to recite would require a long tyme, and so write a greate volume, beyng more pleasaunte then profitable, long then learned, gallant then godlie. Wherefore leavyng them as unworthie to bee mentioned, I would have our maiden, I meane her that will attire her minde by this *Mirrhor*, to reade (if she delight to bee a reader) the holie Scripture, or other good bookes, as the bookes of *Plutarche*, made of such renowned and vertuous women as lived in tyme paste, and those of *Boccas* tendyng to the same sence, or some other nerer to our tyme; and lette her in readyng consider what she reade: for in them she shall not

onely reade woordes, whiche, if thei bee not garnished with good examples, be naught worth, but also godly deedes and holie enterprises of vertuous virgines and worthie women, by whiche she maie increafe and augmente her vertue by immytatyng their lives. Lette her reade, I saie, and with the same print in her minde, the lives of suche noble ladies as lived in *Troie, Sabina, Phocia, Argiva, and Rome*; for no doubt she shall learne greate example of pitie to her countrie by *Megestona, Aretaphila, Policreta*, and by *Judith and Hester*; and true love and loialtie to their husbandes by *Lucre, Portia, and Camma*: in somme, to make an ende of strangers, she shall finde example of vertue, religion, and holinesse in a number of Virgines, as in *Cicile, Agathe, Theodore, Barbara*, and infinite other who, with the prise of their bloudes, did suffer incredible tormentes for the profession of a godly faith. And, above all, for delight, if she love to bee delighted in vertue, let her reade that worthie booke of Martyres, compiled by that famous Father and worthie man of God, maister Foxe. Now, to returne to our matrone, I would wishe her to frame in the mindes of them that she takes to governe, a true religion and pietie, avoidyng wholie superstition, as a capitall pestilence. I trust that at this presente, in whiche tyme especiallie among us here in Englande where the Gospell is so freely and sincerely preached, I neede not to declare, from the beginnyng to the ende, where in the one is different from the other, I meane true religion from false superstition; for so much as I thinke there bee but fewe, at least of any age, that are ignoraunt how religion is a vertue which consisteth in mediocritie, the which even as it hath on the one side impietie, whiche is one of the extremities, so

hath it on the other side superstition, no lesse pernicious then impietie. Whiche thing I would wishe our matron to make manifest to our maiden, emong other thinges appertinente to a Christian: also she shall inforce her to be humble and lowly of harte, because that humilitie is not onely a Christian and civile vertue, but the verie foundation and pilloure of all Christian and civile vertues; for it ingendreth in us the knowledge of our selves (as muche as our weakenesse maie or can comprehend), and therefore it wil give her the understanding of Gods sapience, bountie, and puissance (whiche she ought to know to be infinite, not only in creatyng the whole world by admirable ordynance of nothyng, and fillyng and garnishing it with greate varietie of all thinges, but in conservyng it in the same beyng by eternall and devine Providence); and it will not only shewe her that all that whiche maie be in a yong maiden, but all that whiche maie be in kinges and emperours, and all that whiche was in them that in tyme paste sprounge out of the *Licio*, *Portico*, or *Accademia*, with fame and renowne to bee wise, in comparison of that whiche God maie or can, and esteeming all that whiche by anie maner of meanes maie in us have the name of bounty and goodnesse, compared to that of God, is moste abhominable wickednesse. And to doe this our wise matrone shall set before her all that whiche maie be learned by godlie men, and by dailie instructions shall teache her that our Saviour Christe came not into the world to be served, but to serve; and that he said to his Apostles, that were at strife for the highest place, that he whiche was greater then the other should be inferiour, and that he whiche humbled hym selfe should be exalted: whiche is, that they onely were lifted up that

knewe them selves. Whiche devine vertue hath not onely beene laudable amonge Christians, but in *Socrates* it was a signe of singuler wisedome in that he rightlie adjudged him wise which knewe him selfe to knowe nothyng: and no doubt our maiden maie easely attaine to this vertue, if our matrone doe but carefully instruct her, to take heede, not onely too those that bee more noble then her self, and more mightie or more riche, but (whiche is of more greater importaunce) to those that bee the most vertuous and wise, and not unto the wanton and wicked, as the worlde commonlie use: by whiche she shall finde and reape double profite and commoditie, for she knowyng that in the worlde there bee manie noble ladies, and riche dames inferiour to her, shee shall abate in her selfe that whiche before was in her of hautineffe and arrogancie, a vice sure noysome; and takyng heede to the vertuous, shall so muche as it lieth in her, indeavour her self to attaine to the same vertue, whereof she knoweth she hath want. Likewise our matrone shall shewe to our maiden how foule, filthie, unfemely, and disorderly a thyng it is for any woman to learne every daie of an other woman (beeyng abroad, and seyng them that are bravest attired) how to tricke and trim up them selves after the moste newest and gallantest fashion, to sette out their bodilie beautie, and will not, but as carelesse, have respecte to the femely and comely vertues and precious ornamentes of the minde, for which, wise and worthie women are highly accompted of. But now adaies it seemeth to some, and that to the moste parte, that it is a godly ornament, and a brave setting out to a yong maiden, if she, among the rest can, shewe her self to be an excellent fine finger, or a cunning plaier uppon instrumentes; whiche thyng, although it bee

confirmed by some gallant glosyng reasons, I for my part doe not onely discommende, but judge that a thing of no little daunger, which ought in all women to be eschewed. For as musicke, if it be used to a laudable and good intention, hath no evill in it, but deserveth a place emong the other artes, the whiche, appertainyng properly to menne, be called liberall; yet notwithstanding, under the shadowe of vertue (as for the moste parte all other artes and faculties bee foolishly acknowledged for vertues) it beareth a swete baite, to a sowre and sharpe evill. Therefore, I wishe our maiden wholie to refrain from the use of musicke; and seeing that under the coverture of vertue, it openeth the dore to many vices, she ought so muche the more to be regarded, by how muche more the daunger is greate, and lesse apparent. I must confesse that the use of singing and delicate playyng uppon instrumentes and swete harmonie is necessarie, but for whom? For those that bee overworne with greif, sorowe, trouble, cares, or other vexation, have neede of recreation; as *Agamemnon* in *Homer*, and *Saule* in the holie Scripture, by the harpe and swete syngyng of *David*, who therewith pacified his fierce and furious passions, and revoked them to a milde and quiete spirite. But in steade of usyng it to so good an intention, it is converted to a poison, for it is onely at bankettes and feastes, to whiche, as if the delicious and swete meates did not sufficiently effeminate the myndes of men and women, the excellentest musitians are called, where to the swete accordes of sondrie instrumentes, often tymes artificiall lascivious songes are adjoynd; therby, no other wise, then as dried wood beyng laied on the fire, with little blowyng will kindle and burne, to kindle in their hartes the flames of leude affections, that

are not yet strongly staied up by vertue, and by suche newe devises to burne them. It is saied, that from the false sweeteneffe of the *Sirens* songes *Ulisses*, a prince famous among the Grekes, and saied to be nourished with heavenly foode, in the verie bosome of *Sapirnes*, *Jupiters* doughter, could hardly escape; and shall wee, then, without feare, give so muche trust to a young maiden daintely and tenderly trained up, that she, not onely by hearyng, but by learnyng so wanton an Arte, will not become wanton and effeminate?

*Plato* verie wisely did thinke it a thing of greate importance, among the customes of citizens, to sette doune what maner of musicke citizens might use. Of whiche the Citie of *Lacedemon* yeldes ample witnesse, whiche (wholie abhorryng all suche musicke as might make their mindes feeble or effeminate) choose the same whiche, yeeldyng a manlie and a magnanimuous founde, made men couragious, hotte, and desirous of immortall glorie, and defended itselfe in suche wise many yeres from corruption. Likewise *Licurgus*, a prince of greate wisedome and learnyng, would not but, in tyme of warre and in battaile, have any musicke, and the same was suche, as animated and incited the myndes of men to the defence of their Countries and Common weales, and did moderate the immoderate movynges of the bodie, to the ende that, by iuste measure and due order, thei might march against their enemies: where the daintie musicke, whiche we now adaies commonly and onely use for delight, did seme unto hym (as truely it is) able to engender in the hartes of men the contrarie, how bee it that thei bee of valiaunte and noble courage; and therefore did banishe suche musicke as would make hardie menne cowardes.

And not onely in that Citie (in whiche by a long tyme fuche pleafure had no place, as brought other Cities, yea, onely the fame that was the Empire of the whole worlde to ruine) but in *Athens* alfo, in whiche all other fortes and kindes of delightes and pleafures have been invented, as of lowable Artes and Sciences, the fame was prohibited. Alcibiades, feelyng in his mynde a merveilous sweete accorde of divine harmonie by the sacred studie of philofophie, difdained, as of a noble courage, this daintie Arte; the whiche, to our greate hurte and hinderaunce, by so muche the leffe it is unknown to us, by so muche the more it delighteth and pleafeth us. But to the ende it maie not feeme that I have, of a determind and fette purpofe, undertaken to beate musicke doune, I graunt it neceffarie unto thofe that can not, or have not wherewith better to imploye or paffe out their idle tyme; and yet furely, in my minde and judgemente, *Philip* of *Macedon* did very wifely reprove his fonne *Alexander*, in faiyng that he had profited too muche in musicke, and was therein become to excellent; and that to other it might feme meete to bee a muficion, and not to a prince. And, therefore, no doubt it were more meete for a civile citizen, or a modefte maiden, muche more any honourable perfone, too bende their eares unto muficions and fyers, thinkyng the harkyng unto them more conveniente, (and yet the fame to bee but for recreation) then thei them felves to be harkened unto by idle and wanton folke. I wifhe our maiden, not onely to learne all maner of nedle worke meete for a maiden, but alfo all that whiche belongeth to the Diftaffe and Spindle; not thinkyng it unfeemely to any, of what eftate or degree fo ever, feeyng that *Augustus Cæfar*, prince and monarche of

the worlde, was willyng to have his daughter and niece skilfull in the fame. And, whiche is more, to the ende, that she beeyng become a married wife, maie knowe the office and duetie of housholde fervauntes, lette her note, and looke how aptly and cleanly thei keepe the chambers, and other like places; how thei dresse meates; and without any disdaine or arrogancie, how thei laye leven, and other necessaries meete for a houswife to knowe: and lette her be present at every thing that belongeth to housholde affaires, for then will it bee thought that she, beeyng a wife, will approve fuche a one as all wives ought to bee; that is, skilfull in all household businesse, when in their youthe thei seeme readie too learne all that which belongeth to a maiden. Now for so muche as some vertues, the whiche, beyng in a noble dame, indeede, or one of greate estate or callyng, doe seeme of small praies, and yet if they be not in her, doe often tymes cause them to ronne in too greate reproache, let them in this maner of lyving have a care, havynge that whiche is needefull, to the maintenaunce and well ordering of their lives in estimation, that, so accustomed and used, thei not onely feace to desire, but disdaine and abhorre all that whiche maie provoke and move them too glotonie. And fure it would not be amis if to detest that vice (as also I have saide in all other, and above all in that whiche is contrarie to chastitie) she learneth by lookyng in this *Mirrhor* to abhore and disdaine all foule and unfeemely ufages; even as *Pallas* did, by seyng in a cristall *Mirrhor*, or, as some wright, a clere ronnyng ryver, how unfeemely her cheekes swelled when shee plaied upon her winde instrument called a flute; and seyng how evill it was for one of her callyng to have a face so difformed, she vio-

lently threw it from her, and brake it upon the ground, renouncynge quite the use of it, and all fuche like. Moreover, I would in no wise have our maiden a liar, but alwaies, if she offendeth, to confesse the offence truelie, rather then faine by falcelhoode a vertue; for the confession of sinne is occasion of penitence, but the simulation of vertue is the alteration of the harte to arrogancie, and whiche is moste dangerous: as a sicknesse beyng manifest is to be cured, and as the fained health giveth no occasion of curing the maladie that is secret, so the offence beyng manifest and healed by conveniente remedies, geveth occasion of goodnesse, but the dissimuled or fained vertue, with out any remedie applied, nourished the contrarie evill. Also I would wishe our modest maiden to be kept from the companie of many; for alwaies there is more to be feared in a greete companie then in a small: and if anie be infected of a greete and grevous disease, it is so muche the more dangerous and contagious; and if in a multitude there be anie mischief to be accorded, or depraved manners to be amended, they be alwaies more difficill and harde to be ended then in a small, or little number: for so muche as evill increaseth by the usage of divers, and therefore it were good for our maiden to live, if it were possible, in the companie moste commonlie of one onely, and yet so to eschew the multitude as not too have theim in horrhör. I woulde also wishe her to bee instructed and taught to be frendlie and affable to all, and to honnor them, and to be courteous to them, alwaies graunting to other the highest plases, and that not onely to them that be her equalles but to her inferiores, to thende that, fuche seyng her greete courtesie to be commendable, maie by example of her vertue have pride in

hate as a moſte pernitiouſ euell. Beſides, I would not have her, that will attire her minde by this *Mirrhor*, to be a babler or greate talker, but to conſider that alwaies muche babbling and ſpeaking is occaſion of many faultes, not onely in youth, in whiche, more then in other age, it be- hoveth to learne, but alſo in thoſe of ripe yeeres and gravitie, which ought to be inſtructors and teachers of good demeanors. I therefore wiſhe her diligentlie to harken to all ; but, eſpecially being in the companie of grave and wiſe women, I wiſhe her to be attentive to heare that whiche they ſaie, and ſhe not to ſpeake to often ; for as ſhe that ſpeaketh often is in danger to faile, ſo ſhee that hereth much is in poſſibilitie to become more wiſe and learned : whiche thinge, to the ende it maie happen to our maiden, I would wiſhe her to take heede and note that whiche is uttered to the praies or diſpraies of any, and thereafter to frame her life ; whiche thing ſhee maie eaſely diſcerne by the jeſtures and behaviours of the hearers, who alwaies with cherefull countenances are accuſtomed to rejoyce at that whiche is good, contrarie with a fower and ſharpe looke, and as it were with grief, thei accorde to that whiche is evill, and tolde without reſpecte of place, tyme, perſone, or of ſuche thinges as they talke of, or of them ſelves. In this wiſe ſhee ſhall make election and choiſe of that whiche ſhe ought to keepe ſilent, ſetting a law to her ſelf, to doe the one and eſchue the other ; for ſhe ought to know that the uſe of the tounge is to be uſed ſoberly and diſcretly, for to that ende nature, that wiſe workewoman, ordained the tong to bee incloſed as with a hedge within twoo rowes of teeth, where contrarie ſhee hath leaſt our eares open, the one to be readie to heare, and the other ſlowe to ſpeake. There bee

manie excellent examples to bee noted, and worthie to be printed in the memorie of every man and woman, out of manie ancient woorkes, but among the rest out of *Erasmus* his golden booke, the whiche he hath leaft written full of the vices and vertue of the tounge: there bee manie to bee taken, and therefore having cited the booke by name, I doubt not but our matrone will cause our maiden to reade it, on hope wherof I leave to rehearse the wordes in this volume. Touchyng her apparell, that I am willing to teache and instructe, seeyng that the same is one of those thinges whiche are named indifferent, and for so muche as use onely makes it to seme diversly good and bad, I wish her not to be envious of others; neither she by her pompous attire, or over riche ornamentes, to give other cause to envie her, and her self to bee thought arrogant and ambitious; for it is no lesse dangerous to bee envied, then it is to bee envious, but to bee alwaies modestly arraied. Now, because it hath bin faied before, that she should carefully eschewe the companie of acquaintance, especially and before all, that of kitchine maides, and light goffepes, I thinke it goode here to counsaile her againe to use her in suche forte, as in her countenance and behaviour, that it appeare not [to] any to procede of a proude or arrogant harte; but lette her entermedle in their offices and affaires with a modeste gravitie, garnished with pleasant and milde humilitie; alwaies bearyng in minde how muche the conversation of suche tattlers as are more readye too speake that whiche they ought not, then too harken to that whiche they ought, is greatly to bee feared, they beyng evermore accustomed to bee more busie in the reprovyng others faultes, then readie to amende their owne. Besides all this, I would wishe our

well adorned maiden to bee friendly and affable, so nere as she can, unto all, in yeeldyng honour and reverence to the good to obtaine their love and good likyng, and not to disdaine or reiecte the evill to incurre their hate. Also, I must give remembrance to eschewe one faulte that is dangerous, unsemely, and more peculiar in yong age then in any other, the whiche, because it covereth it self, as it were, under the coverture of a fuche nere vertue, as is bothe laudable, and a goodlie ornamente, is difficle of the moste parte to be avoided ; and it consisteth onely in an unseemely and foolishe shamefastnesse, the whiche, oftentimes passyng under the habite of custome and nature, doeth continue possession in ripe yeres, with occasion of greate reproofe. For truely, as too much boldnesse (beeyng a thing more conveniente for those that, to reprove vice, use the partes of divers perfonages in Comedies and Tragedies, then for a modeste or milde maiden) is to bee shonned and eschewed as a fault infamous : so to the contrary, too much fearfulnessse or shamefastnesse, where it is needeleffe, is a pointe of greate follie, fitter for babes to use, then fuche a one as I wishe our maiden to bee, that delighteth to decke her minde by this *Mirrhor*: therefore, restrainyng these two extremities, if any commit offence proper to yong age, let them be shamefast onely in acknowledging their faulte, and not otherwise ; and so, not beeyng obstinate in denyng, thei shall shewe greate signe of amendemente. And, sure, there cannot bee a greater chasticemente, then the fame that fuche a one shall conceive. Likewise, where it behoveth her to shewe her vertue, she shall bee readie, but not to[o] bolde, and by a sodaine blushing, whiche immediately will overspread her lillie cheekes with roseate read, she shall

shewe that she beareth in her breaste a reverente harte, farre separated from infamous and reprochfull shame. In fuche wife, I saie, she shall with a cherefull countenaunce, and a well tempered gravite, castyng her eyes to the yearth, shewe of her self that whiche, neverthelesse, although she knowes it will redound to her praise and commendation, she would willingly dissemble, and faine not to care for. With this commendable confidence, when it behoves her through request to recite any Psalme, or other spirituall song, or godlie sentence, she shall set her self forthe to doe it with a milde refusall, yet altogether voide of undecent affectyng, which thyng the moste parte of people can hardly eschewe; and yet her prudente matrone, to the ende that our maiden maie bee still in doubte of this affectyng, shall holde her in suspecte of her refuse. Of whiche thyng, in my judgement, there nede no other advisement then the same which other have written. Emong the *Lacedemonians*, beeyng otherwise menne vertuous, and of a severe discipline, uncorrupted in all other laudable customes, this vice have been noted and marked; and that onely in *Aristotle* cheefly, who, in disdainyng sumptuous apparell, fought ambiciously therby to purchase fame and renowne of magnanimitie, and so in that disdainyng, he shewed hym self to bee proude and arrogant; whiche thyng *Plato* wittely reproved in *Diogenes*, who whiles that, by an importunate severitie, he did treade under his feete the coverlettes that he sawe lyng uppon *Plato* his bedde, farre more riche and costly then it seemed to hym conveniente for a philosopher, saied that he trode under his feete the pride and ambicion of *Plato*. But *Plato* verie readely and with greate modestie aunswered and saied, O *Diogenes*, thou treadest-uppon my

pride with a farre more hautie and loftie pride then myne is, so that many oftentymes by reprovyng glorie doe seeke it. The whiche as it ought not to be desired viciously, so ought it not to be refused with too great an opinion of vertue, because that in vertuous woorkes extremities be alwaies vicious. Thei doe truely dislike that doe truely possesse this vertue ; otherwise thei are not without affectyng, although at the firste shewe it semeth otherwise. And, therefore, let our maiden learne to dislike those thinges with judgements whiche shee ought not to like, or if she ought to like, yet at the least to make little shewe thereof, and that not with travell, but with a milde and courteous countenance. And havynge oportunitie to doe anie thing by whiche anie praies or commendacion is to be wonne, she shall neither dislike it, nor like it, more [than] it behoveth her ; for from thence it will spring that she, making others to beleve that she, by denyng that for commendacion, whiche others doe attribute unto her, shee will bee thought to deceive and merite muche more. Now, as touchyng feastes and pastimes, I would not wishe our maiden, or at least our matrone to suffer our maiden in her tender yeeres to frequent or haunt them ; by reason that by the same it happens too manie as it happened to Atalanta, whose neare obtayned victorie was hindered by the glifteryng shewe of three golden balles, whiche she staied to gather up, whiles her adverfarie over ranne her and wanne the garlande, which otherwise she her self had gained. Harde it is to saie how much more efficacie the apparence of evill deedes hath in the hartes and mindes of youth, then the fame of laudable examples shoven a farre of. And therefore, to the ende that in so gallant a race oure maiden maie not see anie

thing to hinder or staie her atchiving to the ende, let her leave the haunt of feastes and banketes, and companie of light hufwives, and only settler her minde to take recreation and pleasure in walking the gardens and pleasaunt orchardes at convenient tyme and dewe leifure. But let see: whither am I gone? Trust me, the great desire that I have to adorne and deacke oure maiden, or better to saie, to ripen fuche vertues as are beginning to budde in her, hath transported me beyonde my marke: muche like to him, that walking by the waie, beyng in deepe confideration with him self touchyng his urgent affaires, and forgetting him self, doeth often passe the place that he appointed to goe unto; so I at this instaunt see my self strayed beyonde the limittes that I had set to wright of this matter: therefore, makyng an ende, I praie God, who onely can doe muche more then anie counsell or humaine pollecie maie imagine, so to guide the mindes of all mothers, matrones, and maidens, as they maie farre excell in their lives the order that I have sett doune in these leaves;  
and then no doubt but, after this life,  
they shall in the life to come  
have fruition of heavenlie  
felicitie.

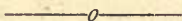
FINIS.    qd    THOMAS SALTER.

*Ne ça ne la.*

## A PRETIE PITHIE DIALOGUE

*betwene Mercurie and Vertue.*

Made by T. S.



MERCURIE.

The goddeſs *Vertue* hath praied me by her Letters to make my preſente repaire unto her : whereto I willynly accorde, onely to underſtande her pleaſure ; that ended, I muſte make ſpedie retourne toward *Jupiter*.

VERTUE.

Haile, heavenly *Mercurie* ! *Vertue* ſaluteth thee, and yeeld-eth moſte hartie thanks, in that thou vouchſafeſt to come unto me ; whereby I maie bee perſwaded that I am not yet forſaken of all the gods.

MERCURIE.

I partely underſtande your meanyng : wherefore bee brief, good *Vertue*, and ſaie thy minde, for I am commaunded by *Jupiter* not to be long abſent from hym.

VERTUE.

Why, is it not lawfull then for me, neither maie I be permitted to make [known] my calamitie and oppreſſion ? Who ſhall I have to bee revengers of my cauſe and injuries, if libertie and facultie bee denied me to have acceſſe unto *Jupiter* ? onely, I ſaie unto thee, *Mercurie*, whom I have alwaies accompted of as my brother, and as ſuche a one have ho-

noured and revered thee, Oh, I moste miserable! to what place shall I flie? To whom shall I have recourse? Of whom els, or in what place, shall I from henceforth aske succour, helpe, and comforte? Truely, beeyng so poorely apparelled as I am, and evill intreated bothe of gods and men, and in this wise disdained and abandoned, even almoste to my beyng cherished, or imbraced of none, it were farre better for me to bee a blocke then a goddesse.

MERCURIE.

Well, *Vertue*, declare breefly thy cause of calamitie, whiles I am attentive and inclined to heare thee.

VERTUE.

Alas! seest thou not how naked I am, miserably caste doune, and well nere honored or esteemed of none? Whiche evill hap and inconvenience is happened unto me by the boldnesse, impietie, and injurie wrought against me by the proude and arrogante goddesse *Fortune*. I will tell thee, *Mercurie*, as I was extolled and lifted up in greate honour and reputation in the *Elizian* feedles, among the excellent, modest, and famous personages, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, *Archimedes*, *Policlet*, and many other suche like spirites devine, the whiche duryng their life time did above all thynges religioustly love and honour me; and as also in those places, so pleasaunte and delectable, many famous, valiaunte, and triumphtaunte kynges, princes, and worthies of sonderie countries, by multitudes come runnyng to embrace me, and yeelde me all kinde of honour and duetifull salutation, beholde! there came towardes me in greate haste that impudent and insolent goddesse *Fortune*, my capitall and perpetuall enemy; who, garded and incompassed with greate companies of armed men, no lesse filled with boosting

bragges, and fwolne with pride, then readie to burste with greefe, envie, and dispight (to see me so honoured) ad-vaunfed her self to displace me, crying a farre of, moſte arrogantly and furiously, in this maner: Why, howe nowe, miſtreſſe many better, ladie of little, and regente of right naught! is there no reverence to bee ſhowne, neither knowe you ſo muche your maners, as to give place too your betters? To ſpeake a truthe, I nothyng moved indeede at her commyng; neither did I, or any of mi companie, paſſe for her: wherefore ſhe proceeded forth, and proudly ſaied, Why, gentlewoman, will you not ſturre? Is this the humilitie you ſhewe to the high preſence of gods? Is this the reverence and honour thou yeeldeſt unto them, thou preſumptuous callott that thou art? Credite me, *Mercurie*, I was greatly grieved with ſo undeſerved an injurie; wherefore, ſomewhat moved in mynde, I thus aunſwered. Why, proude goddeſſe, it is not all thy loftie wordes, neither the power thou bootteth of, that can make me either an abject, or naught worthe. Beſides, I am not mynded (how bee it that we are bounde to bowe to our ſuperiours) to bowe or bend unto thee, leaſt I ſhould ronne therby into diſhonour and infamie.

This ſhorte and ſharpe aunſwere ſo vexed *Fortune*, that furiously inflamed (without other occaſion given), ſhe forthwith ſtepped forward, and, as one inraged, ran violently upon me, breathyng againſt me a thouſande ſunderie injuries and ſpightfull reprooffes, whiche I here paſſe over, with the contumelious and ſhawefull woordes that ſhe vomited out at her firſte commyng, to the prejudice of myne honour. Wherefore, *Plato*, beeyng moved by her inſolencie, beganne, contrary to they earthly goddeſſes fanſie,

to dispute, and alledge many thinges intreatyng of the duetie of superiores, what thei ought to bee in their vocations and administrations ; but she, impaciente at suche demonstration, to breake of his talke, sodainly saied with a loude voice : Oh ! a voide, a voide from before my face and presence this bolde prattler, for it is not appertinent for servauntes to entermeddle with the estate of superiours. *Cicero* also, greeved at the wrong doen unto me, beganne to minister many examples, tending to the perfection of kynges, princes, and magistrates, how they ought to administer justice, helpe the poore people, and in all thinges showe them selves maintainers of honnor and vertue. But (alas !) at the same time also, out of a companie of armed men, Marke Anthonie stepped forth, armed to the advantage, and with a crewell stroke of his gantlet hurt *Cicero* in the face ; whiche feing, all my frendes beyng astonied, fearing a farther evill, saved them selves by flight, because being unarmed, thei supposed them selves to[o] weake to withstande so greate a nomber armed and weaponed, and whiche were exercised warrelike in spoiles, rapes, and murders. I beyng then miserably forsaken and least of all my frendes, those unkinde and cruell warriours tooke mee and tore of my garmentes piteously, and finallie having cast me into a ryver harde by all bemired with mudde, thei, with greate joye, triumphing for such victorie over me, went their waies singyng, showtyng, and daunsyng. Whereof to certifie *Jupiter*, and declare unto him every thing as it passed, as sone as I had leifure I came hether. It is now a moneth and more since, that I have everie daie staied to bee let in at the gate, praiyng the residewe of gods, at their commyng forth and going in, to be mine aiders. But, alas ! they ever

more fed me with excuses ; for either they saie they are busied aboute the making of cowcombers and gourdes to spring in their time and season, or else to painte and give gallant gaie winges to bees and butterflies. Alas ! what should I saie ? will they alwaies be busied aboute suche nedelesse businesse, and never espie tyme and leifure to preferre my sute ? But shall I ever remaine shut out from amonge them, like one disdayned and contempned ? Helas ! it is long since gardeners tooke care and charge over cowcumpers, fearyng least by default of wateryng they would wether and drye up, and yet notwithstanding no one of the gods or men have anie care or remembraunce of me and mine affaires. Wherefore, deare *Mercurie*, againe I moste heartelie praie, intreate, and beseeche thee (beyng trouchman and herault to the gods) to take this my iust and pitiefull cause in charge. I come to thee for refuge, and humbly unto thee I complaine, as to hym in whome my trust and hope is, beseeching that thou wilt take suche order, that whiles I am uncharitably forsaken and separated from the gods, I be not also had in derision and ignomie amonge men : for if I should, it woulde bee a greate dishonour, shame, and flaunder to them to see me, who ought to be a chief among them, so little regarded and smallie accounted of.

## MERCURIE.

Helas ! *Vertue*, I have harde of all thy inconvenience, but so it is, that I can no wayes yeelde thee remedie ; for whiche I am hartely sorie, considering the auntient and neare amytye betwene us : for hereof I advertise thee, thou hast taken in hand to[o] hard and dificile a thing to prevaile against *Fortune*, seying that *Jupiter* himself (seasing to

fpeake of the other gods), how be it that he knowes himself greatly bounde unto thee for manie received benyfittes, yet hath he not *Fortune* onely in more honnour and reverence then thee, but he also feareth her force and puifance. For it is ſhe that helpt the gods to mount up to the heavens, and, when it pleaſeth her, by her force ſhe againe can caſt them doune: therefore, deare *Vertue*, if thou be wiſe and wilt be ruled by good counſell, withdrawe thy ſelf from hence, and goe kepe companie with the ſimple and baſe gods; and there, as one unknowne, doe remaine until the hate and wrath conceived by *Fortune* againſt thee be quencht.

VERTUE.

Ah! then, I ſee how it will enſue. I muſt nedes retourne and hide my ſelf for ever, as one diſdained and rejected of all.

MERCURIE.

*Vertue*, adiew.

FINIS. qd T. S.



## INTRODUCTION.

1/6

IN the lists of Nicholas Breton's productions this poem is attributed to him, but without the slightest evidence to support the position: it does not bear his name or initials, it was not even published by a stationer whom he was in the habit of employing, and it seems hardly likely that the same pen would write and print, and in the same year, this pious "Passion of a discontented Mind," and "Old Madcaps new Gallimawfry made into a merry Mess of Mingle-mangle." The inconsistency is, however, possible, though not probable; and the style of what follows is superior to Breton's usual manner. Some of the stanzas are as powerful and eloquent as any that Southwell left behind him; and were we to form a conjecture, we should be much more disposed to give it to him, as a posthumous effusion, than to assign it to such a money-making pen as that of the author of "The Soul's Harmony," or "Wonders worth the Hearing," both of which, like the work in our hands, made their appearance in 1602. Were we to accept the tract now reprinted as the work of Breton, it would make the fourth effusion of his muse published in the same year. In "The Passion of a discontented Mind" there is certainly little poetry, properly so called, but much religious fervour and piety.

We never saw more than a single copy of the edition we have

used, but it was reprinted in 1621, and of that impression two exemplars appear to remain to us. We apprehend that it is unique in the form in which we have reproduced it.

The printer's initials, T. C., are those of Thomas Creede, one of the best typographers of his day for popular productions; but, perhaps, the manuscript he used was old and illegible, and he certainly made some obvious omissions and blunders: we have ventured to place between brackets one or two words, necessary to the sense, as well as to the versification; but we have left other errors of the press in our text—such as “proceed” for *precede* in the third stanza, and “fetch” for *filch* in the last stanza but one. These, we are persuaded, are misreadings by the old compositor, which some critics of our day may like to see, if not to preserve. Oversights of the kind now and then enable us to correct important mistakes in other authors.

One obvious purpose of “The Passion of a discontented Mind” was to counteract the effect of the looser love-literature of the day; and we know, from his own testimony, that this was an object which Southwell had much at heart. Nevertheless, some portions of what follows are weaker, more languid, and more common-place, than what generally proceeded from his vigorous intellect.

J. P. C.

*T H E*  
P A S S I O N  
O F A  
D I S C O N T E N T E D M I N D E .



*L O N D O N :*

Printed by T. C. for John Baily, and are to be fold  
at his shop at the doore of the Office  
of the fixe Clarkes in  
Chancerie Lane.

1602.



THE PASSION  
OF  
A DISCONTENTED MINDE.

---

FROM silent night, true register of moanes ;  
From saddest soule, consum'd with deepest finnes ;  
From heart quite rent with sighes and heavy grones,  
My wailing Muse her wofull worke beginnes :  
And to the world brings tunes of sad dispaire,  
Sounding nought else but forrow, griefe, and care.

Sorrow, to see my sorrowes cause augmented,  
And yet lesse sorrowfull, were my sorrowes more ;  
Griefe, that my griefe with griefe is not prevented,  
For griefe it is must ease my grieved fore.  
Thus griefe and forrow care's but how to grieve,  
For griefe and forrow must my cares relieve.

The wound fresh bleeding must be stancht with teares,  
Teares cannot come, unlesse some griefe proceed ;  
Griefes come but slacke, which doth encrease my feares,  
Feares, least for want of helpe I still should bleed.  
Do what I can to lengthen my lives breath,  
If teares be wanting I shall bleed to death.

Thou deepest seacher of each secret thought,  
Infuse in me thy all affecting grace ;  
So shall my workes to good effects be brought,  
While I peruse my ugly finnes a space :  
    Whose staining filth so spotted hath my soule,  
    As nought will waste, but teares of inward dole.

O! that the learned Poets of this time,  
(Who in a love-ficke line so well indite)  
Would not consume good wit in hateful rime,  
But would with care some better subject write :  
    For if their musicke please in earthly things,  
    Well would it sound if strained with heav'nly strings.

But woe it is to see fond worldlings use,  
Who most delight in things that vainest be,  
And without feare worke vertues foule abuse,  
Scorning foules rest, and all true pietie :  
    As if they made account never to part  
    From this fraile life, the pilgrimage of smart.

Such is the nature of our foolish kinde,  
When practiz'd sinne hath deeply taken roote :  
The way to penance due is hard to finde,  
Repentance held a thing of litle boote ;  
    For contrite teares, foules health, and angels joy,  
    Most men account a meere phantastike toy.

Ill working use, devourer of all grace,  
The fretting moeth that wasteth foules chiefe blisse ;  
The flie close thiefe that lurkes in every place,

Filching by peece-meale till the whole be his ;  
How many are deceived by thy baite,  
T' account their finnes as trifles of no waight !

O curfed custome ! causing mischief still,  
Too long thy craft my fences hath misse-led :  
Too long have I bin flave unto thy will,  
Too long my soule on bitter sweets hath fed :  
Now surfetting with thy hell poisoned cates,  
In deepe repent her former folly hates.

And humbly comes with sorrow-rented hart,  
With blubbred eies, and hands uprear'd to heaven,  
To play a poore lamenting Mawdlines part,  
That would weepe streames of bloud to be forgiven :  
But (oh) I feare mine eies are drain'd so drie,  
That though I would, yet now I cannot crie.

If any eie, therefore, can spare a teare  
To fill the wel-fsprings that must wet my cheeks,  
O ! let that eye to this sad feast draw neare ;  
Refuse me not, my humble soule befeeks :  
For all the teares mine eyes have ever wept,  
Were now too litle had they all bin kept.

I see my finnes arraign'd before my face,  
I see their number passe the moathes in funne,  
I see that my continuance in this place  
Cannot be long ; and all that I have done  
I see the judge before my face hath laid,  
At whose sterne lookes all creatures are afraid.

If be be juſt, my ſoule condemned is ;  
 And juſt he is, what then may be expected,  
 But baniſhment from everlaſting bliſſe ?  
 To live, like curſed *Caine*, baſe, vile, abjected :  
     He in his rage his brothers bloud did ſpill,  
     I, more unkind, mine owne ſoules life do kill.

O! could mine eyes ſend trickling teares amaine,  
 Never to ceaſe till my eternall night,  
 Till this eye-floud his mercie might obtaine,  
 Whom my defaults have baniſht from his ſight,  
     Then could I bleſſe my happy time of crying ;  
     But ah! too ſoone my barren ſprings are drying.

Thriſe happie ſinner was that bleſſed faint,  
 Who, though he fell with puffe of woman's blaſt,  
 Went forth and wept with many a bitter plaint,  
 And by his teares obtained grace at laſt :  
     Wretched I, have falne, of mine accord,  
     Ten thouſand times againſt the living Lord.

Yet cannot ſtraine one true repentant teare  
 To gaine the bliſſe from which my ſoule is baniſht :  
 My flintie heart ſome ſorrowing doth forbear,  
 And from my fence all true remorce is vaniſht ;  
     For heart and fence are cloyd with dregs of ſinne,  
     And theres no place for grace to enter in.

No place (deare Lord) unleſſe thy goodneſſe pleaſe  
 To pittie him that worſt deſerves of any,  
 And in thy tender mercie grant him eaſe,

As thou tofore haft mercie shew'd to many ;  
Yet none of those do equall me in sinne :  
Oh ! how may I hope mercie then to winne ?

The traitor *Judas*, heire borne to perdition,  
Who for a trifle did his Lord betray,  
In equall doome deserveth more remission,  
Then my defaults can challenge any way :  
He sold him once, that once for gaine was done ;  
I oftentimes, yet lesse then nothing wonne.

The bloudie minded Jewes, in furie mad  
Untill on Christ their cruell rage was fed,  
In their fell anger more compassion had  
Then I, for whom his harmlesse blood was shed :  
Their hellish spite within a day was past,  
My sinfull fit doth all my lifetime last.

For ev'ry stripe that he from them did take,  
A thousand deadly sinnes have I committed ;  
And ev'ry wound as deepe a wound did make,  
As did the cords wherwith my Christ was whipped :  
Oh hatefull caitiffe, parricide most vile,  
Thus (with my sinne) his pure blood to defile !

O sinne ! first parent of mans ever woe,  
The distance large that severs hell and heaven ;  
Sences confounder, soules chiefe overthrow,  
Grafted by men, not by the grafter given :  
Consuming canker, waisting soules chiefe treasure,  
Onely to gaine a litle trifling pleasure.

Happie were man if sinne had never bin,  
 Thrife happie now, if sinne he would forsake ;  
 But happier farre, if for his wicked sinne  
 He would repent, and hartie sorrow make,  
     Leaving this droffe and fleshly delectation,  
     To gaine in heav'n a lasting habitation.

There is the place wherein all sorrowes die,  
 Where joy exceeds all joyes that ever were ;  
 Where Angels make continuall harmony,  
 The minde set free from care, distrust, or feare :  
     There all receive all joyfull contentation,  
     Happied by that most heav'nly contemplation.

Nowe see (alas) the change we make for sinne !  
 In stead of heav'n, hell is become our lot ;  
 For blessed faints, damned fiends we ever win,  
 For rest and freedome, lasting bondage got :  
     For joy, content, eternall love and peace,  
     Griefe, dispaire, hate, [and] jarres that never cease.

The worme of conscience still attendeth on us,  
 Telling each houre, each instant we shall die ;  
 And that our sinnes cannot be parted from us,  
 But where we are, thither they likewise flie :  
     Still urging this, that death we have deserved,  
     Because we fled from him we should have served.

What greater sinne can touch a humane hart ?  
 What hellish furie can be worse tormented ?  
 What sinner lives that feeleth not a part

Of this sharpe plague, unlesse he have repented ?  
And yet repentance surely is but vaine,  
Without full purpose not to sinne againe.

And is it not then [our] plaine follie's error,  
To covet that that brings with it contempt,  
And makes us live in feare, distrust, and terror,  
Hating at last the thing we did attempt ?  
For never sinne did yet so pleasing taste,  
But lustful flesh did loath it when 'twas past.

Witness my wofull soule, which well can tell,  
In higheft top of sinne's most fresh delight  
Although my frailtie suffred me to dwell,  
Yet being past, I loath'd it with despight ;  
But like the swine, I fed mine owne desire,  
That being cleane still coveteth the mire.

So greedie is mans beastly appetite,  
To follow after dunghill pleasures still,  
And feed on carrion like the ravening kite,  
Not caring what his hungry maw doth fill ;  
But worketh evermore his wills effect,  
Without restraint, controlement, or respect.

O ! why should man, that beares the stamp of heaven,  
So much abase heavens holy will and pleasure ?  
O ! why was fence and reason to him given,  
That in his sinne cannot containe a measure ?  
He knowes he must account for every sinne,  
And yet committeth sins that countlesse bin.

This to peruse (deare God) doth kill my foule,  
But that thy mercie quickneth it againe.  
O! heare me, Lord, in bitternesse of dole,  
That of my finnes do prostrate here complaine;  
And at thy feet, with *Mary*, knocke for grace,  
Though wanting *Maries* tears to wet my face.

She, happy sinner, saw her life misse-led,  
At sight whereof her inward heart did bleed,  
To witnes with her, outward teares were shed.  
O blessed faint, and ô most blessed deed!  
But wretched I, that see more finnes than she,  
Nor grieve within, nor yet weepe outwardly.

When she had lost thy presence but one day,  
The want was such her heart could not sustaine,  
But to thy tombe alone she tooke her way,  
And there with sighes and teares she did complaine:  
Nor from her sense once moov'd or stirr'd was shee,  
Untill againe she got a sight of thee.

But I have lost thy presence all my daies,  
And still am slacke to see thee as I should;  
My wretched foule in wicked sinne so staies,  
I am unmeet to see thee, though I would:  
Yet, if I could with teares thy comming tend,  
I know I should (as she) finde thee my friend.

Teares are the key that ope the way to blisse,  
The holy water quenching heav'ns quicke fire;  
The attonement true twixt God and our amisse;

The angels drinke, the blessed faints desire :  
The joy of Christ, the balme of grieved hart,  
The spring of life, the ease of ev'ry smart.

The second King of *Israel* by succession,  
When with *Uriahs* wife he had offended,  
In bitter teares bewaild his great transgression,  
And by his teares found grace, and so repented :  
He, night and day, in weeping did remaine ;  
I, night nor day, to shew one teare take paine.

And yet my finnes, in greatnesse and in number,  
Farre his exceed ; how comes it then to passe,  
That my repentance should so farre be under,  
And graces force, deare God, is as it was ?  
Truth is, that I, although I have more need,  
Do not, as he, so truly weepe indeed.

O ! wherefore is my steely heart so hard ?  
Why am I made of mettall unrelenting ?  
Why is all ghostly comfort from me bard ?  
Or, to what end do I deferre repenting ?  
Can lustfull flesh or flattering world perswade me,  
That I can scape the power of him that made me ?

No, no : the secret Searcher of all hearts  
Both sees and knowes each deed that I have done,  
And for each deed wil pay me home with smart.  
No place can serve his will decreed to shunne ;  
I should deceive my selfe to thinke that he  
For sinne would punish others, and not me.

Our first borne fire, first breeder of mans thrall,  
For one bare sinne was of perfection rest,  
And all mankinde were banisht by his fall  
From Paradife, and unto sorrow left :

    If he for one, and all for him feelee paine,  
    Then, for so many what should I sustaine ?

The angels made to attend on God in glorie,  
Were thrust from heav'n, and only for one sinne,  
That but in thought (for so records the storie)  
For which they still in lasting darkness bin :

    If those, once glorious, thus tormented be,  
    I (basest slave) what will become of me ?

What will become of me, that not in thought,  
In thought alone, but in each word and deed,  
A thousand thousand deadly finnes have wrought,  
And still do worke ; whereat my heart doth bleed ?

    For even now, in this my sad complaining,  
    With new made sins my flesh my foule is staining.

O ! that I were remov'd to some close cave,  
Where all alone retired from delight,  
I might my sighes and teares untroubled have,  
And never come in wretched worldlings fight,  
    Whose ill bewitching company still brings  
    Deepe provocation, whence great danger springs.

Ill company, the cause of many woes,  
The sugred baite, that hideth poysoned hooke ;  
The rocke unseen that shipwrackt foules o'rethrowes ;

The weeping crocodile that kills with looke ;  
The readiest steppe to ruine and decay,  
Graces confounder, and helles nearest way.

How many foules do perish by thy guile !  
How many men without all feare frequent  
Thy deadly haunts, where they in pleasure smile,  
Taking no care such dangers to prevent,  
But live like Belials, unbrideled or untamed,  
Not looking they shall for their faults be blamed !

Alas, alas ! too wretched do we live,  
That carelesly thus worke our owne confusion,  
And to our wills such libertie do give ;  
Ay me ! it is the divels meere illusion  
To flatter us with such sence-pleasing traines,  
That he thereby may take us in his chaines.

This well foresaw good men of auntient time,  
Which made them shunne th' occasions of foule sinne,  
Knowing it was the nurse of every crime,  
And, fyren-like, would traine fond worldlings in ;  
Alluring them with shewe of musickes sound,  
Untill on finnes deepe shelve their foules be drownd.

But he is held no fotiable man,  
In this corrupted age, that shall refuse  
To keepe the cursed company now and than ;  
Nay, but a foole, unlesse he seeme to chuse  
Their fellowship, and give them highest place  
That vildest live, and furthest off from grace.

But better tis, believe me, in my triall  
 To shun fuch hel-hounds, factors of the divell ;  
 And give them leave to grudge at your deniall,  
 Then to partake with fuch in sinne and evill :  
     For if that God (in justice) then should flay us,  
     From hell and horror, who (alas!) could stay us ?

Good God ! the juft (as he himfelfe hath fpoken)  
 Should fcarce be faved, ô terror unremoveable !  
 What, then, should they that never had a token,  
 Or signe of grace (foules comfort moft behoveable)  
     But gracelefse liv'd, and all good deeds did hate,  
     What hope of them that live in fuch a ftate ?

O ! who will give me teares, that I may waile,  
 Both nights and daies, the dangers I have paff ;  
 My foule, my foule, tis much for thy availe,  
 That thou art gotten from thefe ftraits at laft :  
     O joy ! but in thy joy mixe teares withall,  
     That thou haft time to fay, Lord, heare me call.

I might as others (Lord) have perished  
 Amid my finnes and damnable delights ;  
 But thou (good God), with care my foule hath cherifhed,  
 And brought it home to tafte on heav'nly lights.  
     Ay me ! what thanks, what fervice can I render  
     To thee that of my fafetie art fo tender ?

Now do I curfe the time I ever went  
 In finnes blacke path, that leadeth to damnation :  
 Now do I hate the houres I have miffe-fpent

In ydle vice, neglecting foules salvation,  
And to redeeme the time I have misse-worne,  
I wish this houre I were againe new borne.

But vaine it is, as faith the wisest man,  
To call againe the day that once is past :  
O ! let me see what best is for me than,  
To gaine thy favour whilst my life doth last ;  
That in the next I may but worthy be,  
Ev'n in the meanest place to waite on thee.

I will, as did the prodigall sonne sometime,  
Upon my knees, with heartie true contrition,  
And weeping eyes, confesse my former crime ;  
And humbly begge, upon my lowe submission,  
That thou wilt not of former faults detect me,  
But, like a loving father, now respect me.

Or, as the wife that hath her husband wronged,  
So will I come with feare and blushing cheeke,  
For giving others what to thee belonged ;  
And say, my king, my lord, and spouse most meeke,  
I have defil'd the bed that thou didst owe :  
Forgive me this, it shall no more be so.

Yet, for the world can witnes mine abuse,  
Ile hide my face from face that witcht mine eies ;  
These gracelesse eyes that had my bodies use,  
Till it be withred with my very cries :  
That when my wrinckles shall my sorrowes tell,  
The world may say, I joy'd not, though I fell.

Ev'n thus will I in forrowing spend my breath,  
And spot my face with never-dying teares,  
Till aged wrinckles, messengers of death,  
Have purchasde mercie, and remov'd my feares :  
    And then the world within my lookes shall read  
    The piteous wracke unbrideled sinne hath bred.

And that which was a pleasure to behold,  
Shalbe to me an ever-griping paine ;  
All my misdeeds shall one and one be told,  
That I may see what tyrants have me flaine :  
    And when I have thus mustred them apart,  
    I will display on each a bleeding hart.

And leaft my teares should faile me at most need,  
Before the face of faith Ile fixe my Saviours passion,  
And see how his most pretious side did bleed,  
And note his death and torments, in such fashion  
    As never man the like did undertake ;  
    For freely he hath done it for my sake.

If this his kindnesse and his mercie showne,  
Cannot provoke me unto tender cryme ;  
Then will I backe againe turne to mine owne,  
Mine owne sinne[s], cause of this his cruell dying :  
    And if for them no teares mine eyes can find,  
    Sighs shal cause tears, tears make my poore eies blind.

No farre fetcht story have I now brought home,  
Nor taught to speake more language then his mothers ;  
No long done poem is from darknesse come

To light againe: it's ill to fetch from others:  
The song I sing is made of heart-bred sorrow,  
Which penfive Muse from pining foule doth borrow.

I sing, not I, of wanton love-sicke laies,  
Of trickling toys to feed fantasticke eares,  
My Muse respects no flattering tatling praise;  
A guiltie conscience this sad passion beares:  
My sinne sicke foule, with sorrow woe begone,  
Lamenting thus a wretched deed mis-done.

FINIS.



Illness has unavoidably delayed the transmission of these two reprints. The cost of the seven productions has been *Two Shillings* beyond the sum entrusted to the Editor six months ago.



## INTRODUCTION.

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WHAT follows is the production to which we alluded when we, very recently, reprinted Richard Barnfield's "Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money" from the edition of 1605. From that edition certain poems were excluded, that had been inserted in the earlier edition of 1598, and two of them, in 1599, were assigned to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

"The Encomion of Lady Pecunia" (subsequently called "Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money") was printed, as our readers will see, for John Jaggard in 1598: "The Passionate Pilgrim" was printed for W. Jaggard in 1599. We may conclude that the Jaggards were related, perhaps brothers, or more probably father and son, and both booksellers, or, as they were then usually called, "stationers." John Jaggard, prior to 1598, had obtained a manuscript by Richard Barnfield, a popular poet, which was hardly of sufficient length for a separate publication, under the taking title of "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia." He wished it to extend to eight sheets 4to., or sixty-four pages; and for this purpose he spread it over as wide a surface of paper as he could, giving, for the sake of extension, no fewer than four separate title-pages; but still, when he arrived at his last sheet, he found that the "copy" he had remaining would only make about six, instead of eight, pages. What course does he then seem to have taken? He learned that his relative in the same trade, W. Jaggard, was about to bring out some miscellaneous pieces by another poet,

Shakespeare; and in order to complete his own undertaking, which was in a more forward state than "The Passionate Pilgrim," he adopted (with or without leave) from "The Passionate Pilgrim" two poems, which would appropriately fill his two deficient pages in "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia."

Such is our notion of the matter, strongly confirmed by the fact, that when Barnfield reprinted his "Encomion" in 1605, and added new matter to it, he rejected (besides others) the two poems which he knew were not his own, and which he also knew belonged to the great poet whom, both in 1598 and 1605, he justly extolled.

The poems in question will be recognised at once on p. 44 and p. 45 of our reprint; and in order that our readers may see the exact form in which they originally appeared, (a year before they were inserted in "The Passionate Pilgrim") we have given them precisely as they stand in "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia:." we have not even corrected the corrupt punctuation as regards them, though elsewhere we have not avoided that part of what we consider the duty of an editor.

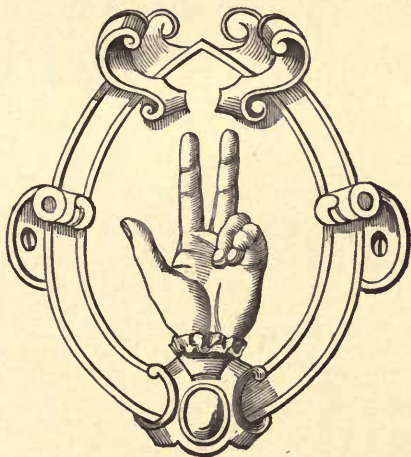
In our "Introduction" to "Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money," 1605, by a *lapsus pennæ* (for we cannot lay the fault upon our excellent printer) we attributed the publication of "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 1598, to W. Jaggard instead of John Jaggard. There was also an Isaac Jaggard in business at about the same date, and his name is at the bottom of the title-page of the folio, 1623, of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies."

J. P. C.

The  
Encomion of Lady Pecunia,  
OR  
THE PRAISE OF MONEY.

———— *quærenda pecunia primum est,  
Virtus post nummos.* HORACE.

By RICHARD BARNFEILD, Graduate in Oxford.



L O N D O N,  
Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde  
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the  
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

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GENTLEMEN, *being encouraged through your gentle acceptance of my Cynthia, I have once more adventured on your Curtesies, hoping to finde you (as I have done hertofore) friendly. Being determined to write of somthing, and yet not resolved of anything, I considered with my selfe, if one should write of Love (they will say) why, every one writes of Love: if of Vertue, why, who regards Vertue? To be short, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in request. At length, I bethought my selfe of a subject, both new (as having never beene written upon before) and pleasing (as I thought), because Man's Nature (commonly) loves to heare that praised, with whose preffence hee is most pleased.*

*Erasmus (the glory of Netherland, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke in the prayse of Folly. Then, if so excellent a Scholler writ in praise of Vanity, why may not I write in praise of that which is profitable? There are no two Countreys where Gold is esteemed les than in India, and more then in England: the reason is, because the Indians are barbarous, and our Nation civill.*

*I have given Pecunia the title of a Woman, both for the*

*termination of the word, and because (as Women are) shee is lov'd of men. The bravest Voyages in the World have beene made for Gold: for it Man have venter'd (by Sea) to the furthest parts of the Earth; in the pursute wherof England's Nestor and Neptune (Haukins and Drake) lost their lives. Upon the Deathes of the which two, of the first I writ this:—*

The waters were his winding sheete, the sea was made his Toombe,  
Yet for his Fame the Ocean Sea was not sufficient roome.

*Of the latter this:—*

England his hart, his corps the Waters have,  
And that which raifd his Fame became his grave.

*The Prætorians (after the death of Pertinax) in the election of a new Emperour, more esteemed the money of Fulianus, then either the vertue of Severus, or the valour of Pesseninus. Then, of what great estimation and account this Lady Pecunia both hath beene in the Worlde, and is at this present, I leave to your judgement. But what speake I so much of her praise in my Epistle, that have commended her so at large in my Booke? To the reading wherof (Gentlemen) I referre you.*

## THE PRAYSE OF LADY PECUNIA.

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I SING not of Angellica the faire,  
    (For whom the Palladine of Fraunce fell mad)  
Nor of sweet Rosamond, olde Cliffords heire,  
Whose death did make the second Henry fad)  
    But of the fairest faire, Pecunia,  
    The famous Queene of rich America.

Goddesse of Golde, great Empreffe of the Earth,  
O thou that canst doo all thinges under Heaven ;  
That doost convert the saddest minde to mirth,  
(Of whom the elder Age was quite bereaven)  
    Of thee Ile sing, and in thy prayse Ile write.  
    You, *golden Angels*, helpe me to indite !

You, you alone can make my Muse to speake,  
And tell a golden tale with silver tongue :  
You onely can my pleasing silence breake,  
And adde some musique to a merry songue :  
    But amongst all the five in musicks art,  
    I would not sing the *Counter*-tenor part.

The meane is best, and that I meane to keepe ;  
So shall I keepe my selfe from that I meane ;  
Lest with some others I be forc'd to weepe,

And cry *Peccavi* in a dolefull scæne.

But to the matter which I have in hand,  
The Lady Regent both of sea and land.

When Saturn liv'd and wore the kingly crowne,  
(And Jove was yet unborne, but not unbred)  
This Ladies fame was then of no renowne  
(For golde was then no more esteem'd then lead),  
Then truth and honesty were onely us'd,  
Silver and golde were utterly refus'd.

But when the Worlde grew wiser in conceit,  
And saw how men in manners did decline,  
How Charitie began to loose her heate,  
And one did at anothers good repine,  
Then did the aged first of all respect her,  
And vowd from thencefoorth never to reject her.

Thus with the Worlde her beauty did increase,  
And manie futers had she to obtaine her :  
Some fought her in the wars, and some in peace,  
But few of youthfull age could ever gaine her :  
Or if they did, she soone was gone againe,  
And would with them but little while remaine.

For why, against the nature of her sexe  
(That commonlie dispise the feeble olde)  
Shee loves olde men, but young men shee rejects,  
Because to her their love is quicklie colde.  
Olde men (like husbands jealous of their wives)  
Lock her up fast, and keepe her as their lives.

The young man, carelesse to maintaine his life,  
Neglects her love (as though he did abhor her)  
Like one that hardly doeth obtaine a wife,  
And when he hath her once, he cares not for her :  
    Shee, seeing that the young man doeth despyse her,  
    Leaves the franke hart, and flies unto the Myser.

Hee intertaines her with a joyfull hart,  
And seemes to rue her undeserved wrong ;  
And from his preffence she shall never part,  
Or if shee doo, he thinks her absence long :  
    And oftentimes he sends for her againe,  
    Whose life without her cannot long remaine.

And when he hath her in his owne possession,  
He locks her in an iron-barred chest ;  
And doubting somewhat of the like transgression,  
He holds that iron-walled prison best ;  
    And least some *rusty* sicknesse should infect her,  
    He often visits her, and doeth respect her.

As for the young man (subject unto sinne)  
No marvell though the Divell doe distresse him ;  
To tempt mans frailtie which doth never linne)  
Who many times hath not a *Crosse* to blesse him :  
    But how can hee incurre the Heavens curse,  
    That hath so many *Crosses* in his purse ?

Hee needes not feare those wicked sprights that waulke  
Under the coverture of cole-blacke Night,  
For why, the Divell still a *Crosse* doeth baulke,

Because on it was hangd the Lorde of Light :  
 But let not myfers trust to *silver Crosses*,  
 Leaft in the end their gaines be turnd to loffes.

But what care they, fo they may hoorde up golde,  
 Either for God or Divell, or Heaven or Hell,  
 So they may faire Pecuniaes face behold,  
 And every day their mounts of money tell ?  
 What tho to count their coyne they never blin,  
 Count they their coyne, and counts not God their fin ?

But what talke I of fin to Ufurers,  
 Or looke for mendement at a Myfers hand ?  
 Pecunia hath fo many followers,  
 Bootleffe it is her power to with-ftand.  
 King Covetife and Warineffe his wife  
 The parents were that firft did give her life.

But now unto her Praife I will proceede,  
 Which is as ample as the worlde is wide.  
 What great contentment doth her preffence breede  
 In him that can his wealth with wyfdome guide !  
 She is the Sovereaign Queene of all delights ;  
 For her the lawyer pleades, the fouldier fights.

For her the merchant venters on the feas,  
 For her the fcholler ftuddies at his booke ;  
 For her the ufurer (with greater eafe)  
 For fillie fifhes layes a filver hooke :  
 For her the townfman leaves the countrey village ;  
 For her the plowman gives himfelfe to tillage.

For her the gentleman doeth raise his rents ;  
For her the servingman attends his maister :  
For her the curious head new toys invents ;  
For her to fores the furgeon layes his plaister.

In fine, for her each man in his vocation  
Applies himselfe in everie sev'rall nation.

What can thy hart desire, but thou mayst have it,  
If thou hast readie money to disburse ?  
Then, thanke thy fortune that so freely gave it,  
For of all friends the surest is thy purse.

Friends may prove false, and leave thee in thy need,  
But still thy purse will bee thy friend indeed.

Admit thou come into a place unknowne,  
And no man knowes of whence or what thou art,  
If once thy faire Pecunia thee be showne,  
Thou art esteem'd a man of great defart,  
And placed at the tables upper ende,  
Not for thine owne fake, but thy faithfull frende.

But if you want your Ladies lovely grace,  
And have not wherewithall to pay your shot,  
Your hostis pressently will step in place ;  
You are a stranger (sir), I know you not :  
By trusting divers I am run in det,  
Therefore of mee nor meate nor bed you get.

O, who can then expresse the worthie praise  
Which faire Pecunia justly doeth defarve !  
That can the meanest man to honor raise,

And feed the foule that ready is to starve ?  
Affection, which was wont to bee so pure,  
Against a golden siegē may not endure.

Witnesse the trade of mercenary sinne  
(Or Occupation if you list to tearme it),  
Where faire Pecunia must the suite beginne  
(As common-triebe experience doeth confirme it).  
Not Mercury himselfe with silver tongue  
Can so inchaunt as can a golden sounge.

When nothing could subdue the Phrygian Troy,  
(That cittie through the world so much renowned)  
Pecunia did her utterly destroy,  
And left her fame in darke Oblivion drowned :  
And many citties since, no lesse in fame,  
For love of her have yeelded to their shame.

What thing is, then, so well belov'd as money ?  
It is a speciall comfort to the minde ;  
More faire then women are, more sweet then honey,  
Easie to loose, but verrey harde to finde.  
In fine, to him whose purse begins to faint,  
Gold is a God, and silver is a Saint.

The tyme was once when Honestie was counted  
A demy god, and so esteemed of all ;  
But now Pecunia on his seate is mounted,  
Since Honestie in great disgrace did fall.  
No state, no calling now doeth him esteeme,  
Nor of the other ill doeth any deeme.

The reason is, because he is so poore,  
(And who respects the poore and needie creature ?)  
Still begging of his almes from doore to doore,  
All ragd and torne, and eeke deformd in feature :  
    In countenance so changde that none can know him,  
    So weake that every vice doeth overthrow him.

But fair Pecunia (most divinely bred)  
For fundrie shapes doth Proteus selfe surpasse :  
In one lande she is futed all in lead,  
And in another she is clad in brasse ;  
    But still within the coast of Albion,  
    She ever puts her best apparell on.

Silver and Golde and nothing else is currant  
In England's, in faire England's happy land,  
And baser fortes of mettals have no warrant,  
Yet secretly they *slip* from hand to hand.

    If any such be tooke, the same is lost,  
    And presently is nayled on a post.

Which with Quick-silver being flourisht over,  
Seemes to be perfect Silver to the shewe,  
As Woemen's paintings their defects doe cover,  
Under this false attyre so do they goe.

    If on a woollen cloth thou rub the same,  
    Then will it straight beginne to blush for shame.

If chafed on thy haire till it be hot,  
If it good Silver bee, the scent is sweete :  
If counterfeit, thy chafing hath begot

A ranke-smelt favour, for a Queene unmeete :  
 Pecunia is a Queene for her defarts,  
 And in the decke may goe for *Queene of harts*.

The Queene of harts becaufe she rules all harts,  
 And hath all harts obedient to her will ;  
 Whose bounty fame unto the worlde imparts,  
 And with her glory all the worlde doeth fill.  
*The Queene of Diamonds* she cannot be ;  
 There is but one : Eliza, thou art shee !

And thou art shee, O sacred Sovereigne !  
 Whom God hath helpt with his Al-mighty hand,  
 Blessing thy people with thy peacefull raigne,  
 And made this little land a happy land.  
 May all those live that with long life to thee,  
 And all the rest perish eternally !

The tyme was once when faire Pecunia here  
 Did basely goe attyred all in leather ;  
 But since her raigne she never did appeare  
 But richly clad, in Golde or Silver either :  
 Nor reason is it that her golden raigne  
 With baser coyne eclypsed should remaine.

And as the coyne she hath repurifyde  
 From baser substance to the purest mettels,  
 Religion so hath shee refinde beside  
 From Papistrie to Truth, which daily settles  
 Within her peoples' harts ; though some there bee  
 That cleave unto their wonted Papistrie.

No flocke of sheepe but some are still infected,  
No peece of lawne so pure but hath some fret :  
All buildings are not strong that are erected,  
All plants prove not that in good ground are set :  
    Some tares are sowne amongst the choicest seed ;  
    No garden can be cleansd of every weede.

But now to her whose praise is here pretended,  
(Divine Pecunia) fairer than the morne ;  
Which cannot be sufficiently commended,  
Whose sun-bright beauty doeth the worlde adorne ;  
    Adorns the world, but specially the purse,  
    Without whose preffence nothing can be worfe.

Not faire Hæfione (King Priams sifter)  
Did ever showe more beauty in her face  
Than can this lovely lady, if it list her  
To showe her selfe, admir'd for comely grace ;  
    Which neither Age can weare, nor Tyme conclude,  
    For why, her beauty yeerely is renude.

New coyne is coynd each yeare within the Tower,  
So that her beauty never can decay,  
Which to resist no mortal man hath power,  
When as she doeth her glorious beames display :  
    Nor doeth Pecunia onely please the eie,  
    But charms the eare with heavenly harmonie.

Lyke to an other Orpheus can she play  
Upon her *treble Harpe*, whose silver sound  
Inchaunts the eare and steales the hart away :

Nor hardly can deceit therein be found,  
 Although such Musique some a shilling cost,  
 Yet is it worth but *Nine-pence* at the most.

Had I the sweet inchaunting tongue of Tully,  
 That charm'd the hearers lyke the Syren's song ;  
 Yet could not I describe the prayfes fully  
 Which to Pecunia iustly doe belong.  
     Let it suffice, her beauty doeth excell,  
     Whose praise no pen can paint, no tongue can tell.

Then, how shall I describe with artlesse pen  
 The praise of her whose praise all praise furmounteth,  
 Breeding amazement in the mindes of men,  
 Of whom this preissent age so much accounteth ?  
     Varietie of words would sooner want,  
     Then store of plentious matter would be scant.

Whether yee list to looke into the Citty,  
 (Where money tempts the poore beholder's eye,)  
 Or to the Countrey Townes, devoyde of pitty  
 (Where to the poore each place doeth almes denye)  
     All things for money now are bought and folde,  
     That either hart can thinke, or eie beholde.

Nay more, for money (as report doeth tell)  
 Thou mayst obtaine a pardon for thy finnes :  
 The Pope of Rome for money will it sell,  
 (Whereby thy foule no small salvation winnes).  
     But how can hee (of pride the chiefe beginner)  
     Forgive thy finnes that is himselfe a sinner ?

Then, sith the Pope is subject unto sinne,  
No marvell tho divine Pecunia tempt him  
With her faire beauty ; whose good-will to winne  
Each one contends, and shall we then exempt him ?  
Did never mortall man yet looke upon her,  
But straightwaies he became enamourd on her.

Yet would I wisth the wight that loves her so,  
And hath obtain'd the like good-will againe,  
To use her wisely, lest she prove his foe,  
And so, in stead of pleasure, breed his paine.  
She may be kyft, but shee must not be *clypt*,  
Lest such delight in bitter gall be dypt.

The juice of grapes, which is a soveraigne thing  
To cheere the hart and to revive the spirits,  
Being usde immoderaty (in surfetting)  
Rather dispraise then commendation merits :  
Even Pecunia is as shee is used ;  
Good of her selfe, but bad if once abused.

With her the tenant payes his landlords rent ;  
On her depends the stay of every state :  
To her rich pressents every day are sent ;  
In her it rests to end all dire debate :  
Through her to wealth is rais'd the country Boore ;  
From her proceedes much proffit to the poore.

Then, how can I sufficiently commend  
Her beauties worth, which makes the world to wonder ?  
Or end her prayse whose prayses have no end,

Whose absence brings the stoutest stomach under?  
Let it suffice, Pecunia hath no peere,  
No wight, no beauty, held more faire more deere!

FINIS.

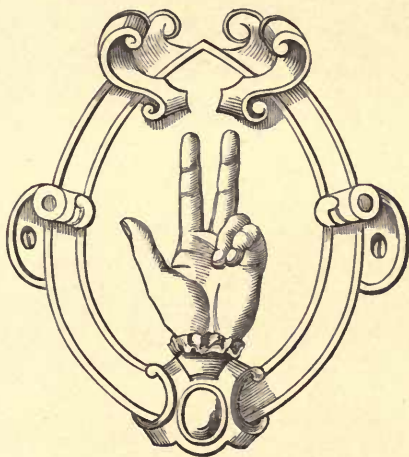
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HIS PRAYER TO PECUNIA.

GREAT Lady, sith I have compylde thy Prayse,  
(According to my skill) and not thy merit,  
And sought thy Fame above the starrs to rayse,  
(Had I sweete Ovids vaine, or Virgils spirit)  
I crave no more but this for my good-will,  
That in my want thou wilt supplye me still.

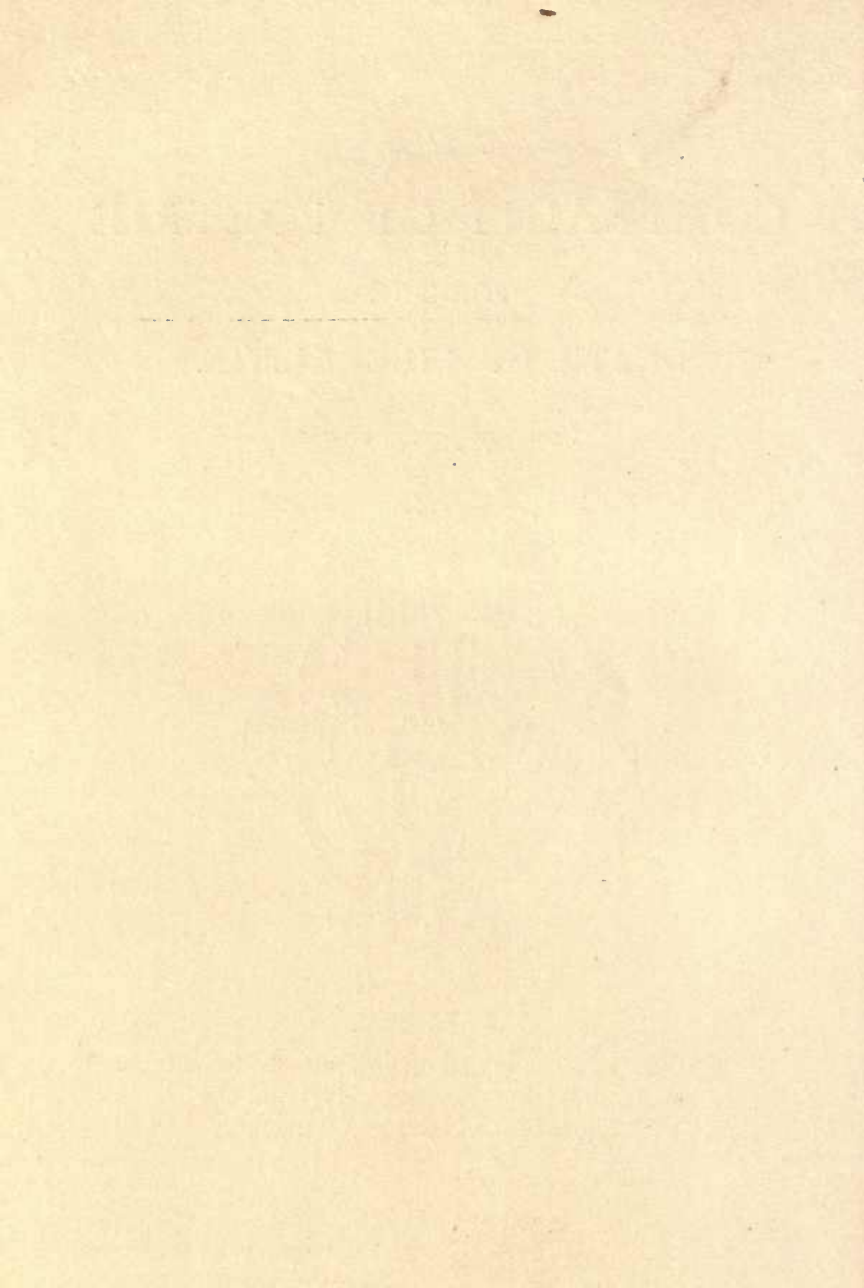
*T H E*  
COMPLAINT OF POETRIE  
FOR THE  
DEATH OF LIBERALITIE.

*Vivit post funera virtus.*



*L O N D O N,*  
Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde  
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the  
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.

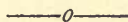


TO HIS WORSHIPFULL WEL-WILLER,  
MAISTER EDWARD LEIGH,  
OF GRAYES INNE.

**I**MAGE of that whose losse is here lamented  
(In whom so many vertues are contained),  
Daine to accept what I have now presented.  
Though Bounties death herein be only fained,  
If in your mind she not revive (with speed),  
Then will I fweare that shee is dead indeed.



## THE COMPLAINT OF POETRIE FOR THE DEATH OF LIBERALITIE.



WEEPE Heavens now, for you have lost your light ;  
Ye Sunne and Moone, beare witnesse of my mone :  
The cleere is turnd to clouds, the day to night,  
And all my hope, and all my joy is gone.  
Bounty is dead, the cause of my annoy,  
Bounty is dead, and with her dide my joy !

O ! who can comfort my afflicted soule,  
Or adde some ende to my increasing sorrowes ?  
Who can deliver me from endlesse dole,  
(Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes ?)  
When Bounty liv'd, I bore the bell away ;  
When Bounty dide, my credit did decay.

I never then did write one verse in vaine,  
Nor ever went my Poems unregarded :  
Then did each noble brest me intertaine,  
And for my labours I was well rewarded :  
But now *Good Wordes* are stept in Bounties place,  
Thinking thereby her glorie to disgrace.

But who can live with words in these hard tymes,  
(Although they came from Jupiter himselfe ?)  
Or who can take such paiment for his rymes,

(When nothing now is so esteem'd as pelfe ?)

Tis not *Good Wordes* that can a man maintaine :

Wordes are but winde, and winde is all but vaine.

Where is Mecænas, learnings noble patron,

(That Maroes Muse with bountie so did cherish ?)

Or faire Zenobia, that worthy matron,

(Whose name for learnings love shall never perishe ?)

What tho their bodies lie full lowe in grave,

Their fames the worlde, their foules the Heavens have.

Vile Avaricia ! how haft thou inchaunted

The noble mindes of great and mightie men ?

Or what infernall furie late hath haunted

Their niggard purfes ? (to the learned pen).

Was it Augustus wealth, or noble minde,

That everlasting fame to him affinde ?

If wealth, why Cræsus was more rich then hee ;

(Yet Cræsus glorie with his life did end) ;

It was his noble minde that moved mee

To write his praise, and eeke his acts commend.

Who ere had heard of Alexanders fame,

If Quintus Curtius had not pend the fame ?

Then, sith by mee their deedes have been declared,

(Which else had perisht with their lives decay)

Who to augment their glories have not spared

To crowne their browes with never-fading Bay,

What art deserves such Liberalitie,

As doth the peerlesse Art of Poetrie ?

But Liberalitie is dead and gone,  
And Avarice usurps true Bounties feat :  
For her it is I make this endlesse mone  
(Whose praises worth no pen can well repeat.)  
Sweet Liberalitie, adiew for ever,  
For Poetrie againe fhall see thee never !

Never againe fhall I thy prefence see ;  
Never againe fhall I thy bountie taft ;  
Never againe fhall I accepted bee ;  
Never againe fhall I be fo embrac't :  
Never againe fhall I the bad recall :  
Never againe fhall I be lov'd of all !

Thou wast the Nurfe whose bountie gave me sucke ;  
Thou wast the Sunne whose beames did lend me light ;  
Thou wast the Tree whose fruit I still did plucke ;  
Thou wast the Patron to maintaine my right :  
Through thee I liv'd, on thee I did relie,  
In thee I joy'd, and now for thee I die.

What man hath lately lost a faithfull frend,  
Or husband is deprived of his wife,  
But doth in after-daies in dolour spend,  
(Leading a loathsome discontented life ?)  
Dearer then friend, or wife, have I forgone ;  
Then, marvell not although I make such mone.

Faire Philomela, cease thy sad complaint,  
And lend thine eares unto my dolefull ditty ;  
(Whose soule with sorrowe now begins to faint,

And yet I cannot move mens hearts to pittie :)  
Thy woes are light compared unto mine.  
You waterie Nymphes, to mee your plaints refigne.

And thou, Melpomene, (the Muse of Death)  
That never sing'st but in a dolefull straine,  
Sith cruell Destinie hath stopt her breath,  
(Who, whilst she liv'd, was Vertues soveraigne)  
Leave Hellicon, (whose bankes so pleasant bee)  
And beare a part of sorrowe now with mee.

The trees (for sorrowe) shew their fading leaves,  
And weepe out gum in stead of other teares :  
Comfort nor joy no creature now conceives ;  
To chirpe and sing each little bird forbears.  
The fillie sheepe hangs downe his drooping head,  
And all because that Bounty she is dead.

The greater that I feele my griefe to bee,  
The lesse able am I to expresse it :  
Such is the nature of extremetie,  
The heart it som-thing eases to confesse it :  
Therefore Ile wake my muse, amidst her sleeping,  
And what I want in wordes supplie with weeping.

Weepe still, mine eies, a river full of teares  
To drowne my sorrowe in that so molests me,  
And rid my head of cares, my thoughts of feares,  
Exiling sweet Content that so detests me.  
But ah (alas !) my teares are almost dun,  
And yet my griefe it is but new begun.

Even as the Sunne when as it leaves our sight  
Doth shine with those Antipodes beneath us,  
Lending the other worlde her glorious light,  
And dismall darknesse onely doeth bequeath us,  
Even so, sweet Bountie, seeming dead to mee,  
Lives now to none but smooth-tongd Flatteric.

O Adulation! canker-worme of Truth,  
The flattrng glasse of Pride and self-conceit,  
(Making olde wrinckled Age appeare like youth)  
Diffimulations maske and follies beate,  
Pitty it is that thou art so rewarded,  
Whilst Truth and Honestie goe unregarded.

O, that Nobilitie it selfe should staine  
In being bountifull to such vile creatures!  
Who, when they flatter most, then most they faine,  
Knowing what humor best will fit their natures.  
What man so mad that knowes himselfe but pore,  
And will beleeve that he hath riches store.

Upon a time the craftie Foxe did flatter  
The foolish Pye (whose mouth was full of meate).  
The Pye, beleeving him, began to chatter,  
And sing for joy (not having list to eate),  
And whilst the foolish Pye her meate let fall,  
The craftie Foxe did runne awaie with all.

Terence describeth under Gnatoes name  
The right conditions of a ParasYTE,  
(And with such eloquence sets forth the same,

As doeth the learned reader much delyght),  
 Shewing that such a fycophant as Gnato  
 Is more esteem'd, then twentie such as Plato.

Bounty, looke backe upon thy goods mispent,  
 And thinke how ill thou hast bestowd thy mony :  
 Consider not their wordes, but their intent ;  
 Their hearts are gall, although their tongues be hony.  
 They speake not as they thinke, but all is fained,  
 And onely to th' intent to be maintained.

And herein happie I areade the poore :  
 No flattering spanyels fawne on them for meate.  
 The reason is because the countrey Boore  
 Hath little enough for himselfe to eate :  
 No man will flatter him, except himselfe,  
 And why ? because he hath no store of wealth.

But, fure, it is not Liberalitie  
 That doeth reward these fawning smel-feasts so :  
 It is the vice of Prodigalitie  
 That doeth the bankes of Bounty over-flo.  
 Bounty is dead ! yea, so it needes must bee,  
 Or if alive, yet is shee dead to mee.

Therefore, as one whose friend is lately dead,  
 I will bewaile the death of my deere frend ;  
 Upon whose tombe ten thousand teares Ile shed,  
 Till drearie Death of mee shall make an end :  
 Or if she want a toombe to her defart,  
 Oh, then, Ile burie her within my hart !

But (Bounty) if thou love a tombe of stone,  
Oh, then seeke out a hard and stonie hart !  
For were mine so, yet would it melt with mone,  
And all because that I with thee must part.

Then, if a stonie hart must thee interr,  
Goe, finde a Step-dame, or a Ufurer.

And sith there dies no wight of great account,  
But hath an Epitaph compos'd by mee,  
Bounty, that did all other far surmount,  
Upon her Tombe this Epitaph shall be :

*Here lies the Wight that learning did maintaine,  
And, at the last, by AVARICE was slaine.*

Vile Avarice ! why hast thou kildd my Deare,  
And robd the world of such a worthy treasure ?  
In whome no sparke of goodnesse doth appeare,  
So greedie is thy mind, without all measure.

Thy death from Death did merit to release her :  
The Murtherers deserv'd to die, not Cæsar.

The Merchants wife, the tender-harted mother,  
That leaves her love whose sonne is prest for warre,  
(Resting the one as woefull as the other)  
Hopes yet at length, when ended is the jarre,  
To see her Husband, see her Sonne againe :  
Were it not then for Hope, the hart were flaine.

But I, whose hope is turned to despaire,  
Nere looke to see my dearest Deare againe :  
Then, Pleasure, sit thou downe in Sorrowes chaire,

And (for a while) the wonted mirth refraine.  
Bounty is dead, that whylome was my treafure :  
Bounty is dead, my joy and onely pleasure !

If Pythias death of Damon were bewailed,  
Or Pillades did rue Orestes ende :  
If Hercules for Hylas losse were quailed,  
Or Theseus for Perythous teares did spend,  
Then doe I mourne for Bounty being dead,  
Who living was my hand, my hart, my head.

My hand to helpe mee in my greateft need,  
My hart to comfort mee in my distresse ;  
My head whom onely I obeyd, indeed :  
If she were fuch how can my grieve be lesse ?  
Perhaps my wordes may pierce the Parcae's eares :  
If not with wordes, Ile move them with my teares.

But ah (alas !) my teares are spent in vaine,  
(For she is dead, and I am left alive)  
Teares cannot call sweet Bounty backe againe :  
Then why doe I gainst Fate and Fortune strive ?  
And for her death thus weepe, lament and crie,  
Sith every mortall wight is borne to die ?

But as the woefull mother doeth lament  
Her tender babe with cruell death opprest,  
Whose life was spotlesse, pure and innocent,  
(And therefore, fure, it foule is gone to rest)  
So Bountie which her selfe did upright keepe,  
Yet for her losse love cannot chuse but weepe.

The losse of her is losse to many a one :  
The losse of her is losse unto the poore ;  
And therefore not a losse to mee alone,  
But unto such as goe from doore to doore.  
Her losse is losse unto the fatherlesse,  
And unto all that are in great distresse.

The maimed Souldier comming from the warre,  
The woefull wight whose house was lately burnd,  
The fillie soule, the wofull traveylar,  
And all whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd,  
Lament the losse of Liberalitie :  
Its ease to have in grieve some companie.

The Wife of Hector (sad Andromache)  
Did not bewaile her husbands death alone ;  
But (sith he was the Trojans onely stay)  
The wives of Troy (for him) made æquall mone :  
Shee shead the teares of love, and they of pittie ;  
Shee for her deare dead Lord, they for their Cittie.

Nor is the death of Liberalitie,  
(Although my grieve be greater than the rest)  
Onely lamented and bewaild of mee,  
(And yet of mee she was beloved best)  
But sith she was so bountifull to all,  
She is lamented both of great and small.

O ! that my teares could move the powres divine,  
That Bountie might be called from the dead,  
As pittie pierc'd the hart of Proserpine,

Who (moved with the teares Admetus shead)  
Did fende him backe againe his loving wife ;  
Who lost her owne to save her husbands life.

Impartiall Parcæ, will no prayers move you ?  
Can creatures so divine have stony harts ?  
Haplesse are they whose hap it is to prove you,  
For you respect no creatures good defarts.  
O Atropos ! (the cruellst of the three)  
Why hast thou tane my faithfull friend from mee ?

But ah ! she cannot (or she will not) heare me ;  
Or if she doo, yet may she not repent her.  
Then come (sweet Death) O ! why doest thou forbear me ?  
Aye mee ! thy dart is blunt ; it will not enter.  
Oh ! now I know the cause, and reason why :  
I am immortall, and I cannot dye.

So Cytherœa would have dide, but could not,  
When faire Adonis by her side lay flaine :  
So I desire the Sisters what I should not,  
For why (alas !) I wish for death in vaine.  
Death is their servant and obeys their will,  
And if they bid him spare, he cannot kill.

O ! would I were as other creatures are,  
Then would I die, and so my grieve were ended ;  
But Death (against my will) my life doeth spare,  
(So little with the Fates I am befrended) :  
Sith when I would thou doost my sute denie.  
Vile Tyrant ! when thou wilt, I will not die.

And Bounty, though her body thou haft flaine,  
Yet shall her memorie remaine for ever :

For ever shall her memorie remaine,  
Whereof no spitefull Fortune can bereave her.

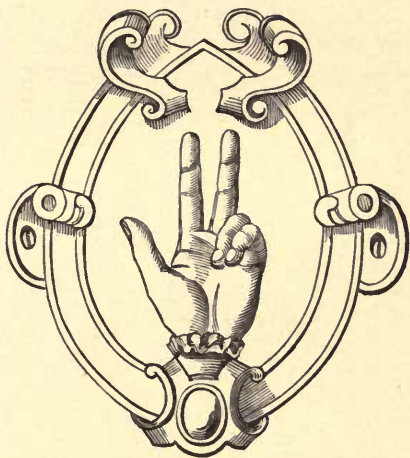
Then, Sorrowe cease, and wipe thy weeping eye,  
For Fame shall live when all the World shall dye.

FINIS.



*T H E*  
COMBAT BETWEENE  
CONSCIENCE AND COVETOUSNESSE  
IN THE MINDE OF MAN.

————— *quid non mortalia pectora cogis*  
*Auri sacra fames ?* VIRGIL.



*L O N D O N,*  
Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde  
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the  
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



TO HIS WORSHIPFULL GOOD FRIEND,  
MAISTER JOHN STEVENTON,  
OF DOTHILL, IN THE COUNTY OF SALOP, ESQUIRE.

**S**ITH Conscience (long since) is exilde the Citty,  
O, let her in the Countrey finde some pittie!  
But if she be exilde the Countrey too,  
O let her finde some favour yet of you!



THE COMBAT BETWEENE CONSCIENCE AND  
COVETOUSNESSE IN THE MIND  
OF MAN.

---

NOW had the cole-blacke fteedes of pitchie Night  
(Breathing out darknesse) banisht cheerfull light,  
And sleepe (the shaddowe of eternall rest)  
My severall senses wholly had possesst,  
When loe! there was presented to my view  
A vision strange, yet not so strange as true.  
Conscience (me thought) appeared unto mee,  
Cloth'd in good Deedes, with Trueth and Honestie ;  
Her countenance demure and sober sad,  
Nor any other ornament shee had.  
Then Covetousnesse did encounter her,  
Clad in a cassock, lyke a Usurer :  
The cassock it was made of poore-mens skinnes,  
Lac'd here and there with many severall sinnes ;  
Nor was it fur'd with any common furre,  
Or, if it were, himselfe hee was the *fur*.  
A bag of money in his hande he helde,  
The which with hungry eie he still behelde.  
The place wherein this vision first began,  
(A spacious plaine) was cald *The Minde of Man*.  
The Carle no sooner Conscience had espyde,  
But, swelling lyke a toade (pust up with pryde)  
He straight began against her to invey :  
These were the wordes which Covertise did sey.

Conscience (quoth hee), how dar'st thou bee so bold  
 To claime the place that I by right doe hold ?  
 Neither by right nor might thou canst obtaine it :  
 By might (thou know'st full well) thou canst not gaine it.  
 The greatest Princes are my followars,  
 The King in peace, the Captaine in the warres ;  
 The Courtier, and the simple Countreyman,  
 The Judge, the Merchant, and the Gentleman ;  
 The learned Lawyer, and the Politician,  
 The skilfull Surgeon, and the fine Physician :  
 In briefe, all sortes of men mee entertaine,  
 And hold mee as their soules sole soveraigne ;  
 And in my quarrell they will fight and die,  
 Rather than I should suffer injurie.  
 And as for title, interest, and right,  
 Ile prove its mine by that, as well as might.  
 Though Covetousnesse were used long before,  
 Yet Judas treason made my fame the more :  
 When Christ he caused crucifyde to bee  
 For thirtie pence, man solde his minde to mee :  
 And now adaies, what tenure is more free  
 Then that which purchas'd is with gold and fee ?

## CONSCIENCE.

With patience have I heard thy large complaint,  
 Wherein the Divell would be thought a saint :  
 But wot ye what ? the saying is of olde,  
 One tale is good untill anothers tolde.  
 Truth is the right that I must stand upon  
 (For other title hath poore Conscience none).  
 First, I will prove it by Antiquitie,  
 That thou art but an up-start unto mee :

Before that thou wast ever thought upon,  
The Minde of Man belongd to mee alone.  
For after that the Lord had man created,  
And him in blissefull Paradife had feated,  
(Knowing his nature was to vice inclynde)  
God gave me unto man to rule his mynde,  
And, as it were, his governour to bee,  
To guide his minde in trueth and honestie.  
And where thou sayst that man did sell his soule,  
That argument I quicklie can controule :  
It is a fayned fable thou doost tell ;  
That which is not his owne he cannot sell.  
No man can sell his soule, altho he thought it :  
Mans soule is Christs, for hee hath dearely bought it.  
Therefore, usurping Covetife, be gone ;  
For why, the minde belongs to mee alone.

## COVETOUSNESSE.

Alas, poore Conscience, how art thou deceav'd !  
As though of senses thou wert quite bereavd.  
What wilt thou say (that thinkest thou canst not erre)  
If I can prove my selfe the ancienter ?  
Though into Adams minde God did infuse thee  
Before his fall, yet man did never use thee.  
What was it else but Avarice in Eve  
(Thinking thereby in greater blisse to live)  
That made her taste of the forbidden fruite ?  
Of her desier was not I the roote ?  
Did she not covet (tempted by the Devill)  
The Apple of the Tree of good and evill ?  
Before man used Conscience she did covet.  
Therefore, by her transgression here I prove it,

That Covetousnesse possesse the minde of man,  
Before that any Conscience began.

## CONSCIENCE.

Even as a counterfeited precious stone  
Seemes to bee far more rich to looke upon  
Then doeth the right : but when a man comes neere,  
His basenesse then doeth evident appeere,  
So, Covetise, the reasons thou doost tell  
Seeme to be strong ; but being weighed well,  
They are, indeed, but onely meere illusions,  
And doe inforce but very weake conclusions.  
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)  
Had given man a charge of abstinence,  
And to refraine the fruite of good and ill,  
Man had a Conscience to obey his will ;  
And never would be tempted thereunto  
Untill the Woeman shee did work *man woe*,  
And made him breake the Lords Commaundement,  
Which all mankinde did afterward repent.  
So that thou seest thy argument is vaine,  
And I am prov'd the elder of the twaine.

## COVETOUSNESSE.

Fond wretch ! it was not Conscience, but feare  
That made the first man (Adam) to forbear  
To test the fruite of the forbidden tree,  
Left, if offending he were found to bee,  
(According as Jehovah saide on hye)  
For his so great transgression hee should dye.  
Feare curbd his minde : it was not Conscience then,  
(For Conscience freely rules the harts of men)  
And is a godly motion of the mynde,

To everie vertuous action inclynde,  
And not enforc'd through feare of punishment,  
But is to vertue voluntary bent.  
Then (simple trul) be packing preffentlie,  
For in this place there is no roome for thee.

## CONSCIENCE.

Aye mee! (distressed wight) what shall I doe?  
Where shall I rest? Or whither shall I goe?  
Unto the rich? (woes mee!) they doe abhor mee:  
Unto the poore? (alas!) they care not for me.  
Unto the Olde-man? hee hath mee forgot:  
Unto the Young-man? yet hee knowes me not.  
Unto the Prince? hee can dispence with mee:  
Unto the Magistrate? that may not bee.  
Unto the Court? for it I am too base:  
Unto the Countrey? there I have no place:  
Unto the Citty? thence I am exile:  
Unto the Village? there I am revilde.  
Unto the Barre? the Lawyer there is bribed:  
Unto the Warre? there Conscience is derided.  
Unto the Temple? there I am disguised:  
Unto the Market? there I am despised.  
Thus, both the young, the olde, the rich and poore,  
Against mee (filly Creature) shut their doore.  
Then, sith each one seekes my rebuke and shame,  
Ile goe againe to Heaven (from whence I came).  
This faide, (me thought) making exceeding mone,  
She went her way, and left the Carle alone;  
Who, vaunting of his late-got victorie,  
Advaunc'd himself in pompe and majestie.  
Much like a cocke who, having kild his foe,

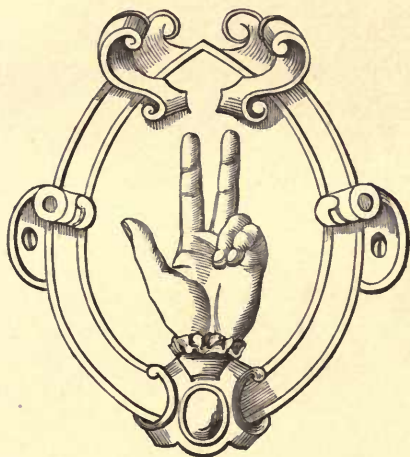
Brisks up himfelfe, and then begins to crow.  
So Covetife, when Confcience was departed,  
Gan to be proud in minde and hauty harted ;  
And in a ftately chayre of ftate he fet him,  
For (Confcience banifht) there was none to let him :  
And being but one entrie to this plaine,  
(Whereof as King and Lord he did remaine)  
Repentance cald, he caufd that to be kept,  
Left Confcience fhould returne, whilft as he fleep.  
Wherefore he caufd it to be wacht and warded  
Both night and day, and to be ftroingly guarded.  
To keepe it fafe thefe three he did intreat,  
*Hardneffe of hart, Falshood and Deceat.*  
And if at any time fhe chaunc'd to venter,  
*Hardneffe of hart* denide her ftill to enter.

When Confcience was exilde the Minde of Man,  
Then Covetife his government began :  
This once being feene, what I had feene before,  
(Being onely feene in fleepe) was feene no more ;  
For with the forrowe which my foule did take  
At fight hereof, foorthwith I did awake.

FINIS.

POEMS:  
IN DIVERS HUMORS.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* VIRGIL.



L O N D O N,

Printed by G. S. for John Jaggard, and are to be folde  
at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the  
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.

TO THE  
LEARNED AND ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN,  
MAISTER NICHOLAS BLACKLEECH,  
OF GRAYES INNE.

**T**O you, that know the tuch of true conceat,  
(Whose many gifts I neede not to repeat)  
I write these lines, fruits of unriper yeares ;  
Wherein my Muse no harder censure feares,  
Hoping in gentle worth you will them take,  
Not for the gift, but for the givers fake.

## SONNET I.

TO HIS FRIEND MAISTER R. L. IN PRAISE OF MUSIQUE  
AND POETRIE.

**I**F Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,  
As they must needes (the Sister and the Brother)  
Then must the Love be great, twixt thee and mee,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is deare ; whose heavenly tuch  
Upon the Lute doeth ravish humane sense :  
Spenser to mee ; whose deepe Conceit is such,  
As, passing all Conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodious sound,  
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes :  
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,  
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.

One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)  
One Knight loves Both, and Both in thee remaine.

## SONNET II.

AGAINST THE DISPRAYERS OF POETRIE.

CHAUCER is dead, and Gower lyes in grave,  
The Earle of Surrey long agoe is gone ;  
Sir Philip Sidneis soule the Heavens have ;  
George Gascoigne him before was tomb'd in stone.

Yet tho their bodies lye full low in ground,

(As every thing must dye that earst was borne)  
 Their living fame no Fortune can confound,  
 Nor ever shall their labours be forlorne.

And you that discommend sweete Poetrie,  
 (So that the subject of the fame be good)  
 Here may you see your fond simplicitie,  
 Sith Kings have favord it, of royall blood.

The King of Scots (now living) is a Poet,  
 As his *Lepanto* and his *Furies* shew it.

#### A REMEMBRANCE OF SOME ENGLISH POETS.

LIVE Spenser ever in thy *Fairy Queene*,  
 Whose like (for deepe conceit) was never seene ;  
 Crownd mayst thou bee, unto thy more renowne,  
 (As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And Daniell, praised for thy sweet-chast verfe,  
 Whose Fame is grav'd on Rosamonds blacke herse,  
 Still mayst thou live ; and still be honored  
 For that rare worke, *The White Rose and the Red.*

And Drayton, whose wel-written Tragedies,  
 And sweete Epistles, soare thy fame to skies ;  
 Thy learned name is æquall with the rest,  
 Whose stately numbers are so well addrest.

And Shakespeare thou, whose hony-flowing vaine  
 (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth containe ;  
 Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)  
 Thy name in fames immortall booke have plac't,  
 Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever :  
 Well may the bodye dye, but Fame die never.

## AN ODE.

As it fell upon a Day,  
In the merrie Month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Which a grove of Myrtles made,  
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring :  
Every thing did banish mone,  
Save the Nightingale alone.  
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,  
Leand her Breast up-till a Thorne ;  
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,  
That to heare it was great Pitty.  
*Fie, fie, fie*, now would she cry  
*Teru, teru*, by and by :  
That to heare her so complaine,  
Scarce I could from Teares refraine ;  
For her griefes so lively showne,  
Made me thinke upon mine owne.  
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine ;  
None takes Pitty on thy paine :  
Senselesse Trees, they cannot heere thee ;  
Ruthlesse Beares, they wil not cheer thee.  
King *Pandion*, hee is dead :  
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.  
All thy fellow Birds doe singe,  
Carelesse of thy forrowing.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,  
Thou and I, were both beguilde.  
Everie one that flatters thee

Is no friend in miserie :  
Words are easie, like the winde ;  
Faithfull friends are hard to finde :  
Everie man will bee thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :  
But if store of Crownes be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigall,  
Bountifull, they will him call :  
And with such-like flattering,  
Pitty but hee were a King.  
If he bee adict to vice,  
Quickly him, they will intice.  
If to Woemen hee be bent,  
They have at Commaundement.  
But if Fortune once doe frowne,  
Then farewell his great renowne :  
They that fawnd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
Hee that is thy friend indeed,  
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede :  
If thou sorrowe, hee will weepe ;  
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe :  
Thus of everie grieve, in hart  
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a Part.  
These are certaine Signes to knowe  
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

---

WRITTEN, AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN, UNDER  
A GENTLEWOMANS PICTURE.

EVEN as Apelles could not paint Campaspes face aright,  
Because Campaspes fun-bright eyes did dimme Apelles  
fight,  
Even so, amazed at her fight, her fight all fights excelling,  
Like Nyobe, the Painter stoode, her fight his fight expelling.  
Thus Art and Nature did contend who should the Victor  
bee,  
Till Art by Nature was supprest, as all the worlde may see.

---

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,  
KNIGHT: LORD-GOVERNOUR OF VLISSING.

THAT England lost, that learning lov'd, that every mouth  
commended,  
That fame did prayse, that prince did rayse, that countrey  
so defended,  
Here lyes the man: like to the swan, who knowing shee  
shall die,  
Doeth tune her voice unto the spheares, and scornes mor-  
talitie.  
Two worthie Earls his uncles were ; a Lady was his mother ;  
A knight his father, and himselfe a noble Countesse brother.  
Belov'd, bewaild ; alive, now dead ; of all, with teares for  
ever ;

Here lyes Sir Philip Sidneis corps, whom cruell death did  
fever.

He liv'd for her, hee dyde for her ; for whom he dyde, he  
lived :

O graunt (O God !) that wee of her may never bee deprived !

---

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF HIS AUNT,  
MISTRESSE ELIZABETH SKRYMSHER.

LOE ! here beholde the certaine ende of every living wight :  
No creature is fecure from death, for death will have his  
right.

He spareth none : both rich and poore, both young and  
olde must die,

So fraile is flesh, so short is life, so sure mortalitie.

When first the bodye lives to life, the foule first dies to  
finne,

And they that loofe this earthly life a heavenly life shall  
winne,

If they live well : as well she liv'd that lyeth under heere,  
Whose vertuous life to all the worlde most plainly did  
appeere.

Good to the poore, friend to the rich, and foe to no degree,  
A president of modest life and peerlesse chastitie.

Who loving more, who more belov'd of everie honest  
mynde ?

Who more to hospitalitie and clemencie inclinde,

Then she ? that, being buried here, lyes wrapt in earth  
below ;

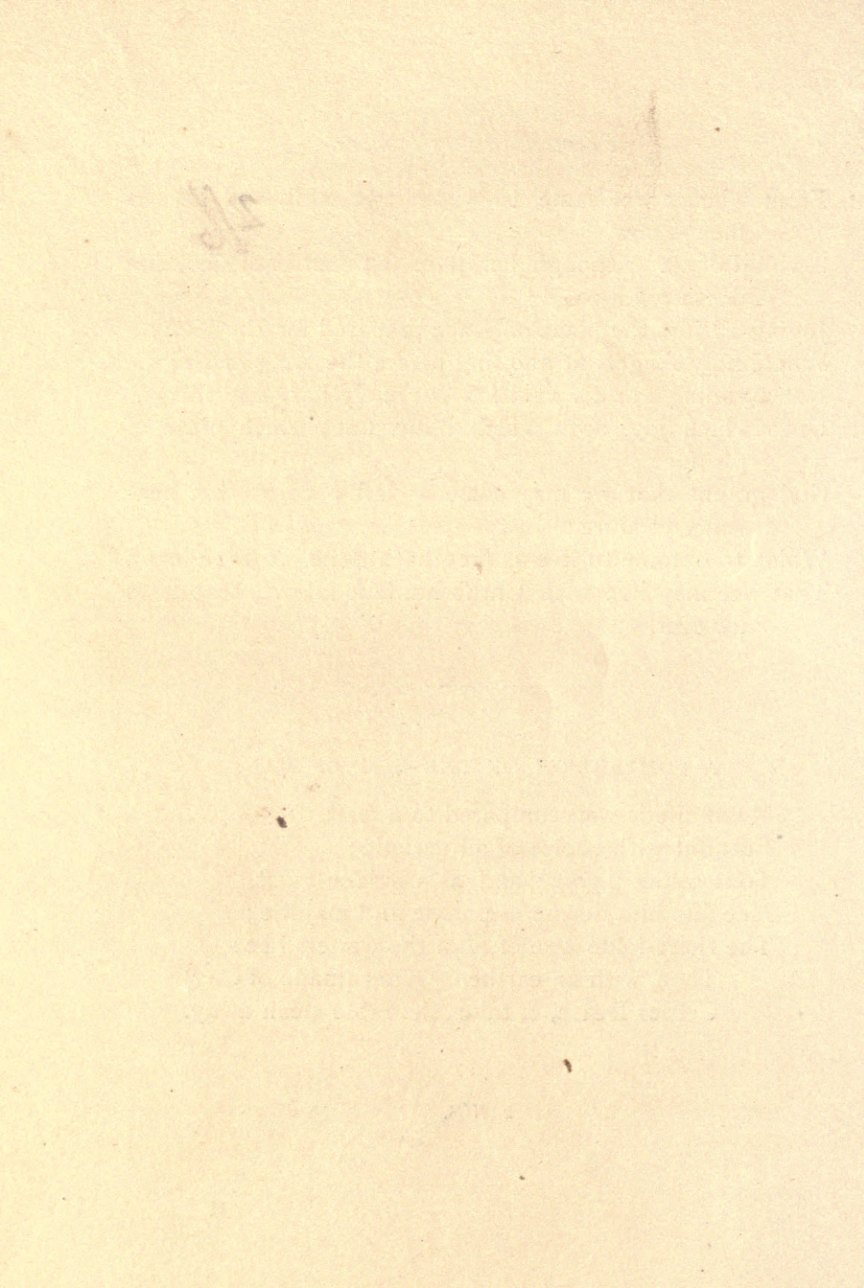
From whence wee came, to whom wee must, and bee, as  
    thee is now,  
A clodd of clay : though her pure soule in endlesse blisse  
    doeth rest,  
Joying all joy, the place of peace prepared for the blest :  
Where holy Angels sit and sing before the King of kings,  
Not mynding worldly vanities, but onely heavenly things.  
Unto which joy, unto which blisse, unto which place of  
    pleasure,  
God graunt that we may come at last, t' enjoy that hea-  
    venly treasure ;  
Which to obtaine to live as thee hath done let us endeavor,  
That wee may live with Christ himselfe (above) that lives  
    for ever.

---

## A COMPARISON OF THE LIFE OF MAN.

MANS life is well compared to a feast,  
Furnisht with choice of all varietie :  
To it comes Tyme ; and, as a bidden guest,  
Hee sets him downe in pompe and majestie ;  
The three-folde Age of Man the waiters bee :  
    Then, with an earthen voyder (made of clay)  
    Comes Death, & takes the table clean away.

FINIS.



## INTRODUCTION.

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2/6

THIS tract contains a curious and somewhat amusing account of a privateering cruise, late in the reign of Elizabeth, in which the chief object was the capture of richly laden Spanish vessels: if not unique in itself, (which we believe it is) it may be said to be unique in its character; and it follows up the adventures of a gentleman of Benhall in Suffolk, of the name of Glenham, who, abandoning the cultivation of his paternal fields, took to a maritime life, equipped a small fleet of three vessels, the *Constance*, the *Peregrine*, and the *Tiger*, and sailed with them to the Mediterranean. He took his departure from London in February 1593-4; but it is not quite clear at what precise date he returned to England. His enterprise, in this instance, does not appear to have been very successful.

He had previously been engaged in a similar expedition in the year 1591, of which an account was printed by A. J. (*i. e.*, Abel Jeffes) for William Barley; and it was considered so interesting, as well as novel in its incidents, that a single copy having been discovered about the year 1820, it was immediately reprinted. That production has neither name nor initials upon the title-page, but at the end are two seven-line stanzas, in commendation of the hero, by H. R.; and it will be observed that H. R. professes to have "written" the production

in the hands of the reader. It is composed as if by a person who had accompanied Glenham, and had witnessed all the main incidents; but we take it that the materials were derived from one of the leaders of the undertaking, and that the pen of H. R., whoever he may have been, was employed to draw up the history. In the instance before us, he contributed no verses; and, looking at those of 1591, we can hardly regret their absence. His prose is intelligible, without much pretension, but that is all the praise we can bestow upon it. There seems little attempt to exaggerate, and the achievements were not such as to excite the author to any unusual animation.

Whether "Levane," on our title-page, were a misprint for Levant, or whether the eastern portion of the Mediterranean were then called "Levane" by sailors and others, we do not know; but it is, we believe, quite certain, according to the registers of Benhall, that the name of the commander of the fleet was misspelt Glemham in 1591, instead of Glenham, as it is given in our tract. We were formerly well acquainted with the vicar of that parish—the Rev. John Mitford—a man of fine literary tastes, great scholastic attainments, and many elegant accomplishments; and he informed us that the name was Glenham, and not Glemham. We understood him to speak from his Registers, but whether any members of the family still reside at or near Benhall we are not informed.

J. P. C.

# Newes from the Levane Seas.

Describing the many perrilous events of the  
most woorthy deserving Gentleman,  
Edward Glenham, Esquire.

His hardy attempts in honorable fights, in great perrill.  
With a relation of his troubles, and indirect dealings  
of the King of Argere in Barbarie.



Also the cause of his imprisonment, and hys chal-  
lenge of combat against a stranger, mayn-  
taining his Countries honour.

*Written by H. R.*



AT LONDON,  
Printed for William Wright.

1594.



■ The troublefome, yet moft hardy and honour-  
able voyage of Edward Glenham, Efquire,  
made this laft yeere, 1593, into the  
Levant Seas.

---

THAT many adventures are incident to fuch as put  
themselves into the fervice on the feas, I doubt not  
but is eafily conjectured by all men, as wel fuch as have  
with perill made triall therof, as alfo thofe which neglect  
fuch fervice as might therby redound to their owne honor  
and their countries good, whereof England harboureth to[o]  
many. Some there are which not onely refufe the adven-  
turing of their bodies and goods for the benefit of their  
country, but envying to heare others that have well de-  
ferved wel fpoken of, raife to their difgrace what scandals  
they may to impaire their credit: as to my felfe it is wel  
knowne, who, lately arryving in this my country, have heard  
many unjuft reports of the worthy deferving Gentleman,  
Ma. Edward Glenham Efquire, that I am moved in con-  
fciencie (knowing the truth of each feveral accident hapen-  
ing unto him in his voyage) to certifie his friends, and to  
ftop the raging mouthes of the malicious. I hope the  
wifer fort, when they fhall reade the fame, will (notwith-  
ftanding the malice and untrue reports of the envious) give  
the praife to them that have wel deferved: on which rely-  
ing, I refer them to the difcourfe following.

In February 1593, the said Ma. Edward Glenham, with his ship the Gallion *Constance*, departed from London, well furnished with men, munition and victuals, taking his course for Darkmought, where the rest of his company was appointed to meete. In which voyage, before his recovering the said port, many daungers happened him ; as grounding two severall times, once at Gravesend, the other upon the sand called the Black-taile. Then on the Noreheade we lost a newe cable anchor, and divers times put in again for Quinborow : from whence shortly after, accompanied with the *Tremocoutana* of her Majesties, the *Lyons Welp*, and other of Ma. Watses fleet, we passed the Lands end, where we sprong our maine mast in such maner, as we durst not beare much sayle on it. From Margaret, where we anchored, we set saile the next morning, being Tuesday ; and on Thursday following were opposite with the Berry, all becalmed, where wee were discried from the hylles neere Darkmouth by such of our pineffes companions as expected our comming. This afternoone, before we coulde recover the harbourgh, a myst fel, which so anoyde us as we could not finde the harbourgh : which caused our generall to man his long boate and skyfe, and so, with each of them a trumpet, sent them severall wayes to finde the lande. But as in distres God sendeth comfort, so our friendes in Darkmouth, viz., Ma. Henry Leawnore, captaine of the *Perigree*, our reare admirall, caused his boate to bee made out to seeke us, with whom he brought a pylot, and so that night we came in, and there remained victualling and providing our pinasses fifteene dayes ; in which time Ma. Stratford, captaine of the *Tygare*, who was appoynted to beare us company, came from Plymouth, certifying our generall

how his redines was such as hee onely expected our coming : which made us hasten the more for Plymouth, where when we were arived, wee founde no such matter ; his victuals were unshipped, and his men unprovided. There stayed we about nine dayes, and on the third of Aprill put to sea, accompanied with these 4 shypes, the *Gallyon*, the *Tygare*, the *Perigreene*, and the *Charles*, all well fitted for such a voyage. This night the wind was so contrary, and the tempest so great, that wee were forced to put in againe to Cawfoune Bay, where wee rid foure dayes, whence we wayed againe, and put in at Catwater at Plymouth.

On the ninth of Aprill we haled againe into the Sownde, from whence that night wee set saile, and by contrary winds were the next day enforced to put againe for Cawfoune Bay, where we ridde till Thursday following, being Maundy Thursday : thence by shifting of the winde were we forced to put in againe under the Iland of Plimouth. Tuesday in Easter weeke, being the 17 of Aprill, with an easie gale of winde we once more put to seas, where in like manner we were anoyed with outrageous tempest, which wee endured two nights and two dayes, beating up and downe, as loth put againe into harbourgh. The thirde day, in the midst of thys storme fell a greivous fogge, in which we lost the *Tygare* and the *Perigreene* : the next morning, having a small cleere, wee had sight of the *Charles*, who came up with us, but was not able to endure the seas, although they did all they might : they put into harbourgh, but the *Admirall* beate it out in such manner that Captaine Stratford and the rest could not be perswaded of our welfare, but that we were cast away on the Gulfe, as he himselfe confessed to our generall at their meeting at Sancti

Cruſe. But by the permiſſion of God eſcaped we theſe perrils, and on the firſt of May had ſight of the Northern Cape, having ſo much winde as we could maintaine our courſes: from thence we plyed for the Burlings, whither our fleet had direCTIONS to meete us, where our ſhallop tooke a carvill, laden with pype bordes and hoops. That night in a greivous ſtorme wee loſt the carvill, and one of our men in her, which put into Pheneche, and is now come home. Continuing heere abouts, wee tooke divers carvils with fiſh and ſuch other traſh, which we turned off againe. Heere had we ſight of 14 ſayles of Brittons, which wee gave chaſe unto, ſtanding in with the rocke: which Brits, had our fleete beene with us, we had eaſilie taken, but being no more but one ſhip, the ods to great, we let them paſſe. Eighteene dayes did we ply heere, in hope of our fleete, which we heard not of.

From hence we went for the South Cape, where in ſight of the King of Spaynes men of warre, which were twenty two ſayles, wee met three Flemings, who coming aborde vs ſhewed theyr paſſes; who, for they were ſubjects to the Denmarke king, the generall feaſted with ſuch viands as hee had, and without taking, or ſuffering any one of his to take from them any maner of thing, lycenſed them to departe: for which curteſie the maſter of one of them preſented him with a basket of oranges and lemons, and one ſmall buttaſſo of wine for his owne dyet. After the parting with theſe Flemings, ſeeing the fleete to neere us and to ſtande with us, wee left the Cape and plyed for Matherouſe, where we came before the towne in the miſt of the day; and ſeeing roavers within, hoping they were Brazill or Indies men, home or outward bound, manned our ſhallop,

which, before shee could recover the roade, was chased by a galliot, manned of purpose to intercept her: which we espying stood with the shore and shot at her, and so refkewed our shallop. That night fires were made all over the iland to gyve warning of our beeing on the coast; yet that dismaied us not, but that night our shallop entred a road one the north side of the ile, of purpose to borde a roader there, but the castle espying them, shot at her, and enforced her to returne backe againe.

Thus, crossed with many contrary fortunes, from thence we plyed for Cape Cateene to seeke our fleet, and not finding them, we went for Sancta Cruse, where we found many English ships, whom, after the sea maner, with store of ordinance we saluted, and were of them welcome with much shew of good will. Two dayes folowing, two of our men, being on shore, were imprisoned for no cause, but a pretended quarrell pickt of purpose to draw some coyne out of the generals purse. The offence objected was for a shot that fell on shore at our comming in, which shotte did no maner of harme. This unkindnes of the Moores the generall tooke in such ill part that he vowed, if they were not before night released, he would land his company and fetch them perforce. But in the ende, through the meanes of the merchants, which rode unto the Alcayd for the same purpose, they were released.

In this harbourh wee refreshed our men with such victuals as the country yieldeth, so that our sick and crazed men becam frolick and lustie. After some fixe dayes stay heere, we set sayle and continued that night; and the next day about noone discryed comming about the Cape three sayles, who, for wee could not fetch, our general

manned his shallop with 20 tal men to give him notice what they were: who rowing up to them made them for the *Tygar*, the *Elizabeth of Plymouth*, and a prize of wheat. Our shallop comming still with them was, as they neared the ships, known, which sight revived them all; especially Captaine Stratford, who, on the report of our general's good health, rejoyced much thereat, for that, as you have heard, he held him for dead, and commanded his flagge to bee taken from his maine top and placed in his fore top. Then enquired he of our general's estate, whereof being advertised, hee gave to every man a pyftolet, and returned them to the generall; who was as much pleased to hear tidings of Master Stratford as one friend may be to another, as their severall joyes might witnesse at their meeting. Thys night they supped and lay together aboard the *Admirall*, and the morrow, as the wind served, we went in again with them; when, after some small stay, the generall and he conferring together for the benefit of the voyage, it was concluded the *Admirall* should go to sea, holding it better that she spend her victuals where hope of dooing good was expected, than in harbourh to consume it to no purpose.

This determined Captaine Stratforde, (albeit love of his friende caused him to play loth to depart) made aborde. Our ankors wayde, and our sayles ready to be let fall, a shallop came from the shore in hast, which brought word of the *Charles*, who not three daies before was gone from the *Saffeea* where she watred. This messenger brought newes by writing that she had taken two prizes laden with wine and oyle, and being so neare chased by the Spanish fleete, was compelled to take in her men and

cast them off. These newes of their safety pleased our generall, who with Captain Stratford left directions that if the *Charles* came againe into any of those ports, he should not depart his company untill he met the *Admirall*, who had appointed to seeke him at certain places betweene them agreed upon.

The time, which tarieth no man, passing away, after leave taken on all sides, friend with friende, and a ringing peale of ordinaunce given, we fet sayle and departed, being accompanied with the *Elizabeth of Plymouth*, and one other small barke late of London, called the *Examiner*. After we had spent some three weekes at sea we had sight of a sayle, a very tall ship, unto whom we gave chace, shee standing with us. This ship our company made for an English man, until she came within shot of us, on whose false surmises wee were unfitted. This ship all night we chaced hard, but could not obtaine her; for which disgrace the generall, growing into choller with his company, might not be pacified a long time. This ship to the other small ships was knowne to be the *Crescent* of Saint Mallowes; and, as we after heard, was prest in Spaine for carrying the King's money to Malta, and other his holds in the straights.

After this unhappy chaunce we tooke a caruill, who gave us notice of a frygat bound into the Straights with coyne for the Pope and others, with whom the generall had great desire to meet, and thereupon determined to put into the Straight with the next faire wind, to lie for her in the Wacke, neare Cape S. Paule, Mayoreka fyrmentura, and such places as he must needs passe. Whereon resolved, and the wind serving them they put in, and beeing

in the night as hie as Suttie, a strong Levant met us, and enforced us to put out againe. And plying neere the mouth of the Straights wee might heare the noyse of ordinance, and imagined some fight to be with the gallies, wherein we were not deceived; for at that time, Merite-royes, Admirall of Argile, being at the mouth of the Straights, was encountered with the galleys of Genoway, Malta, and Sicyle, all bound for Spaine with the Lantananes daughter, which went, as we have heard, to marry a nobleman there. These gallies, being 25 in number, gave chace to the Turkes two galleys, and ever as they could come up with them and shotte at them, by whom the Turke was very much endangered: yet by lightnes of his galleys and courage of his slaves he escaped them with the losse of one prize which he had taken, which the Spaniards reskewed, and redeemed the Christians from their thraldome.

These gallyes by the mercy of God we escaped, and on Friday following, which was the xx of July, at two a clock in the afternoone we entred the straights, an attempt sildome put in practife in a time of such expected danger. Sonday following we had sight of three Flemings, outward bound, whom we hailed and let passe. Thus armed with hope of our desired purchase, which we hourelie expected, namely, the commying of this frygat with the Popes treasure, whom both the generall and the whole company vowed to take or dye by her fides, many a weary and sharpe looke was bestowed, but could not have notice of any thing; where plying from ile to ile dooing nothing, our men landing at Fyrmentura, as they raunged the ile, found by chance the lodging of a Hermit, wherein they had many

toyes, as bowes, arrowes, and divers tryfles, which they brought with them to shewe us. The time which tarrieth not consuming, and with the time our victuals, and having all this time received no benefit in recompence of our travaile, it was concluded by the whole company to goe for Argeere, to seeke releefe for victuals; where in short time after, by the favour of God lending us winde answerable to our will, wee arrived. And of the king and chiefeſt in authority had entertainment in the beſt manner. To ſhew the generall what extraordinary favour they could, the king came aborde to ſee our ſhypp, for whom the general provided a ſumptious banquet, for which he would not ſtay, but taking a ſmall repaſt of ſuch conſections as the generall brought for hys ſtore to ſea, he departed: at whoſe going the generall preſented him with a cup of ſilver, double gyllt, a fayre quilt of damaſke with his armes imbrodered, and a purſe ritchly wrought, with fiftie double piſtolets in it, which he thankfully accepted, rendring great thanks for his gifts and cheere. During our ſtay there wee had what pleaſed us, without any impeachment or contradiction of any man, with ſuch ſhow of love and favour as might have drawen the moſt diſtruſtfull to have beleaved his deedes to bee faithfull. But as the alluring crokidell uttereth her ſweete notes to entrap the ſimple beleeving man, ſo ſyren like uſed this heathen king (nay cur I may ſay) his kinneſſe, to no other ende but to allure the generall to returne for his port with ſuch prizes as hee ſhould get: to the ende that hee might at his pleaſure worke his intended miſchiefe againſt him, and cauſe him pay with intereſt for his fained curteſie, as you ſhall heereafter underſtand. Fyrſt, he relieved our victuals, as wee could wiſhe, and to none

gave more friendlie entertaynement then unto us all, and at the generals departure gave him, under his hand and seale, authority, free libertie to sell, exchaunge, carry over, and recarry at his pleasure all such goods as hee, or any of his, should bring for his port without any manner of let or disturbance.

With this assurance the generall held himselfe very well pleased, as one glad to have some place of refuge, where so many daungers are incident to our nation, what chaunce soever should betide him. And giving credite to him whose fayth and honour is no more to be regarded then a dog, having the winde fayre, the 18 of September wee set sayle from thence. Now, the night before the admirall wayed, our reare admirall beeing loose, and thinking wee all would have wayed, made sayle and turned out, and not able, the winde beeing such, to recover the roade, plyed up and downe before the harbourgh expecting our comming, who in the morning wayed and came out. But scarce were we cleere of shot from the towne, when we might perceave our confort in fight with a French ship, to whome all the morning he had given chace, which ship was bounde in for the porte, and discharged shot for shot to our pyneffe, carrying his flag in his top, as offering defiance: which the generall seeing, not knowing what she was, and refusing to strike upon his smonse, after the order of the seas, caused his gonner to make a shot at her, which she regarded not, but having the winde fayre, passed in for her port, which easilie shee recovered without any harme at al. The French Leagure there, who usurpeth the title of consull for the king, from the top of his lodging discried what had happened, and as ever they have beene mortall enemies to our

nation, stomaking to see our generall so graced by all such as have any authoritie in the citty, pretending to worke our generall and his company some mischiefe, came raging to the king, exclaiming in most vile maner (according to their dispightfull nature) against us ; and craved to be revenged on such Englishmen as were there.

On whose complaint, and by the sayde consuls large purchase with coyne, the king and his accursed accomplices, as willing to offer wrong (notwithstanding his passed words, on the league betweene her majestie and the high Emperour continued) sent presently his officers aboard a ship in the harbourgh, and taking some of her company, impri-soned them in the Bayniard, holding them in durance for no offence ; yet in the end they recovered their libertie. But to our voyage : after three dayes putting from Argere we came to Mayorke, where our boates gave chace to two frygats, and lost them by reason of the block-houses, who shot both at our boates and shyps.

The twenty foure of this month a greevous storme assailed us, in which storme we lost through their owne wilfulnes our comforts. In the morning after they parted with us, the winde blowing so much as we could stand under our courses, wee espyed a fayle and gave her chace ; but by reason of the outragiousnesse of the seas, which were so growne, wee lost her. The fourth of October another storme oppressed us, which wee well passed, thanks be to God. The eleventh of thys month, in the first watch, our maister beeing on the poope, espyed a most wonderfull strange sight ; for, looking very earnestly uppon some occasion a heade the shyppe, there appeared in the sea an ougly forme, tumbling still with the shyppe ; and divers times it

appeared in the likeneffe of great flames of fire. The maister being greatly amazed thereat, and thinking hymselfe might be deluded, hee presently called one of his mates, and likewise divers of the watch, who heedfullie viewed the same to their great terror, who the neerer that it approached unto the shyppe, the bigger and more ouglie it seemed to be. In the ende, when it was opposite with the after quarter of the shyppe, it forthwith burst in funder, like a great flame of fyre which parteth in the midds, and so, without dooing any manner of harme, thanks be to God, departed.

The feaventeenth of this month, comming about Cape degat, we descried a sayle, unto whom all that afternoone we gave chace, and about the tyme of our discharging of our first watch comming neere unto the port of Carthagene, hee slacked his sayle, and we came up with her broad side. Thys pollicy they used suspecting us to be men of warre: wherein they were not deceived, although their pollicie, by the good foresight of our generall, was prevented, who slacked their sayles of purpose, thinking we would begin with them, beeing so neere Carthagene, from whence they might have ayde of the gallies there. But the generall, by the good advise and carefull working of our maister, got betweene the shore and hym, and compelled him to beare roome in the seas. We continued our chace vntill about nine of the clocke, when we came with his broad side and hayled him, who aunswered our generals demaund very mildly, yet refused to come aborde: whereuppon the generall, for that the commaunder by his apparrell seemed to bee some cavaliere, called for a goblet of wine, and after hee had caroused unto him, heaved the peece over-borde;

and so waving him with his rappere to lee warde, our trumpets founded a charge, and our ordinance and small shot played on them in such manner as warmed them all well. Which charge was answered by his noyse of trumpets, and after with a drum and fife, very valiantly. Hotely continued the fight nine howres, in all which tyme we had but one man hurt, and that without danger.

The night growing on, and our ordinance having made us such way, as easier entrance could not have beene devised, our generall commaunded a borde. But our men, who had shewed themselves that day wonderfull valiant and couragious, being now very weary with their long and tedious fight, and having no winde, earnestly besought the generall that hee would spare them untill the night were more onward, and the moone ryfen, in which time they themselves should be well eased and refreshed, and then they would be ready to accomplish what he commaunded. In the meane while they would be carefull and diligent to keepe hym from the shore, that by no meanes hee might get opportunitie to escape from them. Heereunto the generall agreed, and it was fully resolved on that they should rest and refresh themselves, untill such tyme as the moone was up.

But in unhappy time spared they him, who would not have lost such an opportunitie had hee enjoyed the like, but have taken the advantage, especially at sea, where dangers are infinite, as appeared by this event: for the generall having called the company up, after he had given directions for the safegard of his men, entring in the night, as he was determined to goe aborde, wee descried from foure lights, which were the gallies from Carthagene, who hearing the

fight at the shore, came out, and comming first with him, as it was most likesome his request, left us after they had shot two or three shootes, and towed in this gallant. So wee left him, to the great grieve of our generall, not knowing what he was or shoulde be, untill our last arrivall at Argere, when the admirall came in with his gallyes, who brought with him seaven captives taken from Carthagene, and were all in the towne when shee came in. These men reported her to be a Byskene, fraughted by the governour of Malta, and that he was in her himselfe, with many other cavaleres, bound home uppon speciall commaunde from the young king, and were in great hazard of sincking, had not the gallyes come for their reskew. Twenty eight men he had slayne, and there buried, and 15 hurt; and received under water in her aftermost quarter five shot, and in her bow two.

The next day we descried three sayles more, and gave them chace, and in the night came up with one of them, which was devided from the rest, and was a ship belonging to Ma. John Facie of Plymouth, bound for Tellone, who kept us company that night, and the next morning came aboard the generall, where he dined, and highly contented the generall with the good newes and successe of our comforts, viz. our vize admirall, the *Tygar*, and the *Perigree*, reare admirall unto us. This Ma. Facye having his fraught of Newe lande fishe, and our victuals waxing scant, the governour had of him 500 for his mony: who, seeing our distres of victuals, gave the generall, of his owne good will, three hogsheads of bysket, which was more then hee might well spare. This night he likewise kept us company, and in the morning parted. Not long after this our parting

with Ma. Facye, our company, wearied with their hard fare, desired to be at home, having no remedy left to releeve us, the generall greeving to returne without dooing some good to releeve us, for whom his care was more then for himselfe, though his were the charge. Before any thing was resolutely determined what to doe, we discried a sayle and gave her chace, and in lesse then halfe a day came up with her, whom we found to be a fly-bote of Aucufane. This fly-boate the generall was unwilling to deale with, which made his company the more earnest to desire the sight of their country ; which earnest desire of theirs hee fought with all perswasions of hope to appease. But they imported him with such words of content, so their victuals might be releeved, as the generall could finde no fault with their reasonable request. Our victuals being short, and that not of the best, for our 'porke was all rotten, our pease and ote-meale moldie and ful of wormes, our bread spent, and our fishe in such state that the worst boy had rather beg ashore for better, then eate the best there.

These things considered, the generall sent for the maister of the fly-boate, who came from Genoway, and had nothing but balast aborde: with this Fleming the generall had great conference, acquainted him with his estate, and the companies great want ; which albeit he did hardly beleieve at the first, yet when hee had seene our hold and that his eyes were witnes to the generals report, tendring our estates, hee made offer to him of his fly-boate and such victuals as he had, if hee coulde have mony for her in anie place within the straights, to supply his decayed store, and himselfe and his company to take such part as our generall did. Heere-upon the master and some others came aboard of us, and

some of our people went into her, sharing their victuals betweene us, which greatly releevd our men, and caused great content. Our victuals thus releevd, the generall, unwilling to put into the harbourh, as loth to lose the company of the shyppe from Genoway, bounde for present to the king, as I have already declared, plyed againe for Mayorke, where the first night we arrived we espyed coming about the land a monstrous huge sayle, which bare all she might in with the roade, with whom we stood, hoping to be her which we expected: and before the first watch was expired came up with her, standing in for the roade as she did, and suddainly, without any word speaking, or any peece giving, layde her aborde, discharging our upper tyere in her broad side, and our men, ready to enter, had our chaynes full: and suddainly, as one man was aboard, and many other like to have beene, the shyp, whether by the willing or unwilling consent of some man of authority in the ship, shered off[f], and left one man aboard; and with falling of, and discharging a cannon, our corporal was slaine standing by the generall; our boatsone with the splinter of a quarter strooken on the stomack and fore brused. The general himselfe received a hurt in his thigh. Thys casuall fortune vexed the generall mightily. In the ende, the seas growing and a great wind, she being a laden shyp of a 1000 tunnes, bare her top sayles all weathers, when wee were forced to strike ours; yet we gave her chace untill we brought her within shot of the Castel of Fyrmentura, putting her by her desired harbourh of Mayorke, and had beene maisters of her, if the shyps had continued together. Folly it was to recount her wealth, for that the remembrance thereof is more greivous; but by a Genoway it was to Ma.

Hunt reported in Argere, that she was worth in ready mony two hundred thousand pounds, and in goods above thirty thousand.

Thys losse received, the wind increasig, and the seas growing to a mighty storme, we were enforced to seeke some harbourh; which by great good hap (having no pylot for the place) we found under Fyrmentura, where wee came to anckor. That night the maister of the fly-boate, the captaine and others, came aborde and viewed our spoyle: where it was agreed that the next morning the generall shoulde make choyse of such men as hee might best spare, and goe himselfe for Argere; and the admirall shoulde stay out and spend her victuals, to see if any better hap might betide her, and against her comming in to have victuals purvayed for her.

But God, which altereth and disposeth the determinations of men as hee best pleaseth, caused a mighty storme to arise, which raged in such a tempestious manner that our cable broke, and wee lost a cable and anckor. The winde of[f] the shore drave to the seaward, the fly-boate ryding still, wee halled with a hullock of our fore-fayle close abode the shore, and found better roade, and there againe ankored. But after that time wee never sawe the fly-boate againe, until we came for Argere. After wee had staied out so long as wee myght for the want of victuals, and thys losse, which you have heard, received, within foure dayes after we tooke a Sattia of Tellone, bound to Ivifie to lade salt, whose merchants confessed to the generall that they had 4000 crounes in ready mony aboard; and although our want of all thinges at that time was as great as any men on seas might have, yet did our generall make them the

best cheere hee coulde, and without suffering any man to enter them or to take one penny or penny-worth from them, hee discharged them. Such was his dilligent care to preserve the honor of his country with all our friends. These Frenchmen, seeing likewise our want, presented him with two hundred of breade, two baskets of apples, and two tapnets of figges, and so departed.

Three dayes after theyr departure, earely in the morning, wee descried a great sayle, and gave her chace, and about two a clocke came up with her. Thys sayle was the *Salomon of London*, which came from New-found Lande laden with fishe, whose maister and company came aborde of us. Theyr maister was of the generall well entertayned. Of them our generall bought sixe hundred of theyr fishe, gyving them ready money for the same. So they departed for Tellone, which was their port, and wee to seeke our fortune.

Our victuals of bread growing scant, and hearing no newes of our fly-boate, which discomforted us all, though it was most displeasing to the generall, who, on the reports of the men of Tellone, determined to have gone thither, if she had beene with us, and so still rested mindfull to doe if we met her againe; and by the *Salomon* wrote to Maister Facye there to stay him three hundred of fish for his victuals, paying as the country payd for the same. But our evill fortune was such that we saw her not, till we put for Argere, where we found her and our other two comforts, namelie, the *Elizabeth* of Plymouth, and the *Examiner*, whom the Turkes, for the shoot at our going out, had pyldged in most pittious and despightful manner, viz., the *Examiner*, loosing us as you have already heard, with the

other pineffes continued at seas, in search of us, untill her victuals were spent, when in hope to meet our admirall, shee put for Argere, where shee lay becalmed one whole day and a night before the harbourgh. To whom at last, in shewe of friendship and good will, there came a frygat and towed her in, which gave the company cause of no mistrust at all, neyther dyd they thinke that they should have been so cruelly dealt withall there, as afterward they were.

But no sooner came they to anckour, and their sayles furdeld, but the Almayne searcher for the kinge came aborde them, and with most dispiteful words in most vile manner entreated the company, tooke all they had, and imprisoned their men. Not long after the *Elizabeth* coming in was so served; but the captain having more store of coyne then the other, with bribing the dogs had favour in some better manner. The next that came in sight of the towne was our fly-boat, who likewise was becalmed, unto whom came a galy and a frygat, offering them great friendship, and to tow them in, which our men being glad of, brought them two newe haufiers aborde, which they had no sooner possession of, but the galley rowed away with that they had, and they hardly recovered the other. These for villany, which they howrely practise, exceede those dogs which seeke no other at any Christians handes but their ruines, as shall more appeare by their indirect dealings which they used both to the general and his company.

But to the matter: the fly-boate having shortly after a small gale of wind, bare in for the harbourgh, nothing suspecting the treacherie pretended against them. But in very unhappy time arrived they there, for thys curre, which awayted their comming, omitting no time, came aborde

them, nayled their hatches, ryfled the companyes cheftes, and what he beft liked both of victuals and goods, that tooke he with him, difpoffeffing them of the fhip, and placed them in the *Examiner*, whose company, with the captaine and owner, he had imprifoned. To mitigate any thing what this dog had determined no entreaty might ferve, but there they muft abide the pleasure of him, that at his pleasure in that place worketh all thinges. Now, fir, the laft that was to play his parte in this pagent was the generall and his company, whose victuals decreafing muft bee releevd, or elfe we muft all perifh in the fea, beeing perfwaded that the flyboate was gone for Argere, beare with the fame as winde and wether would give leave ; and by the permiſſion of God recovered the porte: no fooner came we unto the poynt of Montifyzer, and that we drewe neere the harbourgh, but this caniball (Almayne) came in his guidelow, accompanied by Ma. Thomas Hunt, to our fhippes fide, where he talked with the generall, but might not be entreated to enter the fhippe ; neither would hee fuffer Ma. Hunt, by whome he might underftand any newes of the ftate of our men and fhyps: but Captaine Lowe borrowed the marriners boate, and, in deſpight of who gainfayed them, came out unto us, and to the generall declared the whole manner of their dealings. Heereupon the generall, mooved with choller at their villanie, with all the ſpeede hee could followed the Almaine, and preſently went to the king, demaunding the cauſe of his ſo vile dealing with his company ? Who, as he is by nature baſe and unhallowed, as forſaken of Chriſt and ſhut out from his glory, ſo ſubtillie ſmyling on the generall, gave him good ſpeeches, and mazed at his choller, ſaying that hee wondred to heare

him speake so rashe and unadvisedly to him, beeing in great authority. After some time of parley, but to no purpose, the generall seeing he could have no aunswere of his busines to his content, departed in fury, without bydding him farewell, leaving hym to the devill whom they served.

The next day, word was sent the generall by an Englishman turned Turke, in some favour with the king, that the Almaine, by the kings commaund, would have our sayles ashore. Upon the hearing heereof, the generall commaunded his companies that were ashore to repayre aboard, whether also himselfe came, commaunding his shippe to be provided, his nettings laced, and his ordinance all out, resolutely determined to sinck there, if no other remedy were, before hee would be disposed of his ship or sayles. Not long after the generals comming aborde, the king sent the boatswaine of his gally for our sayles. Whom the generall in person aunswered he should not have; neither would he brooke such disgrace at his hands, to be disposed of any thing in his possession, but would abide the hazard of what might happen. Thys resolute answer of the general fired the dogge, who was alreadie bent to prosecute what cruelty he could: who presently sent for Ma. Hunt, and delivered some such speeches unto him, as for our generals better safety hee came aborde, and so perswaded the generall, that he was content, for their security that were ashore, to deliver our maine course and fore course: wherewith they were content, and the raging king and his confederate gan to offer more favour. Infomuch that a composition was offered both for release of our countrymen in prison, and the Flemings which were likewise in durance.

But his demaund being without reason, the generall re-

fused the offer, and made complaynt unto the Gawe, which is the chiefe of the court of the Janizaries, and hath authority above the king to reforme all matters; who promised him redresse. But as burres enclined they together, for the Gawe being brybed with gyfts from the king, delayed the generall from time to time. Yet, in the end, the fly-boate was releafed, and our men paying their raunfoms freed through their owne liberalitie. But as it commonly falleth out, that one mischaunce comes not without another in the necke thereof, so marke how it happened. While our men remained there in durance, one of the French Lygers chiefeft men entred the Bayniard where they were, and began in most oprobrious wordes to abuse the name of our most gracious Soveraigne Lady, whose honour every subject is bounde in duty to maintaine: which speeches were then aunfwered as far as the liberty of prissoners would permit, and not forgotten being at liberty. Afterwards, two of our men walking the streetes chaunced to meete this Frenchman, and others with him, and remembring his words, not able longer to forbear him, they began, for want of other weapons, to beate him with their fistes: so that by part-taking on each side, manie dry blowes were dealt amongst them, and the Frenchmens faces colloured all over with their owne blood.

Thys conflict comming with great complaints to the eares of the Consul, who wayted a time of quarrell to be had against our men, went presently to the king with his complaint, who sent for our generall, and on him objected the cause of this quarrill, wherewith he was nothing acquainted, neither had he heard any thing of the matter. The generall, being then by one of his followers advertised

of the truth, and whereupon the quarrell grewe, made aunswere (being bound thereto by dutie) that if the quarrel were such as it was reported, he would kill him with his owne handes that should not offer his life to maintaine the honour of his Mistres, whose match the world afforded not ; with other wordes in disgrace of the French Consul, who being indebted to the general a 1000 dubles, the general releas'd him for 300, assigning him to pay the same to a victualler of the towne, unto whom hee gave his bill so to doe, and afterwards denied his owne hand wryting. Which dishonest part when the generall objected it unto him, he offered his handkercher to his face. Whereat the generall beeing mooved strooke him over the face with his fist, and craved of the king (as he was a souldior and in place of justice) to grant him the combat against him that maintained the speeches of his countyman to his Princes dishonor. But the king, who had received and felt the sweetnes of gold in abundance from the French, would not graunt it ; but sayd, if the consull were content, it should be so. And the consull being demanded if he wold accept it, referd it unto the pleasure of the king, who dismissed the Consull for that night.

That same night, as it was by the English-Turke unto mee reported, the Consul borrowed of the merchants of the citty 1300 crounes, to make up a summe promised to the king to worke some revenge on the generall ; and by day light in the morning the same was brought unto the kings house. This braule highly contented the king, who had the Consull, as it were, in a presse, still wrying more coyne from him. About eyght of the clock that morning, the king sent for the generall, commaunding him to bring

those men with him which began the fray ; which he did, who, before the French mans face rehearsed his speeches, which he coulde not denie. Yet to shew how welcome the late received gold was, contrary to all right, and to please him that had so well payd for it, hee caused our men (according to the manner of the country) to have the bastina-does. The generall he committed, with his kinsman Capitaine Lowe, as prysoners to the Almaines chamber ; where he remained almost two dayes, hardly threatned by the king to lose his hande, except he would agree to become friends with the Consul, who earnestly sued to the king to bring it to passe. But the generall, dreading nought his threatnes, would not, as he affirmed, put up so vile an abuse without revenge on him, that would justifi[fi]e the dooings of so base an abject in so dishonorable an action. But his companie, which dreaded his good, came unto him, and on their knees besought him to tender both his owne estate and theirs, considering that on his welfare depended all their goods, and by his decay all our undooings was like to ensue. Yet all their perswasions might nothing prevaile with him, untill Ma. Benedick Winter (whom he tenderly loved, and could deny no reasonable request) with such earnest entreaties besought him ; ever unto him alledging theyr tyranny, and what shoulde betide them if any evill shoulde befall him, that, in the end after many denials, with teares standing in both their eyes, embracing one the other, he yeelded unto hym, and so to the king, who sent for the Consull, and made them friends. Yet would he not for any entreaty of the Consull discharge hym, untill hee had payde a thousande dubles for the blow given in his presence.

This matter ended, the next morning the Consull sent

him the thousand dubles he denied his hand for, whereas he might for payment of three hundred have been discharged : and ever after shewed to the generall and his company wonderfull great kindnes and pleasure in all his busines. A unity made on all sides, the generall hastened what he could to be cleere from thence ; and, after many troubles, the first of February we departed the roade, towards the bottome of the straights, to seeke our better fortunes. And the second of the same was heaved over-borde John Greene, one of those that had the bastinadoes, as you have heard. Wednesday, the vij of this month, the winde favouring us, we arrived at the Iles of Averages, where we anchored that night, and the next day about noone, as we wayed, the boy from the top discried a fayle, which we gave chace unto and tooke, beeing a small Sattia laden with tuny and fardines for the Duke of Savoy, and came from Lagust and was bound for Leage-horne.

The 13 of thys month we gave chace to a mighty gallion, of burden twelve hundred tunnes, having 56 peeces of brasse, and fixe hundred passengers and saylers, whom we chaced all that day and night, and the next morning came up with her, and without stay presently boarded her, letting fall our grabill into her, which beeing fastned with a hawcer of foure inches, both hau[c]er and chayne, in shering of the shyps, brake, and so fell off to our great greefe. Betweene began a most mortall fight, they anoying us with their stones from their tops and shyp, that hurt us many men. In which unhappy fight, after wee had continued fixe houres, an unluckie shoote hurt Captaine Winter and another gentleman, Maister Slade, and one of our maisters

mates, who dyed presently. The other, being shot in the thighs, lived one of them foure dayes, the other eyght.

Twelve more at that time were wounded, whereof foure more died afterward of the hurts which they received. They, on the other side, were so galled by us, as one of their guidals was filled wyth dead men, which wee had slaine. Our generall in thys fight had the pomell of his dagger shotte from his backe, and had no other harme: the memory of which encounter remaineth in the sides of our shyp to be seene, also in our maine mast a chayne, and foure other peeces of yron, besides many other shootes which dyd us lyttle danger; yet escaped she away, and made what hast shee coulde into Palermo, where shee was bound to lade corne for the Pope, having in her eyght barrells of coyne, as wee hearde of a merchant of Marcellus, who, being in an English shyp which hee had bought, came from the bottome of the straights, and being taken with westerly windes, put into that harbourgh, where they sawe the men buried, and the shoots which she received, and to our generall affirmed that if she had not recovered the place in time, shee must needes have funcke in the seas. Thys shyp being the Popes was with proceffions welcommed, wherein wee and our company were curfed with bell, booke, and candle.

The second day after this fight a greivous storme oppressed us, in which we lost both our pineffes and our pryze: our pineffes we never sawe after, but returning from Sicelia found the Sattia driving in the seas, unladen and unrigged. After great turmoyle at sea, with extreame foule weather, the 23 of February wee arrived in the roade in Sicelya, where we rid 4 dayes repayingr our decayed fayles, ropes, and other necessaries, and the fift day in the

morning, beeing Sondag, having the winde westerly, the generall, desirous to see what fortune God would send, wayed with the determination to search the harbourhs of the Ile, and finding any thing, adventure the bringing it away. With this resolution, passing by the towne of Socco, as wee were at service, a boy from the top descried a sayle to the westward standing as wee did, with whome we bare all we could, being calme: yet about foure of the clocke in the afternoone came up with her, and hayled her, beeing a Fleming, willing her to come aboard. But they, standing on theyr tearmes with us, refused to come, and shotte at us such ordinance as they had, amongst which was one murtherer, laden with gads of steele, which hurte the generals boy and t[w]o men. At which discourtesie of theirs the generall discontent made our gunner to bestow a shot on them, and so more, enforcing them to come aboard, with whome wee founde a passe for Genoway or Lisborne. The shyp was laden with corne, lead, glasses, and victuals of divers sorts; but bylles of lading could wee have none, nor come to the sight of any. Whereupon our generall, examining the companie, certaine of them confessed that the goods were belonging to merchants of Antwerpe, and bound for Malta, all bretheren the owners, and that they were there resident, theyr wives and children. Whereupon the generall carried her for Tellone, making prize of her. Where, before the governour and others in authoritie, they confessed the same: neyther was there any likely to the contrarie, otherwise they would not have made away their letters and bylles of lading as they did.

A matter much to be lamented it is to see that nation so favoured of us, which, onely with their showes of love to our

country, abuse by their alluring speeches the honorable in authority, procuring paffes for places where they have no intent to come, thereby seeking to feede and furnish our enemies with our necessaries. These things are too well knowne to poore men that travayle the seas, and daily see their dooings; which if they should be prohibited of but one whole year it would prove such a plague unto the enemy, that seaven yeeres dearth in England could not make greater want. But to our matter: after our businesse in Tellone dispatched, our generall taking care for those men which hee had left in Argere, left the company of foure good shyps to goe for that place, contrary to the willes and mindes of the company, who wearied with the many abuses offred us before, coulde not be perswaded of any better, and therefore became suters to the generall to let them remaine there until he might send some for them; whereunto no entreaty might draw him.

Yet at the last (through great intreaty) wee obtayned of him thys graunt, not to goe in with the shyppe, but to send for his men, which he performed: for comming within the land hee anckored at Montefoyze, and sent his kinsman Captaine Lowe with his mariners ashore; who were foure dayes held of with cavilations, and could not end them. The king craved to have the ship come in, but, as it pleased God to worke for us at the time, the generall was so extreame sicke that fewe expected his life, whom the Turks which came aborde had almost wonne to theyr desires, but the company would not agree.

The next day following, a great and greevous storme beganne to rise, with a very strong and boisterous gale of winde in the north-east, which we were not able to endure, ryding

as we dyd. Thys storme increafing, the company came to the generall, and required to knowe hys pleafure, and what hee determined to doe, alleading the great perrill and daunger that was likely to followe, if wee tooke not some suddaine courfe. Whom hee aunfwered that they fhould forthwith put into the harbourgh, if there were no other remedy. Thys aunfwere greeved our men, which were unwilling to be drawne thereto: therefore they advifed him the beft they could, both for his owne and their fafety. All which avayled not, but in hee would, or ride it out, putting all in hazard. Which our men, feeing that no intreaty or perfwafion might prevayle, put cable in the houle, and fet fayle. But when it was almoft too late, for fo narrowlie were wee dryven, as (if God of his mercy had not helped us) wee had beene on the lee fhore: then wee repented us, and very hardly doubled we the poynt. At this dooings the generall, what with freating and taking colde brought him felfe very lowe and weake, dooing what hee could to withftand them, but all in vaine.

Foure dayes this storme endured, in which time we were as hie as Cape de Gat, where fome tenne dayes we lay becalmed. By thys time had our generall recovered fome ftrength, and beeing aborde, had fo wrought and perfwaded the company, that, if the winde had not come fayre to put us out, wee had once again gone for our men. But God, working for us better then wee anie way deferved, fent us a gale of winde that brought us thwart to Jeboraltar at fixe of the clocke at night, where wee lay becalmed untill two in the morning, ever expecting the comming of the gallies, at which time it pleaſed God to fend us fuch a prosperous gale as brought us cleere away.

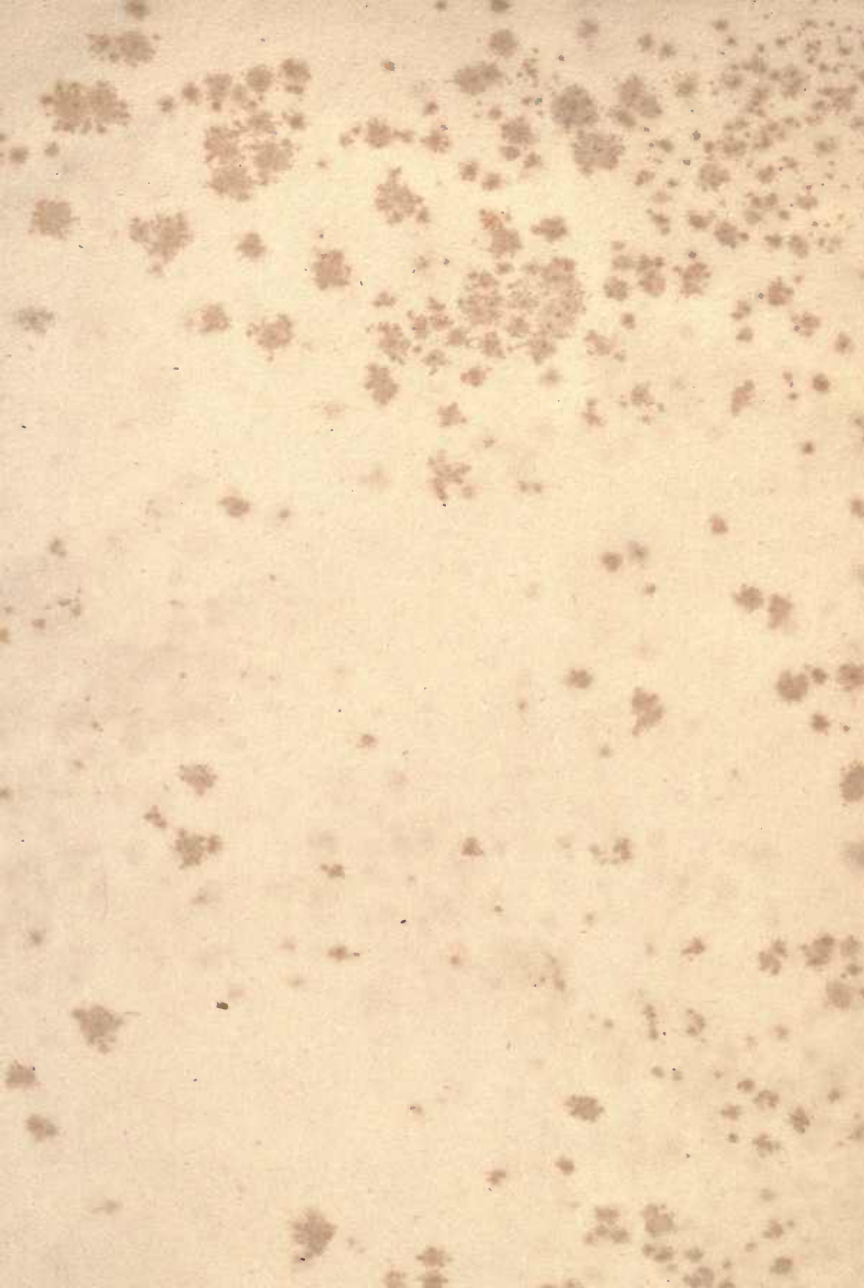
The next day after our comming out, wee had sight of the London fleete bounde in, which was the eyght of May, whereof the *Hercules*, and one other shyppe, under the charge of Maister Spencer of Saint Katherines, came round with us ; by whom, for that he was bounde to Argere, the generall wrote letters for his men, taking order with him for their passage.

Thus (gentle reader) have I acquainted thee with our troubles from time to time since our departure out of England : other events which have happened since our comming out of the straights I omit, onely this one thing remembred. It was our chaunce to meete two Flemings, laden with timber, of fixe hundred tunnes the peece ; the maister of which informed our generall of a shyp bounde for Lysborne, laden at Hamborough with powder and ordinaunce, so that at my comming away there was nothing more desired of our captaine then to intercept her. Which God grant hee may doe.

FINIS.







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